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THE PRIMEVAL FORESTS OF THE AMAZONS.*

THE boundless forest district which, in the torrid zone of South America, connects the river basins of the Orinoco and the Amazon is, undoubtedly, one of the wonders of the world. This region deserves, according to De Humboldt, to be called a Primeval, or Virgin Forest, in the strictest sense of the word. If every wild forest, densely covered with trees, on which man has never laid his destroying hand, is to be regarded as a primitive forest, then, argues that great naturalist, the phenomenon is common to many parts both of the temperate and the frigid zones; if, however, this character consists in its impenetrability, primitive forests belong exclusively to tropical regions. ("Views of Nature," Bohn's ed., p. 193.)

This is the view entertained of a primeval forest by one of the great authorities on the subject—one who, of all old investigators, Bonpland, Martius, Poppig, and the Schomburgs, and before the time of Wallace and Bates, had spent the longest period of time in primeval forests in the interior of a great continent. Although we prefer to use the term in its simplest and accepted sense, of a forest with which man's toil has had nothing to do, we may add, that in Humboldt's somewhat arbitrary definition as to its "impenetrability," that this is by no means, as is often erroneously supposed in Europe, always occasioned by the interlaced climbing lianas, or creeping plants, for these often constitute but a very small portion of the underwood. The chief obstacles are the shrub-like plants, which fill up every space between the trees in a zone where all vegetable forms have a tendency to become arborescent.

In these great primeval forests man is not. "In the interior of part of the new continent," Humboldt says, in another work, "we almost accustom ourselves to regard men as not being essential to the order of nature. The earth is loaded with plants, and nothing impedes their development. An immense layer of free mould manifests the uninterrupted action of organic powers. The crocodiles and the boas are masters of the river; the jaguar, the peccari, the dante, and the monkeys traverse the forest without fear and without danger: there they dwell as in an ancient inheritance." In fact, just as, geologically speaking, the earth in the epoch of the growth of arboreal ferns in temperate climates, the reign of huge and paradoxical amphibia, and the possible predominance of a hot and humid atmosphere, charged with carbonic acid, was not

* The Naturalist on the River Amazons: a Record of Adventures, Habits of Animals, Sketches of Brazilian and Indian Life, and Aspects of Nature under the Equator, during Eleven Years of Travel. By Henry Walter Bates. Two Vols. John Murray.

prepared for man, so the great primeval forests of tropical America are in the present day in the same condition, in a certain sense, and, as yet, the habitation of the predecessor of man only—the monkey—except where clearances are effected.

"This aspect of animated nature, in which man is nothing," Humboldt goes on to remark, "has something in it strange and sad. To this we reconcile ourselves with difficulty on the ocean, and amid the sands of Africa; though in these scenes, where nothing recals to mind our fields, our woods, and our streams, we are less astonished at the vast solitude through which we pass. Here, in a fertile country adorned with eternal verdure, we seek in vain the traces of the power of man; we seem to be transported into a world different from that which gave us birth. These impressions are so much the more powerful, in proportion as they are of longer duration. A soldier, who had spent his whole life in the missions of the Upper Oroonoko [as De Humboldt spells the name of the river], slept with us on the bank of the river. He was an intelligent man, who, during a calm and serene night, pressed me with questions on the magnitude of the stars, on the inhabitants of the moon, on a thousand subjects of which I was as ignorant as himself. Being unable by my answers to satisfy his curiosity, he said to me, in a firm tone: 'With respect to men, I believe there are no more above than you would have found if you had gone by land from Javita to Cassiquaire. I think I see in the stars, as here, a plain covered with grass, and a forest traversed by a river.' In citing these words, I paint the impression produced by the monotonous aspect of those solitary regions."

There is more in it, though, than appeared at the moment even to the philosophic Humboldt. It is the deeply humiliating sense in man that the primeval forest is not yet prepared to be his abode, that, except in the spirit of adventure or necessity, renders it so repugnant to him. He feels that it is as yet the inheritance only of arboreal man—the monkey.

Another class of philosophers, like Buckle, have assigned the exceeding luxuriance of vegetation in the primeval forest as the reason why "civilisation" cannot gain a firm footing in a region where so much of labour and energy is expended in keeping down the thousands and thousands of germs of vegetable life ever ready to dispute with man the possession of the soil. The expression, however, is erroneous. It should have been "population." There is nothing at all to prevent the highest amount of civilisation displaying itself in Amazonia. The great rivers are navigable—open a tract in the forest, and it can be cultivated, and the produce elaborated by all that is most perfect in appliances and machinery—but the energetic vegetation opposes itself to the more humble settler, and hence it acts as a bar upon the spread of population, not of civilisation—simply as such.

The first great feature of the primeval forest is, then, its "impenetrability;" the second, is its non-adaptation to the development of the human species; the third, is the exceeding energy and restless rivalry of vegetation. A German traveller, Burmeister, has said that the contemplation of a Brazilian forest produced on him a painful impression, on account of the vegetation displaying such a spirit of restless selfishness, eager emulation, and craftiness. He thought the softness, earnestness, and repose of European woodland scenery were far more pleasing, and

that these formed one of the causes of the superior moral character of European nations. According to this view of the case, the primeval forest is not only not suited for the development of man, but is not calculated to improve his moral and intellectual faculties. How this happens will be best explained by an extract from Mr. Bates's admirable work now before us:

"In these tropical forests each plant and tree seems to be striving to outvie its fellow, struggling upwards towards light and air—branch, and leaf, and stem—regardless of its neighbours. Parasitic plants are seen fastening with firm grip on others, making use of them with reckless indifference as instruments for their own advancement. Live and let live is clearly not the maxim taught in these wildernesses. There is one kind of parasitic tree, very common near Para, which exhibits this feature in a very prominent manner. It is called the Sipo Matador, or the Murderer Liana. It belongs to the fig order, and has been described and figured by Von Martius in the Atlas to Spix and Martius's Travels. I observed many specimens. The base of its stem would be unable to bear the weight of the upper growth; it is obliged, therefore, to support itself on a tree of another species. In this it is not essentially different from other climbing trees and plants, but the way the matador sets about it is peculiar, and produces certainly a disagreeable impression. It springs up close to the tree on which it intends to fix itself, and the wood of its stem grows by spreading itself like a plastic mould over one side of the trunk of its supporter. It then puts forth, from each side, an arm-like branch, which grows rapidly, and looks as though a stream of sap were flowing and hardening as it went. This adheres closely to the trunk of the victim, and the two arms meet on the opposite side and blend together. These arms are put forth at somewhat regular intervals in mounting upwards, and the victim, when its strangler is full grown, becomes tightly clasped by a number of inflexible rings. These rings gradually grow larger as the murderer flourishes, rearing its crown of foliage to the sky mingled with that of its neighbour, and in course of time they kill it by stopping the flow of its sap. The strange spectacle then remains of the selfish parasite clasping in its arms the lifeless and decaying body of its victim, which had been a help to its own growth. Its ends have been served—it has flowered and fruited, reproduced and disseminated its kind; and now, when the dead trunk moulders away, its own end approaches; its support is gone, and itself also falls."

The Murderer Sipo merely exhibits, in a more conspicuous manner than usual, the struggle which necessarily exists amongst vegetable forms in these crowded forests, where individual is competing with individual and species with species, all striving to reach light and air in order to unfold their leaves and perfect their organs of fructification. All species entail in their successful struggles the injury or destruction of many of their neighbours or supporters, but the process is not in others so speaking to the eye as it is in the case of the matador. The efforts to spread their roots are as strenuous in some plants and trees as the struggle to mount upwards is in others. From these apparent strivings result the buttressed stems, the dangling air roots, and other similar phenomena.

The impenetrability of primeval forests, their non-adaptation to the human species, and the rivalry of vegetation, are not their only almost

peculiar and certainly striking phenomena. The climbing character of the plants and animals is equally remarkable. The tendency to climb, forced upon specific creations by the necessities of circumstance—the getting up in so dense a vegetation to light and air—is peculiarly attested by the fact that the climbing trees do not form any particular family or genus. There is no order of plants whose especial habit is to climb, but species of many and of the most diverse families, the bulk of whose members are not climbers, seem to have been driven by circumstances to adopt this habit. The orders Leguminosæ, the Guttiferæ, Bignoniaceæ, Moraceæ, and others, furnish the greater number. There is even a climbing genus of palms (Desmoncus), the species of which are called, in the Tupi language, Jacitara. These have slender, thickly spined, and flexuous stems, which twine about the taller trees from one to the other, and grow to an incredible length. The leaves, which have the ordinary pinnate shape characteristic of the family, are emitted from the stems at long intervals, instead of being collected into a dense crown, and have at their tips a number of long recurved spines. These structures are excellent contrivances to enable the trees to secure themselves by in climbing; but they are a great nuisance to the traveller, for they sometimes hang over the pathway and catch the hat or clothes, dragging off the one or tearing the other as he passes. The trees that do not climb are for the same reasons exceedingly tall, and their trunks are everywhere linked together by the woody flexible stems of climbing and creeping trees, whose foliage is far away above, mingled with that of the taller independent trees. Some are twisted in strands, like cables, others have thick stems contorted in every variety of shape, entwining, snake-like, round the tree trunks, or forming gigantic loops and coils among the larger branches; others, again, are of zig-zag shape, or indented like the steps of a staircase, sweeping from the ground to a giddy height.

The very general tendency of the animals that dwell in primeval forests to become climbers is as remarkable as in the plants. It must be premised that the amount and variety of life in the primeval forests is much smaller than would, *à priori*, be expected. There is a certain number of mammals, birds, and reptiles, but they are widely scattered, and all excessively shy of man. The region is so extensive and uniform in the forest clothing of its surface, that it is only at long intervals that animals are seen in abundance when some particular spot is found which is more attractive than others. Brazil, moreover, is throughout poor in terrestrial mammals, and the species are of small size; they do not, therefore, form a conspicuous feature in its forests. The huntsman would be disappointed who expected to find there flocks of animals similar to the buffalo herds of North America, or the swarms of antelopes and herds of ponderous pachyderms of Southern Africa. The largest and most interesting portion of the Brazilian mammal fauna is also arboreal in its habits. All the Amazonian, and, in fact, all South American monkeys, are climbers. There is no group answering to the baboons of the Old World which live on the ground. The most intensely arboreal animals in the world are the South American monkeys of the family Cebidæ, many of which have a fifth hand for climbing in their prehensile tails, adapted for this function by their strong muscular development, and the naked palms under their tips. A genus of plantigrade carnivora, allied to the bears (Cercoleptes),

found only in the Amazonian forests, is entirely arboreal, and has a long flexible tail like that of certain monkeys. Even the gallinaceous birds of the country—the representatives of the fowls and pheasants of Asia and Africa—are all adapted by the position of the toes to perch on trees, and it is only on trees, at a great height, that they are to be seen. A great proportion of the genera and species of the Geodephaga, or carnivorous ground beetles, are also in these forest regions fitted by the structure of their feet to live exclusively on the branches and leaves of trees. This, according to Mr. Bates, who adopts the Darwinian theory, would seem to teach us that the South American fauna has been slowly adapted to a forest life, and, therefore, that extensive forests must have always existed since the region was first peopled by mammalia.

Even reptiles and insects do not abound in primeval forests so much as might have been anticipated. A stranger is, at first, afraid in these swampy shades of treading at each step on some venomous reptile. But, although numerous in places, they are by no means so generally, and then they belong, for the most part, to the non-venomous genera. Our traveller got for a few moments once completely entangled in the folds of a snake—a wonderfully slender kind, being nearly six feet in length, and not more than half an inch in diameter at its broadest part. It was a species of dryophis. The hideous sucurugu, or water-boa (Eunectes murinus), is more to be dreaded than the forest snakes, save the more poisonous kinds, as the javaraca (Craspedocephalus atrox), and will often attack man. Boas are so common in the wet season as to be killed even in the streets of Para. Amongst the more common and most curious snakes are the Amphisbœnæ, an innocuous genus, allied to the slow-worm of Europe, and which lives in the subterranean chambers of the saüba ant. The natives call it, as the Orientals would do, Mai das Saübas, "the mother of ants."

The primeval forest is also, for the most part, free from mosquitoes and other insect pests. It is this that, with the endless diversity, the comparative coolness of the air, the varied and strange forms of vegetation, and even the solemn gloom and silence, combine to render even this wilderness of trees and lianas attractive. Such places, Mr. Bates remarks, are paradises to a naturalist, and if he be of a contemplative turn, there is no situation more favourable for his indulging this tendency. There is something in a tropical forest akin to the ocean (Humboldt had made the same remark before) in its effects on the mind. Man feels so completely his insignificance there, and the vastness of nature.

Some idea may be formed of the appearance of things in the low ground, by conceiving a vegetation like that of the great palm-house at Kew spread over a large tract of swampy ground, but he must fancy it mingled with large exogenous trees, similar to our oaks and elms, covered with creepers and parasites, and figure to himself the ground encumbered with fallen and rotten trunks, branches, and leaves; the whole illuminated by a glowing vertical sun, and reeking with moisture.

This is not the case, however, with the great extent of the primeval forests—that which is truly geographical in importance, and which stretches many hundreds of miles in some directions without a break. The land is there more elevated and undulating; the many swamp plants, with their long and broad leaves, are wanting; there is less underwood,

and the trees are wider apart. The general run of these trees have not remarkably thick stems; the great and uniform height to which they grow without emitting a branch, is a much more noticeable feature than their thickness, but at intervals a veritable giant towers up. Only one of these monstrous trees can grow within a given space; it monopolises the domain, and none but individuals of much inferior size can find a footing near it. The cylindrical trunks of these larger trees are generally about twenty to twenty-five feet in circumference. Von Martius mentions having measured trees in the Para district which were fifty to sixty feet in girth at the point where they become cylindrical. The height of the vast column-like stems is not less than a hundred feet from the ground to their lowest branch. The total height of these trees, stem and crown together, may be estimated at from a hundred and eighty to two hundred feet, and where one of them stands, the vast dome of foliage rises above the other forest trees as a domed cathedral does above the other buildings in a city. The gallinaceous birds of the forest, perched on these domes, are completely out of reach of an ordinary fowling-piece.

A very remarkable feature in these trees is the growth of buttress-shaped projections around the lower part of their stems. The spaces between these buttresses, which are generally thin walls of wood, form spacious chambers, and may be compared to stalls in a stable: some of them are large enough to hold half a dozen persons. The purpose of these structures is as obvious, at the first glance, as that of the similar props of brickwork which support a high wall. They are not peculiar to one species, but are common to most of the larger forest trees. Their nature and manner of growth are explained when a series of young trees of different ages is examined. It is then seen that they are the roots which have raised themselves ridge-like out of the earth; growing gradually upwards as the increasing height of the tree required augmented support. Thus they are plainly intended to sustain the massive crown and trunk in these crowded forests, where lateral growth of the roots in the earth is rendered difficult by the multitude of competitors.

Many of the woody lianas suspended from trees, it is also to be observed, are not climbers, but the air roots of epiphytous plants (Aroideæ), whose home is at the top of the forest, in the air, and has no connexion with the soil below—a forest above a forest. The epiphytes sit on the strong boughs of the trees above, and hang down straight as plumb-lines. Some are suspended singly, others in leashes; some reach half way to the ground, and others touch it, ultimately, and then strike their rootlets into the ground.

The underwood of the primeval forest varies much in different places; at times it is composed mainly of younger trees of the same species as their taller parents; at others, of palms of many species, some of them twenty to thirty feet in height; others small and delicate, with stems no thicker than a finger; then, again, of a most varied brushwood, or of striving interlacing climbing lianas. Tree ferns belong more to hilly regions and to the forests of the Upper Amazons. Of flowers there are few. Orchids are very rare in the dense forests of the low lands, and what flowering shrubs and trees there are, are inconspicuous. Flower-frequenting insects are, in consequence, also rare in the forest. The

forest bees, belonging to the genera Melipona and Euglossa, are more frequently seen feeding on the sweet sap which exudes from the trees, or on the excrement of birds on leaves, than on flowers.

The annual, periodical, and diurnal cycle of phenomena, in the primeval forest, are all worthy of notice. As in all intertropical regions, the season is pretty nearly always the same, and there is no winter and summer; the periodical phenomena of plants and animals do not take place at about the same time in all species, or in the individuals of any given species, as they do in temperate countries. Of course there is no hybernation, nor, as the dry season is not excessive, is there any estivation, as in some tropical countries. Plants do not flower or shed their leaves, nor do birds moult, pair, or breed simultaneously. In Europe, a woodland scene has its spring, its summer, its autumnal, and its winter aspects. In the equatorial forests the aspect is the same, or nearly so, every day in the year—a circumstance which imparts additional interest to the diurnal cycle of phenomena—budding, flowering, fruiting, and leaf-shedding, are always going on in one species or another. The activity of birds and insects proceeds without interruption, each species having its own separate times. The colonies of wasps, for instance, do not die off annually, leaving only the queens, as in cold climates; but the succession of generations and colonies goes on incessantly. It is never either spring, summer, or autumn, but each day is a combination of all three. With the day and night always of equal length, the atmospheric disturbances of each day neutralising themselves before each succeeding morn; with the sun in its course proceeding midway across the sky, and the daily temperature the same within two or three degrees throughout the year, how grand in its perfect equilibrium and simplicity is the march of Nature under such peculiar circumstances!

At break of day the sky is, for the most part, cloudless. The thermometer ranges from 72 to 73 deg. Fahr., which is not oppressive. The heavy dew, or the previous night's rain, which lies on the moist foliage, is quickly dissipated by the glowing sun, which rising straight out of the east, mounts rapidly towards the zenith. All nature is refreshed, new leaf and flower-buds expanding rapidly. Some mornings a single tree will appear in flower, amidst what was the preceding evening a uniform mass of green forest—a dome of blossom suddenly created as if by magic. The birds all come into life and activity, and the shrill yelping of the toucans makes itself more especially heard. Small flocks of parrots take to wing, appearing in distinct relief against the blue sky, always two by two, chattering to each other, the pairs being separated by regular intervals; their bright colours, however, not apparent at that height. The only insects that appear in great numbers are ants, termites, and social wasps; and in the open grounds, dragon-flies.

The heat increases rapidly up to two o'clock, when the thermometer attains an average of from 92 to 93 deg. Fahr., and by that time every voice of mammal or bird is hushed; only on the trees the harsh whirr of the cicada is heard at intervals. The leaves, which were so moist and fresh in early morning, become lax and drooping; the flowers shed their petals. The Indian and mulatto inhabitants of the open palm-thatched huts are either asleep in their hammocks or seated on mats in the shade, too languid even to talk. On most days in June and July a heavy shower

falls, sometimes in the afternoon, producing a most welcome coolness. The approach of the rain-clouds is interesting to observe. First the cool sea-breeze, which commenced to blow about ten o'clock, and which had increased in force with the increasing power of the sun, would flag, and finally die away. The heat and electric tension of the atmosphere then becomes almost insupportable. Languor and uneasiness seize on every one; even the denizens of the forest betraying it by their motions. White clouds appear in the east, and gather into cumuli, with an increasing blackness along their lower portions. The whole eastern horizon becomes almost suddenly black, and this spreads upwards, the sun at length becoming obscured. Then the rush of a mighty wind is heard through the forest, swaying the tree-tops; a vivid flash of lightning bursts forth, then a crash of thunder, and down streams the deluging rain. Such storms soon cease, leaving bluish-black motionless clouds in the sky until night. Meantime all nature is refreshed; but heaps of flower petals and fallen leaves are seen under the trees. Towards evening life revives again, and the ringing uproar is resumed from bush and tree. The following morning the sun rises in a cloudless sky, and so the cycle is completed; spring, summer, and autumn, as it were, in one tropical day. The days are, more or less, like this throughout the year. A little difference exists between the dry and wet seasons; but generally the dry season, which lasts from July to December, is varied with showers, and the wet from January to June, with sunny days.

We often read, in books of travels, of the silence and gloom of the primeval forest. They are—Mr. Bates adds his testimony to the fact—realities, and the impression, he says, deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive or mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes, in the midst of the stillness, a sudden yell or scream will startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal, which is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirit. The feeling of inhospitable wildness, which the forest is calculated to inspire, is increased tenfold under this fearful uproar. Often, even in the still hour of mid-day, a sudden crash will be heard, resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are, besides, many sounds which it is impossible to account for. Mr. Bates found the natives, generally, as much at a loss in this respect as himself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind.

With the natives it is always the "Curupira," the wild man, or Spirit of the Forest, which produces all noises they are unable to account for. Myths are the rude theories which mankind, in the infancy of knowledge, invent to explain natural phenomena. The "Curupira" is a mysterious being, whose attributes are uncertain, for they vary according to locality. Sometimes he is described as a kind of uran-utan, being covered with long shaggy hair, and living in trees. At others he is said to have cloven feet, and a bright red face. He has a wife and children, and has been even

known to come down to the roças to steal the mandioco. "At one time," Mr. Bates relates, "I had a Mameluco (cross-breed) youth in my service, whose head was full of the legends and superstitions of the country. He always went with me into the forest; in fact, I could not get him to go alone, and whenever we heard any of the strange noises mentioned above, he used to tremble with fear. He would crouch down behind me, and beg of me to turn back. He became easy only after he had made a charm to protect us from the Curupira. For this purpose he took a young palm-leaf, plaited it, and formed it into a ring, which he hung to a branch on our track."

With all these drawbacks, there is plenty, in the contemplation or exploration of the primeval forest, to counteract any unpleasant impression which these various phenomena, and especially the reckless energy of the vegetation, might produce. There is the incomparable beauty and variety of the foliage, the vivid colours, the richness and exuberance everywhere displayed, which makes the richest woodland scenery in northern Europe a sterile desert in comparison. But it is especially the enjoyment of life manifested by individual existences which compensates for the destruction and pain caused by the inevitable competition. Although this competition is nowhere more active, and the dangers to which each individual is exposed nowhere more numerous, yet nowhere is this enjoyment more vividly displayed. If vegetation had feeling, its vigorous and rapid growth, uninterrupted by the cold sleep of winter, would, one would think, be productive of pleasure to its individuals.

In animals, the mutual competition may be greater, the predacious species more constantly on the alert than in temperate climates; but there is, at the same time, no severe periodical struggle with inclement seasons. In sunny nooks, and at certain seasons, the trees and the air are gay with birds and insects, all in the full enjoyment of existence; the warmth, the sunlight, and the abundance of food producing their results in the animation and sportiveness of the beings congregated together. We ought not to leave out of sight, too, the sexual decorations—the brilliant colours and ornamentation of the males, which, although existing in the fauna of all climates, reach a higher degree of perfection in the tropics than elsewhere. This seems to point to the pleasures of the pairing seasons. "I think," Mr. Bates remarks upon this, "it is a childish notion that the beauty of birds, insects, and other creatures is given to please the human eye. A little observation and reflection show that this cannot be the case, else why should one sex only be richly ornamented, the other clad in plain drab and grey? Surely, rich plumage and song, like all the other endowments of species, are given them for their own pleasure and advantage. This, if true, ought to enlarge our ideas of the inner life and mutual relations of our humbler fellow-creatures."

Such, then, are the main and leading features of the primeval forest: The impenetrability of this "forêt vierge" par excellence; its non-adaptability to human existence; the rivalry of vegetation; the climbing plants and animals; the few insects, and especially the freedom from mosquitoes; the marsh forest as contradistinguished from the upland forest; the colossal trees with their huge buttresses and pendent air-plants (a forest on a forest); the various underwood and struggling lianas; the

absence of flowers; the unvarying character of the annual, periodical, and diurnal cycle of phenomena; the silence and the gloom broken by mysterious and hitherto unexplained sounds; and the sources of enjoyment to be derived from the beauty and variety, richness and exuberance, and the vivid sense of existence with which all living creatures are endowed.

But there are also other and various phenomena which belong to the details of the same extensive regions, and which enter more particularly into a narrative of local explorations. Mr. Bates arrived with Mr. Wallace at Para on the 28th of May, 1848. This city is hemmed in by the perpetual forest on all sides landwards, but the white buildings roofed with red tiles, the numerous towers and cupolas of churches and convents, the crowns of palm-trees reared above the building, all sharply defined against the clear blue sky, give an appearance of lightness and cheerfulness which is most exhilarating. There are also picturesque country-houses to be seen scattered about, half buried in luxuriant foliage. On landing, however, the hot, moist, mouldy air, which seemed to strike from the ground and walls, reminded our explorer of the atmosphere of the tropical stoves at Kew. The merchants and shopkeepers dwelt in tall, gloomy, convent-looking buildings near the port; the poorer class, Europeans, negroes, and Indians, with an uncertain mixture of the three, in houses of one story only, of an irregular and mean appearance. Here, were idle soldiers, dressed in shabby uniforms, carrying their muskets carelessly over their arms; there, were priests, and negresses with red water-jars on their heads, and sad-looking Indian women carrying their naked children astride on their hips. Amongst the latter were several handsome women, dressed in a slovenly manner, barefoot or shod in loose slippers, but wearing richly decorated earrings, and round their necks strings of very large gold beads. They had dark expressive eyes, and remarkably rich heads of hair. "It was a mere fancy," Mr. Bates says, "but I thought the mingled squalor, luxuriance, and beauty of these women were pointedly in harmony with the rest of the scene, so striking in the view was the mixture of natural riches and human poverty."

The houses were mostly in a dilapidated condition, and signs of indolence and neglect were everywhere visible. The wooden palings which surrounded the weed-grown gardens were strewn about broken; and hogs, goats, and ill-fed poultry wandered in and out through the gaps. But amidst all, and compensating every defect, in the eyes of a naturalist, rose the overpowering beauty of the vegetation. Mangoes, oranges, lemons, dates, palms, bananas, and pine-apples are among the common fruits. There were also all kinds of noises by day and by night, cicadas, crickets, and grasshoppers rivalling the plaintive hooting of tree-frogs. This uproar of life never ceases, night nor day, and is one of the peculiarities of a Brazilian climate. The stranger becomes accustomed to it after a time; but Mr. Bates says that, after his return to England, the death-like stillness of summer days in the country appeared to him as strange as the ringing uproar did on his first arrival at Para.

The first walks were naturally directed to the suburbs of Para, through avenues of silk and cotton trees, cocoa-nut palms, and almond-trees. Much was found to interest our naturalists in their first explorations, the more especially as the species of animals and plants differed widely in

the open country from what are met with in the dense primeval forests. Parroquets, humming-birds, vultures, flycatchers, finches, ant-thrushes, tanagers, japirus, and other birds abounded. The tanagers represent our house sparrows. Geckos and other lizards are met with at every step. The gardens afforded fine showy butterflies and other insects. The most remarkable and obnoxious of this tribe were, however, the ants. Of these, two species make themselves more particularly obnoxious. One of these is a giant, an inch and a quarter in length, and stout in proportion. The other is the saüba—the pest of Brazil—whose underground abodes are very extensive. The Rev. H. Clark has related that the saüba of Rio de Janeiro has excavated a tunnel under the bed of the river Parahyba, at a place where it is as broad as the Thames at London-bridge. These are the Brunels of the insect world. Besides injuring and destroying young trees, the saüba ant is most troublesome to the inhabitants, from its habit of plundering the stores of provisions in houses at night.

Mr. Bates speaks of Para—albeit a tropical city—as very healthy. English residents, who had been established there twenty or thirty years, looked almost as fresh in colour as if they had never left their native country. "The equable temperature, the perpetual verdure, the coolness of the dry season when the sun's heat is tempered by the strong sea-breezes, and the moderation of the periodical rains, make," he says, "the climate one of the most enjoyable on the face of the earth." It is, however, exposed to fearful attacks of epidemics.

The original Indian tribes of the district are now either civilised, or have amalgamated with the white and negro immigrants. Their distinguishing tribal names have long been forgotten, and the race bears now the general appellation of Tapuyo, which seems to have been one of the names of the ancient Tupinambas. The Indians of the interior, still remaining in the savage state, are called by the Brazilians, Indios or Gentios (heathens). All the semi-civilised Tapuyos speak the Lingoa Geral—a language adapted by the Jesuit missionaries from the original idiom of the Tupinambas. The language of the Guaranis, living on the Paraguay, is a dialect of it, and hence it is called by philologists the Tupi-Guarani language; printed grammars of it are always on sale at the shops of the Para booksellers. The fact of one language having been spoken over so wide an extent of country as that from the Amazons to Paraguay, is quite an isolated one, and points to considerable migrations of the Indian tribes in former times. At present the languages spoken by neighbouring tribes on the banks of the interior rivers are totally distinct; on the Juara, even, scattered hordes belonging to the same tribe are not able to understand each other.

The mixed breeds, which now form, probably, the greater part of the population of the province of Para, have each a distinguishing name. Mameluco denotes the offspring of White with Indian; Mulatto, that of White with Negro; Cafuzo, the mixture of the Indian and Negro; Curiboco, the cross between the Cafuzo and the Indian; Xibaro, that between the Cafuzo and Negro. These crosses are seldom, however, well demarcated, and all shades of colour exist; the names are generally only applied approximatively. The term Creole is confined to negroes born in the country. Trade and planting is chiefly in the hands of the

whites, the half-breeds constitute the traders, the negroes the field labourers and porters, the Indians the watermen. Amusingly enough, there are Gallegos, or Gallican water-carriers, in Para, as well as in Oporto and Lisbon.

The semi-aquatic life of the people is one of the most interesting features of the country. The montaria, or boat of five planks, takes the place of the horse, mule, or camel of other regions. Almost every family has also an igarite, or canoe, with masts and cabin. Our traveller's first experiences with the montaria was not happy. He got upset, and had to run about naked whilst his clothes were being dried on a bush. Marmosets, a family of monkeys, small in size, and more like squirrels than true monkeys in their manner of climbing, are common in Para, and are often seen in a tame state in the houses of the inhabitants. Many other species of monkeys are also kept tame. We have seen a French sketch of Para which has a monkey at every door.

In August, 1848, Messrs. Bates and Wallace started on an excursion up the Tocantins, a vast tributary to the Para river, which is ten miles in breadth at its mouth, and has been compared by Prince Adalbert of Prussia to the Ganges. Unfortunately, the utility of this fine stream is impaired by the numerous obstructions to its navigation in the shape of cataracts and rapids, which commence about a hundred and twenty miles from Cameta—a town of some importance, pleasantly situated on the left bank of the river some twenty miles from its embouchure. The river at that place is only five miles in width, and the broad expanse of dark green waters is studded with low, palm-clad islands. There are towns, villages, and large planters' establishments along the banks. The inhabitants are chiefly Mamelucos, showing that the mixed race thrives best in this climate, and they lead an easy, lounging, semi-amphibious kind of life. There is, says Mr. Bates, a free, familiar, pro bono publico style of living in these small places, which requires some time for a European to fall into. People walk in and out of the houses as they please. There is, however, a more secluded apartment, where the female members of the families reside. These Mamelucos are, however, by no means ignorant, and there is many a classical library in the mud-plastered and palm-thatched huts on the banks of the Tocantins. Higher up the river they met with families of tawny white Mamelucos encamped in the woods, to enjoy the cooler air and fresh fish. When we say encamped, their hammocks were slung between the tree trunks, and the litter of a numerous household lay scattered about. They had even their pet animals with them, and they pic-nic thus for three months at a time, the men hunting and fishing for the day's wants. On the 16th of September our travellers arrived at the first rapids, beyond which the river became again broad (it was about a mile at the rapids) and deep, and the scenery was beautiful in the extreme. They persevered up to the second falls at Arroyos, where the bed of the river, about a mile wide, is strewn with blocks of various sizes, and the wildness of the scene added to the roar of the rapids was very impressive. The descent by which they exchanged the dry atmosphere, limpid waters, and varied scenery of the upper river, for the humid flat region of the Amazons valley, was effected without any particular incidents. One day, when they were running their montaria to a landing-place, they saw a large serpent on the trees

overhead; the boat was stopped just in the nick of time, and the reptile brought down with a charge of shot. At the mouth of the Tocantins, numbers of fresh-water dolphins were rolling about in shoaly places. There were two species: one, the Tucuxi, rises horizontally, showing first its back fin, draws an inspiration, and then dives gently down, head-foremost; the other, the Bouto, or porpoise, rises with its head upwards, it then blows, and immediately afterwards dips, head downwards, its back curving over. It seems thus to pitch head over heels. There is nothing that speaks more eloquently of the vast size of the "Queen of Rivers" than the presence of these fresh-water dolphins and porpoises. Both species are exceedingly numerous throughout the Amazons and its larger tributaries, but they are nowhere more plentiful than in the shoaly water at the mouth of the Tocantins, especially in the dry season. In the Upper Amazons, a third pale flesh-coloured species is also abundant. With the exception of a species found in the Ganges, all other varieties of dolphin and porpoises inhabit exclusively the sea. In the broader parts of the Amazons, from its mouth to a distance of fifteen hundred miles in the interior, one or other of the three kinds here mentioned are always heard rolling, blowing, and snorting, especially at night, and these noises contribute much to the impression of sea-wide vastness and desolation which haunts the traveller. Besides dolphins, porpoises, river cows, and anacondas in the water, frigate birds and fluviatile gulls and terns in the air are characteristic of the same great river. Flocks of the former were seen on the Tocantins hovering above at an immense height.

Mr. Bates stayed some time, at an after period, at Cameto, the chief produce of which are cacao, india-rubber, and Brazil nuts, and the population about five thousand. The inhabitants are almost wholly of a hybrid nature. The Portuguese settlers were nearly all males, the Indian women were good-looking, and made excellent wives; so the natural result has been, in the course of two centuries, a complete blending of the two races. The lower classes are as indolent and sensual as in other parts of the province, a moral condition not to be wondered at in a country where perpetual summer reigns, and where the necessaries of life are so easily obtained. But they are light-hearted, quick-witted, communicative, and hospitable. The forest here is traversed by several broad roads, which pass generally under shade, and part of the way through groves of coffee and orange-trees, fragrant plantations of cacao, and tracts of second-growth woods. The houses along these beautiful roads belong chiefly to Mameluco, mulatto, and Indian families, each of which has its own plantation. Besides the main roads, there are endless by-paths which thread the forest, and communicate with isolated houses. Along these the traveller may wander day after day without leaving the shade, and everywhere meet with cheerful, simple, and hospitable people.

Mr. Bates had an opportunity here of verifying a fact in natural history which has been doubted. He detected a large hairy spider in the act of disposing of two small birds—finches—which he had caught in his dense white web. The hairs with which these bird-killing spiders are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar, and our author says from sad experience, an almost maddening irritation. One day he saw some children with one of these monster spiders secured by a cord round its

waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog! There were only two monkeys near Cameta: the Pithecia satanas, a large species, clothed with long brownish black hair, and the tiny white and rare Midas argentatus, which, running along a branch, looked like white kittens. There were plenty of humming-birds; and Mr. Bates says there was no need for poets to invent elves and gnomes whilst Nature furnishes us with such marvellous little sprites ready to hand.

Among other excursions made in the province of Para was one to Caripi, a Scotch gentleman's establishment in a region once the centre of flourishing estates, but which have now relapsed into forest in consequence of the scarcity of labour and diminished enterprise. Mr. Bates was much troubled here with blood-sucking bats, which got into his hammock and bit him on his hip. A feline animal called the Sassu-arana, or false deer, from its colour, was also met with at this spot. The great ant-eater was likewise not uncommon. It was killed for the sake of its flesh, which is something like goose in flavour; sometimes, however, it would in its turn nearly kill the dogs that hunted it. It seems a pity to destroy this useful animal, where the ants are the pests of the country. There are at least four species, two of which are very small, and essentially arboreal. The great banded and maned ant-eater is the only ground species, just as the megatherium was the only ground species of the allied group of sloths, which are still more exclusively South American forms than ant-eaters. Humming-birds abounded in the orange-groves, and Mr. Bates several times shot by mistake a bird hawk-moth instead of a bird. It was only after many days' experience, he says, that he learnt to distinguish one from the other when on the wing. This resemblance, which is the subject of a curious illustration in Mr. Bates's work, has attracted the notice of the natives, all of whom, even educated whites, firmly believe that one is transmutable into the other. The resemblance is certainly remarkable; but there is nothing more in it. The analogy between the two creatures has been brought about, probably, by the similarity of their habits—both poising themselves before a flower whilst probing it with their proboscis. Mr. Gould relates that he once had a stormy altercation with an English gentleman, who affirmed that humming-birds were found in England, for he had seen one flying in Devonshire; meaning thereby the humming-bird hawk-moth, of which we have one well-known indigenous species.

Snakes abounded in this region; many of the species were arboreal, and sometimes looked like the flexuous stem of a creeping plant endowed with life, and threading its way amongst the leaves and branches—animated lianas. It was rather alarming, in entomologising about the trunks of trees, to suddenly encounter, on turning round, a pair of glittering eyes and a forked tongue within a few inches of one's head. Water-snakes will also sometimes take the bait intended for a fish, and the Amazonian angler often brings an unwelcome visitor to the surface. The extraction of the hook, which is generally swallowed, as with an eel, is an operation that is, we suppose, left to some bystander.

A curious question in connexion with the acclimatisation and domestication of animals—a subject which occupies the attention of Europe, as well as of Australia and other countries, in the present day—presented itself at Murucupi, a creek where Indians and half-breeds had lived for many generations in perfect seclusion from the rest of the world, the place being

little known or frequented. The spot is described, as far as scenery is concerned, as exquisitely beautiful. Then, again, the inhabitants had groves of bananas, mangoes, cotton, palm-trees, papaws, coffee, and sugar. They had also plots of Mandisca and Indian corn. But animal food is as much a necessary of life in this exhausting climate as it is in Europe. Now these people have no idea of securing a constant supply of meat by keeping cattle, sheep, or hogs, nor is there any lack of tameable animals fit for human food in the Amazonian forests. There are the tapir, the paca, the cutia, and the curassow turkeys; but the management of domestic animals is unsuited to their tastes, and such, says Mr. Bates, is the inflexibility of organisation in the red man, and by inheritance from Indians also in half-breeds, that the habit seems impossible to be acquired by them, although they show great aptitude in other respects for civilised life. Thus they continue to be fishers and hunters, despite the fatigue and uncertainty of the process; and this inveterate instinct is far more opposed to their progress in civilisation than the more imaginary one of their competition with an excessive vegetation.

On the first night of the rainy season there was a tremendous uproar —tree-frogs, crickets, goat-suckers, and owls, all joining to perform a deafening concert. The croaking and hooting of frogs was so loud that they could not hear one another's voices within doors. Ants and termites came forth in the winged state next day. Mr. Bates retreated to Para, under these adverse circumstances, and began to prepare for an expedition up the Amazons. At this epoch (1849) steamers had not been introduced, and nearly all communication with the interior was by means of sailing-vessels, and the voyage, made in this way, was tedious in the extreme. When the regular east wind blew—the "vento geræ," or trade wind of the Amazons—sailing-vessels could get along very well; but when this failed, they were obliged to remain, sometimes many days together, anchored near the shore, or progress laboriously by means of the "espia." This, where the density of vegetation put tracking out of the question, was accomplished by sending forward a cable by a montaria, which was secured to a tree or bough, and the vessel hauled up, and so on, repeating the process. Anything more tedious it is difficult to imagine. Mr. Bates obtained a passage in a schooner belonging to a young Mestizo, named Joao da Cunha Correia, who was ascending the river on a trading expedition. The channel by which the passage had to be effected from the Para to the Amazons was not more than eighty to one hundred yards in width, and was hemmed in by two walls of forest, which rose perpendicularly from the water to a height of seventy or eighty feet. The water was of great and uniform depth, even close to the banks. They seemed, indeed, to be in a deep gorge, and the strange impression produced was augmented by the dull echoes produced by the voices of the Indian crew and the splash of their paddles. This channel was thirty-five miles long, and it took three days and a half in effecting the passage. The extremity of the channel is said to be haunted by a Paje, or Indian wizard, whom it is necessary to propitiate by depositing some article on the spot, if the voyager wishes to secure a safe return from the "sertâo," as the interior of the country is called. Here the trees were all hung with rags, shirts, straw-hats, bunches of fruit, and so forth. The men caught plenty of fish in these channels, the prevailing

kind being a species of Loricaria, wholly encased in bony armour. A small alligator, not more than two feet in length, is also found in the shallow creeks.

The channel, on entering the Amazons Proper, formed a splendid reach, sweeping from south-west to north-east, with a horizon of water and sky both up stream and down. The majestic river did not, however, present the lake-like aspect which the waters of the Para and Tocantins affect, but had all the swing, so to speak, of a vast flowing stream. There was a spanking breeze, and the vessel bounded gaily over the waters. The same evening, however, a furious squall burst forth, tearing the waters into foam, and producing a frightful uproar in the neighbouring forests. In half an hour all was again calm, and the full moon appeared sailing in a cloudless sky.

The Amazons is at the junction of the Xingu, one of its great tributaries, ten miles broad, and, with the exception of a trifling detention of two days in the sickening heat, becalmed, the weather was delightful, the air transparently clear, and the breeze cool and invigorating. At daylight on the 6th, a chain of blue hills, the Serra de Almeyrim, appeared in the distance on the north bank of the river. The sight was most exhilarating, after so long a sojourn in a flat country. The coast throughout is described, however, as having a most desolate aspect: the forest is not so varied as on the higher land, and the water frontage, which is destitute of the green mantle of climbing plants that form so rich a decoration in other parts, is encumbered at every step with piles of fallen trees, peopled by white egrets, ghostly storks, and solitary herons. The Almeyrim range is only the first of a long series of hilly ranges, each having their separate names, and, for the most part, with steep rugged sides, destitute of trees and clothed with short herbage, but here and there exposing bare white patches. One of these ranges, called the Paranaquara, is remarkable for its flat tops. The valley, or river plain, is contracted to its narrowest breadth in this hilly region, being only from four to five miles broad. In no other part of the river do the highlands on each side approach so closely. Beyond, they gradually recede, and the width of the river valley consequently increases, until in the central parts of the Upper Amazons it is no less than five hundred and forty miles.

Santarem, a beautifully situated town, which Mr. Bates made his head-quarters for no less than three years, lies at the mouth of the Tapajos, and, although four hundred miles from the sea, is accessible to vessels of heavy tonnage coming straight from the Atlantic. There is plenty of land here, and the Tapajos opens a direct way into the heart of the mining provinces of interior Brazil. But where is the population to come from, inquires Mr. Bates, to develop the resources of this fine country? At present the district, within a radius of twenty-five miles, contains barely six thousand five hundred inhabitants; behind the town the country is uninhabited, and jaguars roam nightly close up to the ends of the suburban streets. This while other countries are groaning under the necessity of contributing to the support of an excessive population. The tendency of mankind is to cumulate, instead of wisely distributing itself amidst virgin lands, forests, and waters. The progress in such regions is, hence, of an almost geological slowness.

Mr. Bates took up his head-quarters for the time being at Obydos, a

small town of twelve hundred inhabitants, on the north bank, airily situated on a high bluff and in a hilly district. The river here is contracted to a breadth of rather less than a mile (1738 yards), and the entire volume of its waters, the collective product of a score of mighty streams, is poured through the strait with tremendous velocity, and a depth of from thirty to forty fathoms. Behind is an extensive lake, called the Lago Grande da Villa Franca, which communicates with the Amazons both above and below Obydos. The inhabitants of Santarem are mainly whites, and they have lately imported negroes, before which they used to do, what a free negro is said to have recommended us to do in Australia, to force servitude on the Indians. It is indeed questionable if it is not better to teach the savages to earn a livelihood by honest industry, than to let them starve in idleness. There were heiresses at Obydos whose property was reckoned in cacao plantations, oxen, and slaves. Some enterprising young men had come over from Para and Maranham to appropriate to themselves the ladies and their fortunes. The people were very sociable and hospitable, but only one had enterprise sufficient to establish a sugar-mill.

The forest around Obydos was more varied than it is in the Amazons region generally, and is rendered utterly impenetrable by the thick undergrowth of plants of the pine-apple order, and by cacti. Monkeys abounded, and one species, a coaita, is much esteemed as an article of food. The worst is, that this is just the most mild, affectionate, intelligent, and human-like monkey. A wood-cricket is also met with here that sings so loudly that the natives place it, like a bird, in a wickerwork cage. Mr. Bates likewise met with some transition forms here among butterflies, which he believes tend to show that a physiological species can be and is produced in nature out of the varieties of a pre-existing closely allied one. The process of origination of a species in nature, he remarks, as it takes place successively, must be ever, perhaps, beyond man's power to trace, on account of the great lapse of time it requires. But we can obtain a fair view of it by tracing a variable and far-spreading species over the wide area of its present distribution, and a long observation of such will lead to the conclusion that new species in all cases must have arisen out of variable and widely disseminated forms.

Mr. Bates started from Obydos in a trader's boat, passing on his way numerous houses, each surrounded by its grove of cacao-trees. A cacao-tree costs about sixpence, and one family manages its own small plantation of ten to fifteen thousand trees. The life of these cacao cultivators is pleasant: the work is all done under the shade, and occupies only a few weeks in the year. But the people are poor, for they have no gardens, orchards, or domestic animals, and they live on fish and farinha. At night-time the boat generally lay to, and dinner was also cooked ashore, either in a shady nook of the forest or at the house of some settler. The mornings were cool and pleasant, but by evening the heat would grow intolerable; later, however, the hours were delicious. The hammocks were swung on deck, and they went to sleep amid a perpetual chorus of animals, among whom the chief performers were the howling monkeys. Their frightful, unearthly roar deepened the feeling of solitude which crept on as darkness closed around them. Soon after, the fireflies came forth and flitted about the trees. As night advanced, all became silent in the forest,

save the occasional hooting of tree-frogs, or the monotonous chirping of wood-crickets and grasshoppers. Now and then they came to large islands with sand-banks—open spaces in which the canoe-men take great delight—and hence they generally land at them, spending part of the day in washing and cooking. These sand-banks resembled the sea-shore. Flocks of white gulls were flying overhead, and sandpipers coursed along the edge of the water. These birds must have adapted fluviatile habits like the tern on the Nile and Euphrates. In this peculiarity they are analogous to the dolphins and porpoises, which in so vast a stream as the Amazons are, as we have seen, no longer marine, but purely fluviatile creations. There were also plenty of rarer birds, ibises, unicorn-birds, that bray like a jackass, barbets, or pig-birds, and others.

An elevated wooded promontory constitutes the boundary between the provinces of Para and Amazons. Beyond this the explorers stopped four days at the village of Villa Nova. There were pools here, in which grew the Victoria water-lily, and which swarmed with water-fowl, snowy egrets, striped herons, and gigantic storks. Canary-birds and macaws were stirring in the trees. There were also hawks and eagles. At a subsequent period, Mr. Bates passed eight months at this lively spot. The whole tract of land here is, in reality, a group of islands which extend from a little below Villa Nova to the mouth of the Madiera, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles; the breadth of this island and lacustrine district varying from ten to twenty miles. The country bordering these interior waters is said to be extremely fertile and not insalubrious, the broad lakes having clear waters and sandy shores. They abound in fish and turtle, and swarm with wild-fowl. The woods, unfortunately, abound in ticks, as in red acari in other places, which mount to the tips of blades of grass, and attach themselves to the clothes of passers-by. Mr. Bates says it occupied him a full hour daily to pick them off his flesh after his diurnal rambles. The Urubu vultures were another annoyance. They are so bold that if the kitchen was left unguarded for a moment, they walked in and lifted the lids of the saucepans with their beaks to rob them of their contents. They also follow the fishermen to the lakes, where they gorge themselves with the offal of the fisheries. Kept in their proper places, they are manifestly useful scavengers. The butterflies were at once colossal and most beautiful, and our naturalist describes it as a grand sight to see them by twos and threes floating at a great height in the still air of a tropical morning.

A next stay of ten days was made at a village where a line of clay cliffs diverts the course of the river. At a festival here, the meal consisted of a large boiled pirarucu—a manatee, or river cow—which had been harpooned for the purpose in the morning. Mr. Bates describes the meat as having the taste of very coarse pork; but the fat, which lies in thick layers, is of a greenish colour, and of a disagreeable, fishy flavour. The manatee, or "vacca marina," as it is also called, is one of the few objects which excite the dull wonder and curiosity of the Indians, notwithstanding that it is very common. The fact of its suckling its young at the breast, although an aquatic animal, seems to strike them as something very strange. One was killed on the Upper Amazons which was nearly ten feet in length, and nine feet in girth at the broadest part.

Mr. Bates did not proceed on his first ascent of the Amazons beyond Barra,

a large goodly town at the junction of the Rio Negro, and which is now the principal station for the lines of steamers which were established in 1853 —a steamer running once a fortnight between Para and Barra, and a bi-monthly one plying between the latter place and Nanta, in the Peruvian territory. On a second excursion, Mr. Bates left Barra for Ega, the first town of any importance on the Solimoens, while Mr. Wallace explored the Rio Negro. The distance is nearly four hundred miles, which he accomplished in a small cuberta, manned by ten stout Cucama Indians, in thirty-five days. On this occasion he spent twelve months in the upper region of the Amazons. He revisited the same country in 1855, and devoted three years and a half to a fuller exploration of its natural productions. This in addition to his residence at Santarem and the exploration of the Tapajos.

The sketches of life and of the aspects of nature under such various circumstances, and during such a lengthened period, are minutely detailed and very entertaining—nor were all these explorations effected without adventures. When on the Cupari, a tributary to the Tapajos, a Sucuruju (the Indian name for the anaconda, or great water-serpent, Eunectes murinus) robbed the hencoop in the boat. Some days afterwards, the young men belonging to the different sitios agreed together to go in search for the serpent, which had committed many other depredations. It was found, after a long search, sunning itself on a log at the mouth of a muddy rivulet, and was despatched with harpoons. It was not a large one, only eighteen feet nine inches in length, but it had a most hideous appearance, owing to its being very broad in the middle and tapering abruptly at both ends.

At Ega, Mr. Bates relates, a large anaconda was near making a meal of a young lad about ten years of age. The father and his son went one day in their montaria a few miles up the Teffé, to gather wild fruit; landing on a sloping, sandy shore, where the boy was left to mind the canoe whilst the man entered the forest. The beaches of the Teffé form groves of wild guava and myrtle-trees, and during most months of the year are partly overflown by the river. Whilst the boy was playing in the water under the shade of these trees, a huge reptile of this species stealthily wound its coils around him, unperceived till it was too late to escape. His cries brought his father quickly to the rescue, and he rushed forward, and seizing the anaconda boldly by the head, tore its jaws asunder. There appears to be no doubt that this formidable serpent grows to an enormous bulk, and lives to a great age, for Mr. Bates heard of specimens having been killed which measured forty-two feet in length. The natives of the Amazons country universally believe in the existence of a monster water-serpent, said to be many score fathoms in length, which appears successively in different parts of the river. They call it the Mai d'agoa—"the mother or spirit of the water." This fable, which was doubtless suggested by the occasional appearance of Sucurujus of unusually large size, takes a great variety of forms, and the wild legends form the subject of conversation amongst old and young, over the wood fires in lonely settlements.

One day that Mr. Bates was entomologising alone and unarmed, in a dry ygapo, where the trees were rather wide apart and the ground coated to the depth of eight or ten inches with dead leaves, he was near coming

into collision with a boa-constrictor. He had just entered a little thicket to capture an insect, and was pinning it, when he was startled by a rushing noise. He looked up to the sky, thinking a squall was coming on, but not a breath of wind stirred in the tree-tops. On stepping out of the bushes, he met face to face a huge serpent coming down a slope, and making the dry twigs crack and fly with his weight as he moved over them. He had frequently met with a smaller boa, the Cutim-boia, in a similar way, and knew from the habits of the family that there was no danger, so he stood his ground. On seeing him the reptile suddenly turned, and glided at an accelerated pace down the path. There was very little of the serpentine movement in his course. The rapidly-moving and shining body looked like a stream of brown liquid flowing over the thick bed of fallen leaves, rather than a serpent with skin of varied colours. The huge trunk of an uprooted tree lay across his road; this he glided over in his undeviating course, and soon after penetrated a dense swampy thicket, where Mr. Bates, who had set after him at first, says he did not care to follow him.

Adventures with alligators are not less amusing. One day, when out turtle fishing in the pools in the neighbourhood of Ega, when the net was formed into a circle, and the men had jumped in, an alligator was found to be enclosed. "No one," Mr. Bates says, "was alarmed, the only fear expressed being that the imprisoned beast would tear the net. First one shouted, 'I have touched his head;' then another, 'He has scratched my leg.' One of the men, a lanky Miranha, was thrown off his balance, and then there was no end to the laughter and shouting. At last a youth of about fourteen years of age, on my calling to him from the bank to do so, seized the reptile by the tail, and held him tightly, until, a little resistance being overcome, he was able to bring it ashore. The net was opened, and the boy slowly dragged the dangerous but cowardly beast to land through the muddy water, a distance of about one hundred yards. Meantime, I had cut a strong pole from a tree, and as soon as the alligator was drawn to solid ground, gave him a sharp rap with it on the crown of his head, which killed him instantly. It was a good-sized individual; the jaws being considerably more than a foot long, and fully capable of snapping a man's leg in twain." The species was the large cayman, the Jacaré-uassu of the Amazonian Indians (Jacarè nigra).

At another spot in the same neighbourhood no one could descend to bathe without being advanced upon by one or other of these hungry monsters. There was much offal cast into the river, and this, of course, attracted them to the place. "One day," Mr. Bates relates, "I amused myself by taking a basketful of fragments of meat beyond the line of ranchos, and drawing the alligators towards me by feeding them. They behaved pretty much as dogs do when fed; catching the bones I threw them in their huge jaws, and coming nearer and nearer, showing increased eagerness after every morsel. The enormous gape of their mouths, with their blood-red lining and long fringes of teeth, and the uncouth shape of their bodies, made a picture of unsurpassable ugliness. I once or twice fired a heavy charge of shot at them, aiming at the vulnerable part of their bodies, which is a small space situated behind their eyes, but this had no other effect than to make them give a hoarse grunt and shake themselves; they immediately afterwards turned to receive another bone which I threw to them."

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE TWENTY-FIRST.

I.

MR. REGINALD MAKES A MORNING CALL.

TIME elapsed. Autumn weather had come; and things were going on in their state of progression at Prior's Ash, as things always must go on. Be it slow or fast, be it marked or unmarked, the stream of life must glide forward; onwards, onwards; never stopping, never turning from its appointed course that bears straight towards eternity.

In the events that concern us nothing had been very marked. At least, not outwardly. There were no startling changes to be recorded —unless, indeed, it was that noted change in the heart of the town. The bank of which you have heard so much was no more; but in its stead flourished an extensive ironmongery establishment—which it was to be hoped would not come to the same ignoble end. The house had been divided into two dwellings: the one, accessible by the former private entrance, was let to a quiet widow lady and her son, a young man reading for the Church; the other had been opened in all the grandeur and glory of highly-polished steel and iron. Grates, chimney-pieces, fire-irons, fenders, scrapers, gilded lamps, ornamental gratings, and other useful things more puzzling to mention, crowded the front windows and dazzled the admiring eyes of the passers-by. You might have thought it was gold and silver displayed there, when the sun reflected its light on the shining wares and brought out their brilliancy. Not one of the Godolphins could pass it without a keen heart-pang, but the general public were content to congregate and admire, as long as the novelty lasted.

The great crash, which had so upset the equanimity of Prior's Ash, was beginning to be forgotten as a thing of the past. The bankruptcy was at an end—save for some remaining proceedings of form which did not concern the general public, and not much the creditors. Compassion for those who had been injured by the calamity was dying out: many a home had been rendered needy, many desolate; but outside people do not make these uncomfortable facts any lasting concern of theirs. There were only two who did make them so, in regard to Prior's Ash: and they would make them so as long as their lives should last.

George Godolphin's wife was lying in her poor lodgings, and Thomas was dying at Ashlydyat. Dying so slowly and imperceptibly that the passage to the grave was smoothed, and the town began to say that he might recover yet. The wrong inflicted upon others, however unwillingly on his own part, the distress rife in many a house around, was ever present to him. It was ever present to Maria.

Some of those who had lost were able to bear it; but there were others upon whom it had brought privation, poverty, utter ruin. It was for these last that the sting was felt.

A little boy had been born to Maria, and had died at the end of a few days. He was baptised Thomas. "Name him Thomas: it will be a remembrance of my brother," George Godolphin had said. But the young Thomas died before the elder one. The same disorder which had taken off two of Maria's other infants took off him—convulsions. "Best that it should be so," said Maria, with closed eyes and folded hands.

Somehow she could not get strong again. Lying in bed, sick and weak, she had time to ruminate upon the misfortunes which had befallen them: the bitter, hopeless reminiscence of the past, the trouble and care of the present, the uncertainty of the future. To dwell upon such themes is not good for the strongest frame; but for the weak it may be worse than can be expressed. Whether it was that, or whether it was a tendency to keep sick, which might have arisen without any mental trouble at all, Maria did not get strong. Mr. Snow sent her no end of tonics; he ordered her all kinds of renovating dainties; he sat and chatted and joked with her by the half-hour together: and it availed not. She was about again, as the saying runs, but she remained lamentably weak. "You don't make an effort to arouse yourself," Mr. Snow would say, thumping his stick in displeasure upon the floor as he spoke. Well, perhaps she did not: the plain fact was, that there was neither the health nor the spirit within her to make the effort.

Circumstances were cruelly against her. She might have battled with the bankruptcy; with the shock and the disgrace; she might have battled with the discomforts of their fallen position, with the painful consciousness of the distress cast into many a home, with the humiliation dealt out to herself as her own special portion, by the pious pharisees around; she might have battled with the vague prospects of the future, hopeless though they looked: women equally sensitive, good, refined as Maria, have had to contend with all this, and have survived it. But what Maria could not battle with; what had told upon her heart and her spirit worse than all the rest, was that dreadful shock touching her husband. She had loved him passionately; she had trusted him wholly; in her blind faith she had never cast so much as a thought to the *possibility* that he could be untrue to his allegiance: and she had been obliged to learn that—infidelity forms part of a man's frail nature. It had dashed to the ground the faith and love of years; it had outraged every feeling of her heart; it seemed to have destroyed her trust in all mankind. Implicit faith! pure love! trust that she had deemed stronger than death!—all had been rent in one moment, and the shock had been greater than was her strength to endure. It was as when one cuts a cord asunder. Anything, anything but this! She could have borne with George in his crime and disgrace, and clung to him all the more because the world shunned him; had he been sent out to Van Dieman's Land the felon that he might have been, she could have crept by his side and loved him still. But this was different. To a woman of refined feelings, as was Maria, loving trustingly,

it was as the very sharpest point of human agony. It must be such. She had reposed calmly in the belief that she was all in all to him: and she awoke to find that she was no more to him than were others. They had lived, as she fondly thought, in a world of their own, a world of tenderness, of love, of unity; she and he alone; and now she learnt that his world at least had not been so exclusive. Apart from more sacred feelings that were outraged, it brought to her the most bitter humiliation. She seemed to have sunk down to a level she scarcely knew with what. It was not the broad and bare infidelity: at that a gentlewoman scarcely likes to glance; but it was the fading away of all the purity and romance which had enshrined them round, as with a halo, they alone, apart from the world. In one unexpected moment, as a flash of lightning will blast a forest tree and strip it of its foliage, leaving it bare—withered—helpless—so had that blow rent the heart's life of Maria Godolphin. And she did not get strong.

Yes. Thomas Godolphin was dying at Ashlydyat, Maria was breaking her heart in her lonely lodgings, Prior's Ash was suffering in its homes; but where was the cause of it all—Mr. George? Mr. George was in London. Looking after something to do, he told Maria. Probably he was. He knew that he had his wife and child upon his hands, and that something must be done, and speedily, or the wolf would come to the door. Lord Averil, good and forgiving as was Thomas Godolphin, had promised George to try and get him some post abroad—for George had confessed to him that he did not care to remain in England. But the prospect was a remote one at best; and it was necessary that George should be exerting himself while it came. So he was in town looking after the something, and meanwhile not by any means breaking *his* heart in regrets, or living like an anchorite up in a garret. Maria heard from him, and of him. Once a week, at least, he wrote to her, sometimes oftener; affectionate and gay letters. Loving words to herself, kisses and stories for Meta, teasings and jokes for Margery. He was friendly with the Verralls—which Prior's Ash wondered at; and would now and then be seen riding in the Park with Mrs. Charlotte Pain—the gossip of which was duly chronicled to Maria by her gossiping acquaintance. Maria was silent on the one subject, but she did write a word of remonstrance to him about his friendship with Mr. Verrall. It was scarcely seemly, she intimated, after what people had said. George wrote her word back that she knew nothing about it; that people had taken up a false notion altogether. Verrall was a good fellow at heart; what had happened was not his fault, but the fault of certain men with whom he, Verrall, had been connected; and that Verrall was showing himself a good friend now, and he did not know what he should do without him.

"A warm bright day like this, and I find you moping and stewing on that sofa! I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. George Godolphin, you are trying to make yourself into a chronic invalid."

Mr. Snow's voice, in its serio-comic accent, might be heard at the top of the house as he spoke. It was his way.

"I am better than I was," answered Maria. "I shall get well some time."

"Some time! It's to be hoped you will. But you are not doing

much yourself towards it. Have the French left you a cloak and bonnet, pray?"

Maria smiled at his joke. She knew he alluded to the bankruptcy commissioners. When Mr. Snow was a boy the English and French were at war, and he generally used the word French in a jesting way to designate enemies.

"They left me all," she said.

"Then be so good as put them on. I don't terminate this visit until I have seen you out of doors."

To contend would be more trouble than to obey. She wrapped herself up and went out with Mr. Snow. Her steps were almost too feeble to walk alone.

"See the lovely day it is! And you, an invalid, suffering from nothing but dumps, not to be out in it! It's nearly as warm as September. Halloa, young lady! are you planting cabbages?"

They had turned an angle and come upon Miss Meta. She was digging away with a child's spade, scattering the mould over the path; her woollen shawl, put on for warmth, turned hind before, and her hat fallen back with the ardour of her labours. David Jekyl, who was digging to purpose close by, was grumbling at the scattered mould on his clean paths.

"I'll sweep it up, David; I'll sweep it up," the young lady said.

"Fine sweeping it 'ud be!" grunted David.

"I declare it's as warm as summer in this path!" cried Mr. Snow. "Now mind, Mrs. George, you shall stop here for half an hour; and if you get tired there's a bench to sit upon. Little damsel, if mamma goes in-doors, you tell me the next time I come. She is to stay out."

"I'll not tell of mamma," said Meta, throwing down her spade and turning her earnest eyes, her rosy cheeks, full on Mr. Snow.

He laughed as he walked away. "You are to stay out for the half-hour, mind you, Mrs. George. I insist upon it."

Direct disobedience would not have been expedient, if only in the light of example to Meta; but Maria had rather been out on any other day, or been ordered to any other path. This was the first time she had seen David Jekyl since the bank had failed, and his father's loss was very present to her.

"How are you, David?" she inquired.

"I be among the middlin's," shortly answered David.

"And your father? I heard he was ill?"

"So he is ill. He couldn't be worser."

"I suppose the coming winter is against him?"

"There be other things again him as well as the coming winter," returned David. "Fretting, for one."

Ah, how bitter it all was! But David did not mean to allude in any offensive manner to the past, or to hurt the feelings of George Godolphin's wife. It was his crusty way.

"Is Jonathan better?" she asked.

"He ain't of much account, he ain't, since he got that hurt," was David's answer. "A doing about three days' work in a week! It's to be hoped times 'll mend."

Maria walked slowly to and fro in the sunny path, saying a word or

two to David now and then, but choosing safer subjects; the weather, the flowers under his charge, the vegetables already nipped with frost. She looked very ill. Her face thin and white, her soft sweet eyes larger and darker than was natural. Her hands were wrapped in the cloak for warmth, and her steps were unequal. Crusty David actually ventured on a little bit of civility.

"*You* don't seem to get about over quick, ma'am."

"Not very, David. But I feel better than I did."

She sat down on the bench, and Meta came flying to her, spade in hand. Might she plant a gooseberry-tree, and have all the gooseberries off it next year for herself?

Maria stroked the child's hair from her flushed face as she answered. Meta flew off to find the "tree," and Maria sat on, plunged in a train of thought which the question had led to. Where should they be at the gooseberry season next year? In that same dwelling? Would George's prospects have become more certain then?

"Now then! Is that the way you dig?"

The sharp words came from Margery, who had looked out at the kitchen window and caught sight of Miss Meta rolling in the mould. The child jumped up laughing, and ran into the house for her skipping-rope.

"Have I been out half an hour, do you think, David?" Maria asked by-and-by.

"Near upon 't," said David, without lifting his back or his eyes.

She rose to pursue her way slowly in-doors. She was so fatigued—and there had been, to say, no exertion—that she felt as if she could never stir out again. The mere putting on and taking off her cloak was almost beyond her. She let it fall from her shoulders, put off her bonnet, and sank down in an easy-chair.

From this she was aroused by hearing the garden gate hastily open. Quick footsteps came up the path, and a manly voice said something to David Jekyl in a free, joking tone. She bounded up, her cheek flushing to hectic, her heart beating. Could it be George?

No, it was her brother, Reginald Hastings. He came in with a great deal of unnecessary noise and clatter. He had arrived from London only that morning, he proceeded to tell Maria, and was going up again by the night train.

"I say, Maria, how ill you look!"

Very ill indeed just then. The excitement of sudden expectation had faded away, leaving her whiter than before. Dark circles were round her eyes, and her delicate hands, more feeble, more slender than of yore, moved restlessly on her lap.

"I have been very feverish the last few weeks," she said. "I think I am stronger. But I have been out for a walk and am tired."

"What did the little shaver die of?" asked Reginald.

"Of convulsions," she answered, her bodily weariness too great to speak in anything but a tone of apathy. "Why are you going up again so soon? Have you got a ship?"

Reginald nodded. "We have orders to join to-morrow at twelve. She's the *Mary*, bound for China, six hundred tons. I knew the

mother would never forgive me if I didn't come down to say good-by, so I thought I'd have two nights of it in the train."

"Are you going second officer, Reginald?"

"Second officer!—no. I have not passed."

"Regy!"

"They are a confounded lot, that board!" broke out Mr. Reginald in an explosive tone. "I don't believe they know their own business; and as to passing any one without once turning him, they won't do it. I should like to know who has the money! You pay your guinea, and you don't pass. Come up again next Monday, they say. Well, you do go up again, as you want to pass; and you pay another half-guinea. I did; and they turned me again; said I didn't know seamanship. The great owls! not know seamanship! I! They took me, I expect, for one of those dainty middies in Green's service who walk the deck in kid gloves all day. If there's one thing I have at my fingers' ends it is seamanship. I could navigate a vessel all over the world—and be hanged to the idiots! You can come again next Monday, they said to me. I wish the *Times* would show them up!"

"Did you go again?"

"Did I!—no," fumed Reginald. "Just to add to their pockets by another half-guinea! I hadn't got it to give, Maria. I just flung the whole lot over, and went down to the first ship in the dock and engaged myself."

"As what?" she asked.

"As A. B."

"A. B.?" repeated Maria, puzzled. "You don't mean—surely you don't mean before the mast?"

"Yes I do."

"Oh, Reginald!"

"It doesn't make much difference," cried Reginald, in a slighting tone. "The mates in some of those ships are not much better off than the seamen: you must work, and the food's pretty much the same, except at the skipper's table. Let a fellow get up to be first mate, and he is in tolerably smooth water; but until then he must rough it. After this voyage I'll go up again."

"But you might have shipped as third mate."

"I might—if I had taken my time to find a berth. But who was to keep me the while? It takes fifteen shillings a week at the Sailors' Home, besides odds and ends for yourself that you can't do without—smoke, and things. I couldn't bear to ask them for more at home. Only think how long I have been on shore this time, Maria. I was knocking about in London for weeks over my navigation, preparing to pass.—And for the mummies to turn me, at last!"

Maria sighed. Poor Reginald's gloomy prospects were bringing her pain.

"There's another thing, Maria," he resumed. "If I had passed for second mate, I don't see how I could go out as such. Where was my outfit to come from? An officer—if he is on anything of a ship—must be spruce, and have proper toggery. I am quite certain that to go out as second mate on a good ship would have cost me twenty pounds, for additional things that I couldn't do without. You can't get a sextant

under three pounds, second-hand, if it's worth having. You know I never could have come upon them for twenty pounds at home, under their altered circumstances."

Maria made no reply. Every word was going to her heart.

"Whereas in shipping as common seaman, I don't want to take much more than you might tie in a handkerchief. A fo'castle fellow can shift any way aboard. And there's one advantage," ingenuously added Reginald, "if I take no traps out with me, I can't lose them."

"But the discomfort?" breathed Maria.

"There's enough of that any way at sea. A little more or less of it is not of much account in the long run. It's all in the voyage. I wish I had never been such a fool as to choose the sea. But I did; so it's of no use kicking at it now."

"I wish you were not going as you are!" said Maria, earnestly. "I wish you had shipped as third mate!"

"When a sailor can't afford the time to ship as he would, he must ship as he can. Many a hundred has done the same before me. To one third mate that's wanted in the port of London, there are scores and scores of A. B. seamen."

"What does mamma say to it?"

"Well, you know she can't afford to be fastidious now. She cried a bit, but I told her I should be all right. Hard work and fo'castle living won't break bones. The parson told me——"

"Don't, Reginald!"

"Papa, then. He told me it was a move in the right direction, and if I would only go on so, I might make up for past short-comings. I say, Isaac told me to give you his love."

"Did you see much of him?"

"No. On a Sunday now and then. He doesn't much like his new place. They are dreadfully overworked, he says. It's quite a different thing from what the bank was down here."

"Will he not stop in it?"

"Oh, he'll stop in it. Glad, too. It won't answer for him to be doing nothing, when they can hardly keep themselves at home with the little bit of money screwed out from what's put aside for the Chisholms."

Reginald never meant to hurt her. He but spoke so in his thoughtlessness. He rattled on.

"I saw George Godolphin last week. It was on the Monday, the day that swindling board first turned me back. I flung the books anywhere, and went out miles, to walk my passion off. I got into the Park, to Rotten-row. It's precious empty at this season, not more than a dozen horses in it; but who should be coming along but George Godolphin and Mrs. Pain with a groom behind them. She was riding that beautiful horse of hers that she used to cut a dash with here in the summer; the one that folks said George gave——" Incautious Reginald coughed down the conclusion of his sentence, whistled a bar or two of a sea-song, and then resumed:

"George was well mounted too."

"Did you speak to them?" asked Maria.

"Of course I did," replied Reginald, with a slight surprise. "And Mrs. Pain began scolding me for not having been to see her and the Verralls. She made me promise to go down the next evening. They live at a pretty place down on the banks of the Thames. You take the rail at Waterloo-bridge."

"Did you go?"

"Well, I did, as I had promised. But I didn't care much. I had been at my books all day again, and in the evening, quite late, I started. When I got there I found it was a tea-fight."

"A tea-fight!" echoed Maria, rather uncertain what the expression might mean.

"A regular tea-fight," repeated Reginald. "A dozen folks, ladies mostly, dressed up to the nines: and there was I in my worn-out old sailor's jacket. Charlotte began blowing me up for not coming to dinner, and she made me go in to the dining-room and had it brought up for me. Lots of good things! I haven't tasted such a dinner since I've been on shore. Verrall gave me some champagne."

"Was George there?" inquired Maria, putting the question with apparent indifference.

"No, George wasn't there. Charlotte said if she had thought of it she'd have invited Isaac to meet me: but Isaac was shy of them, she added, and had never been down once, though she had asked him several times. She's a good-natured one, Maria, is that Charlotte Pain."

"Yes," quietly responded Maria.

"She told me she knew how young sailors got out of money in London, and she shouldn't think of my standing the cost of responding to her invitation; and she gave me a sovereign."

Maria's cheeks burnt. "You did not take it, Reginald?"

"Didn't I! It was like a godsend. You don't know how scarce money has been with me. Things have altered, you know, Maria. And Mrs. Pain knows it, too, and she has got no stuck-up nonsense about her. She made me promise to go and see them when I had passed.—But I have not passed," added Reginald, by way of parenthesis. "And she said if I was at fault for a home the next time I was looking out for a ship, she'd give me one, and be happy to see me. And I thought it very kind of her, for I am sure she meant it. Oh—by the way—she said she thought you'd let her have Meta up for a few weeks."

Maria involuntarily stretched out her hand—as if Meta were there and she would clasp her and hold her from some threatened danger. Reginald rose.

"You are not going yet, Regy!"

"I must. I only ran in for a few minutes. There's Grace to see and fifty more folks, and they'll expect me home to dinner. I'll say good-by to Meta as I go through the garden. I saw she was there; but she did not see me."

He bent to kiss her. Maria held his hand in hers. "I shall be thinking of you always, Reginald. If you were but going under happier circumstances!"

"Never mind me, Maria. It will be up-hill work with most of us,

I suppose, for a time. I thought it the best thing I could do. I couldn't bear to come upon them for more money at home."

"Yours will be a hard life."

"A sailor's is that, at best. Don't worry about me. I shall make it out somehow. You make haste, Maria, and get strong. I'm sure you look sick enough to frighten folks."

She pressed his hands between hers, and the tears were filling her eyes as she raised them, their expression one wild yearning. "Reginald, try and do your duty," she whispered, in an imploring tone. "Think always of Heaven, and try and work for it. It may be very near. I have got to think of it a great deal now."

"It's all right, Maria," was the careless and characteristic answer. "It's a religious ship I'm going in this time. We have had to sign articles for divine service on board at half-past ten every Sunday morning."

He kissed her several times, and the door closed upon him. As Maria lay back in her chair, she heard his voice outside for some time afterwards, laughing and talking with Meta, largely promising her a ship-load of monkeys, parrots, and various other live wonders.

In this way or that, she was continually being reminded of the unhappy past and their share in it; she was perpetually having brought before her its disastrous effects upon others. Poor Reginald! entering upon his hard life! This need not have been, had the means not grown scarce at home. Maria loved him the best of all her brothers, and her very soul seemed to ache with its remorse. And by some means or other, she was, as you see, frequently learning that Mr. George was not breaking *his* heart in remorse. The suffering in all ways fell upon her.

And the time went on, and Maria Godolphin grew no stronger.

II.

A SHADOW OF THE FUTURE.

THE time had gone on, and Maria Godolphin, instead of growing stronger, grew weaker. Mr. Snow could do nothing more than he had done; he sent her tonic medicines still, and called upon her now and then, as a friend more than as a doctor. The strain was on the mind, he concluded, and time alone would heal it.

But Maria was worse than Mr. Snow or anybody else thought. She had been always so delicate-looking, so gentle, that her wan face, her sunken spirits, attracted less attention than they would have done in one of a more robust nature. Nobody glanced at the possibility of danger. Margery's expressed opinion, "My mistress only wants rousing," was the one universally adopted: and there may have been truth in it.

All question of Maria's going out of doors was over now. She was really not equal to it. She would lie for hours together on her sofa, the little child Meta gathered in her arms. Meta appeared to have changed her very nature: instead of dancing about incessantly, running into every mischief, she was content to nestle to her mother's bosom

and listen to her whispered words, as if some foreshadowing were on her spirit that she might not long have a mother to nestle to.

You must not think that Maria conformed to the usages of an invalid. She was up before breakfast in a morning, she did not go to bed until the usual hour at night, and she sat down to the customary meals with Meta. She has risen from the breakfast-table now, on this fine morning, not at all cold for the late autumn, and Margery has carried away the breakfast-things, and has told Miss Meta, that if she'll come out as soon as her mamma has read to her and have her things put on, she can go and play in the garden.

But when the little Bible story was over, her mamma lay down on the sofa, and Meta appeared inclined to do the same. She hustled on to it and lay down too, and kissed her mamma's face, so pretty still, and began to chatter. It was a charming day, the sun shining on the few late flowers, and the sky blue and bright.

"Did you hear Margery say you might go out and play, darling? See how fine it is."

"There's nothing to play with," said Meta.

"There are many things, dear. Your skipping-rope, and hoop, and——"

"I'm tired of them," interposed Meta. "Mamma, I wish you'd come out and play at something with me."

"I couldn't run, dear. I am not strong enough."

"When shall you be strong enough? How long will it be before you get well?"

Maria did not answer. She lay with her eyes fixed outwards, her arm clasped round the child. "Meta darling, I—I—am not sure that I shall get well. I begin to think that I shall never go out with you again."

Meta did not answer. She was looking out also, her eyes staring straight up to the blue sky.

"Meta darling," resumed Maria, in a low tone, "you had two little sisters once, and I cried when they died, but I am glad now that they went. They are in heaven."

Meta looked up more fixedly, and pointed with her finger. "Up in the blue sky."

"Yes, up in heaven. Meta, I think I am going to them. It is a better world than this."

"And me too?" quickly cried Meta.

Maria laid her hand upon her bosom to press down the rising emotion. "Meta, Meta, if I might but take you with me!" she breathed, straining the child to her in an agony. The prospect of parting, which Maria had begun to look at, was indeed hard to bear.

"You can't go and leave me," cried Meta, in alarm. "Who'd take care of me, mamma? Mamma! do you mean that you are going to die?"

Meta burst into tears; Maria cried with her. Oh reader, reader! do you know what it is, this parting between mother and child? To lay a child in the grave is bitter grief; but to leave it to the mercy of the world!—there is nothing like unto it in human anguish.

Maria's arms were entwined around the little girl, clasping her

nervously, as if that might prevent the future parting; the soft, rounded cheek was pressed to hers, the golden curls lay around.

"Only for a little while, Meta. If I go first, it will be but for a little while. You——" Maria stopped; her emotion had to be choked down.

"It is a happier world than this, Meta," she resumed, overmastering it. "There will be no pain there; no sickness, no sorrow. This world seems made up of sorrow, Meta. Oh, child! but for God's love in holding out to our view that other one, we could never bear this, when trouble comes. God took your little sisters and brothers from it; and—I think—He is taking me."

Meta turned her face downwards, and laid hold of her mother with a frightened movement, her little fingers clasping the thin arms to pain.

"The winter is coming on here, my child, and the trees will soon be bare; the snow will cover the earth, and we must wrap ourselves up from it. But in that other world there will be no winter: no cold to chill us; no sultry summer heat to exhaust us. It will be a pleasant world, Meta, and God will love us."

Meta was crying silently. "Let me go too, mamma."

"In a little while, darling. If God calls me first, it is His will," she continued, the sobs breaking from her aching heart. "I shall ask Him to take care of you after I am gone, and to bring you to me in time; I am asking Him always."

"Who'll be my mamma then?" cried Meta, lifting her head in a bustle, as the thought occurred to her.

More pain. Maria choked it down, and stroked the golden curls.

"You will have no mamma then, in this world. Only papa."

Meta paused. "Will he take me to London, to Mrs. Pain?"

The startled shock that these simple words brought to Maria cannot well be pictured: her breath stood still, her heart beat wildly. "Why do you ask that?" she said, her tears suddenly dried.

Meta had to collect her childish thoughts to tell why. "When you were in bed ill, and Mrs. Pain wrote me that pretty letter, she said if papa would take me up to London she'd be my mamma for a little while, in place of you."

The spell was broken. The happy visions of heaven, of love, had been displaced for Maria. She lay quite silent, and in the stillness the bells of All Souls' church were heard to strike out a joyous peal on the morning air. Meta clapped her hands and lifted her face, radiant now with glee. Moods require not time to change in childhood: now sunshine, now rain. Margery opened the door.

"Do you hear 'em, ma'am? The bells for Miss Cecil. They be as glad as the day. I said she'd have it fine last night, when I found the wind had changed. I can't abear to hear wedding-bells ring out on a wet day: the two don't accord. Eh me! why here's Miss Rose a coming in!"

Rose Hastings was walking up the garden path with a quick step, nodding at Meta as she came along. That young lady slipped off the sofa, and ran out to meet her, and Maria rose up from her sick position, and strove to look her best.

"I have come for Meta," said Rose, as she entered. "Mamma thinks she would like to see the wedding." Will you let her come, Maria?"

Maria hesitated. "In the church, do you mean? Suppose she should not be good?"

"I will be good," said Meta, in a high state of delight at the prospect. "Mamma, I'll be very good."

She went with Margery to be dressed. Rose turned to her sister. "Are you pretty well this morning, Maria?"

"Pretty well, Rose. I cannot boast of much strength yet."

"I wish you would return with me and Meta. Mamma told me to try and bring you. To spend the day with us will be a change, and you need not go near the church."

"I don't feel equal to it, Rose. I should not have the strength to walk. Tell mamma so, with my dear love."

"Maria, I wonder they did not ask you to the wedding!"

"Do you? It is a foolish wonder, Rose. I am not sufficiently well for weddings, even had other circumstances been favourable. Cecil was here yesterday, and sat an hour with me."

"Only fancy!—she is to be married in a bonnet!" exclaimed Rose, with indignation. "A bonnet and a grey dress. I wonder Lord Averil consented to it! I should hardly call it a wedding. A bonnet! —and no breakfast!—and Bessy Godolphin and Lord Averil's sister, who is older if anything than Bessy, for the bridesmaids!"

"Would a gayer wedding have been consistent—under the circumstances?"

Rose knitted her brow at the words, but smoothed her hand over it, remembering who was looking at her. "I—I do not see, Maria," she hesitatingly said, "that what has past need throw its shade on the wedding of Cecil and Lord Averil."

"And the state of Thomas Godolphin?"

"Ah, yes, to be sure! I was not thinking of him. But it is very dreadful to be married without a wreath and a veil, and with only a couple of old bridesmaids."

"And by only one clergyman," added Maria, her lips parting with a smile. "Do you think the marriage will stand good, Rose?"

Rose felt inclined to resent the joke. The illusions of the wedding-day were, in her eyes, absolutely necessary to the marriage ceremony. Meta came in, ready; as full of bustling excitement as ever; eager to be gone. She kissed her mamma in careless haste, and was impatient because Rose lingered to say a word. Maria watched her down the path; her face and eyes sparkling, her feet dancing with eagerness, her laughter ringing in the air.

"She has forgotten already her tears for the parting that must come," murmured Maria. "How soon, I wonder, after I shall be gone, will she forget me?"

She laid her temples lightly against the window-frame, as she looked dreamily at the blue sky; as she listened dreamily to the sweet bells that rang out so merrily in the ears of Prior's Ash.

III.

NEARER AND NEARER FOR THOMAS GODOLPHIN.

PRIOR'S ASH lingered at its doors and its windows, curious to witness the outer signs of Cecilia Godolphin's wedding. The arrangements for it were to them more a matter of speculation than of certainty, since various rumours had gone afloat, and were eagerly caught up, although of the most contradictory character. All that appeared certain as yet was—that the day was charming and the bells were ringing.

How the beadle kept the gates that day, he alone knew. That staff of his was brought a great deal more into requisition than was liked by the sea of noses pressing there. And when the first carriage came, the excitement in the street was great.

The *first* carriage! There were but two; that and another. Prior's Ash turned up its disappointed nose, and wondered, with Rose Hastings, what the world was coming to.

It was a chariot drawn by four horses. The livery of the postilions and the coronet on the panels proclaimed it to be Lord Averil's. He sat inside it with Thomas Godolphin. The carriage following it was Lady Godolphin's, and appeared to contain only ladies, all wearing bonnets and coloured gowns. The exasperated gazers, who had bargained for something very different, set up a half groan.

They set up a whole one, those round the gates, when Lord Averil and his friend alighted. But the groan was not one of exasperation, or of anger. It was a low murmur of sorrow, of sympathy, and it was called forth by the appearance of Thomas Godolphin. It was some little time now since Thomas Godolphin had been seen in public, and the change in him was startling. He walked forward, leaning on the arm of Lord Averil, lifting his hat to the greeting that was breathed around; a greeting of sorrow meant, as he knew, not for the peer, but for him, and his fading life. The few scanty hairs stood out to their view as he uncovered his head, and the ravages of the disease that was killing him were all too conspicuous on his wasted features.

"God bless him. He's very nigh upon the grave."

Who said it of the crowd, Thomas Godolphin could not tell, but the words and their accent, full of rude sympathy, came distinctly upon his ear. He quitted the viscount's arm, turned to them, and raised his hands with a solemn meaning.

"God bless you all, my friends. I am indeed near upon the grave. Should there be any here who have suffered injury through me, let them forgive me for it. It was not intentionally done, and I may almost say that I am expiating it with my life. May God bless you all, here and hereafter!"

Something like a sob burst from the astonished crowd. But that he had hastened on with Lord Averil, they might have fallen on their knees and clung to him in their flood-tide of respect and love.

The Reverend Mr. Hastings stood in his surplice at the altar. He, too, was changed. The keen, vigorous, healthy man had now a grey,

worn look. He could not forget the blow; minister though he was, he could not forgive George Godolphin. He was not quite sure that he forgave Thomas for not having looked more closely after his brother and the bank generally: had he done so, the calamity might never have occurred. Every hour of the day reminded Mr. Hastings of his loss, in the discomforts which had necessarily fallen on his home, in the position of his daughter Maria. George Godolphin had never been a favourite of his: he had tried to like him in vain. It was strange that where so many owned to the fascination of George Godolphin, the Rector of All Souls' and his daughter Grace had held aloof; had disliked him. Could it have been some mysterious friendly warning of future ill, which would make itself heard in the heart of Mr. Hastings and whisper him not to give away Maria? At any rate, it had not answered. He *had* given her, and he had striven to like her husband afterwards: but he had not fully succeeded: he never would have succeeded without this last blow, which had drawn him under its wheels with so many others. The Rector of All Souls' was a man of severe judgment, and rumour had made too free with gay George's name for him to find favour with the rector.

He stood there, waiting for the wedding-party. A few ladies were in the church in their pews, and Rose Hastings sat there with Meta. All eyes were turned to the door in expectation: but when the group entered there was not much to see. No cortége, no marshalling, no veils, no plumes, no anything! But that Rose was prepared for it, she would have shrieked out with indignation.

Lord Averil was the first to enter. Cecilia Godolphin came next with Thomas. She wore a light grey silk robe, and a plain white bonnet, trimmed inside with orange-blossoms. The Honourable Miss Averil and Bessy Godolphin followed; old in Rose Hastings's opinion, certainly old for bridesmaids; their silk dresses of a darker shade of grey, and their white bonnets without the orange-blossoms. Lady Godolphin was next, more resplendent than any, in a lemon brocaded dress that stood on end with richness.

Did the recollection of the last wedding service he had performed for a Godolphin cause the Rector of All Souls' voice to be subdued now, as he read? Seven years ago he had stood there as he was standing to-day, George and Maria before him. How had that promising union ended? And for the keeping of his sworn vows, George best knew what he had kept and what he had broken. The rector was thinking of that past ceremony now.

This one was over. The promises were made, the register signed, and Lord Averil was leading Cecilia from the church, when the rector stepped before them and took her hand.

"I pray God that your union may be more happy than some others have been," he said. "That, in a great degree, rests with you, Lord Averil. Take care of her."

Her eyes filled with tears, but the viscount grasped his hand warmly. "I will; I will."

"Let *me* bless you both, Averil!" broke in the quiet voice of Thomas Godolphin. "It may be that I shall not see you again to do it."

"Oh, but we shall meet again; you must not die yet," exclaimed Lord Averil, with feverish eagerness. "My friend, I would rather part with the whole world, save Cecil, than with you."

Their hands lingered together—and separated. Not very long now would Thomas keep them out of Ashlydyat.

The beadle was nobbing his stick on the heads and noses with great force, and the excited crowd pushed and danced round that travelling carriage, but they made their way to it. The placing in Cecil and the taking his place beside her seemed to be but the work of a moment, so quickly did it pass, and Lord Averil, a pleasant smile upon his face, bowed to the shouts on either side as the carriage threaded its way through the throng. Not until it had got into clear ground did the postilions put their horses to a canter, and the bridegroom and bride were fairly away on their bridal tour.

There was more ceremony needed to place the ladies in the other carriage. Lady Godolphin's skirts, in their extensive richness, took five minutes to arrange of themselves, ere a space could be found for Thomas Godolphin beside her. The footman held the door for him.

"No," he said; "I will follow you presently."

Bessy felt startled. "You will not attempt to walk?" she said, leaning forward.

He smiled at her; smiled at the utter futility of such an attempt now. The time for walking to Ashlydyat was past for Thomas Godolphin.

"A fly is coming for me, Bessy. I have a call or two to make."

Lady Godolphin's carriage drove away, and Thomas turned into the rectory. Mrs. Hastings, grey, worn, old, ten years older than she had been six months before, came forward to greet him, commiseration in every line of her countenance.

"I thought I would say good-by to you," he said, as he held her hands in his. "It will be my only opportunity. I expect this is my last quitting of Ashlydyat."

"Say good-by?" she faltered. "Are you—are you—so near——"

"Look at me," quietly said Thomas, answering her unfinished sentence.

But there was an interruption. Bustling little feet and a busy little tongue came upon them. Miss Meta had broken from Rose and run in alone, throwing her straw hat aside as she entered.

"Uncle Thomas! Uncle Thomas! I saw you at the wedding, Uncle Thomas."

He sat down and took the child on his knee. "And I saw Meta," he answered. "How is mamma? I am going to see her presently."

"Mamma's not well," said Meta, shaking her head. "Mamma cries often. She was crying this morning. Uncle Thomas"—lowering her voice and speaking slowly—"mamma says she's going to heaven."

There was a startled pause. Thomas broke it by laying his hand upon the golden-haired head.

"I trust we are all going there, Meta. A little earlier or a little later, as God shall will. It will not much matter when."

A few minutes' conversation, and Thomas Godolphin went out to

the fly which waited for him. Bexley, who was with it, helped him in.

"To Mrs. George Godolphin's."

The attentive old retainer—older by twenty years than Thomas, but younger in health and vigour—carefully assisted his master up the garden path. Maria saw the approach from the window. Why it was she knew not, but she was feeling unusually ill that day: scarcely able to rise to a sitting position on the sofa. Thomas was shocked at the alteration in her, and involuntarily thought of the child's words, "Mamma says she's going to heaven."

"I thought I should like to say farewell to you, Maria," he said, as he drew a chair near her. "I did not expect to find you looking so ill."

She had burst into tears. Whether it was the unusual depression of her own spirits, or his wan face, emotion overcame her.

"It has been too much for both of us," he murmured, holding her hands. "We must forgive him, Maria. It was done in carelessness, perhaps, but not in wilfulness."

"No, no; not in wilfulness," she whispered. "He is my husband and your brother still."

There was a lull in their emotion. Thomas gave her some of the details of the wedding, and she was beguiled to ask different questions. "Do you know what George is likely to do?" he suddenly inquired.

"No; I wish I did know. He talks much of this promise of Lord Averil's, and says he is looking out for something to do in the mean while. The uncertainty troubles me greatly. We cannot live on nothing."

"Has he sent you any money lately?" asked Thomas, in a voice of hesitation.

Maria's face flushed. "He gave me ten pounds when he was at home last, and it is not spent yet."

Thomas leaned his head on his hand musingly. "I wonder where he gets it?"

Maria was silent. To say "I think he is helped by Mr. Verrall," might only have given Thomas fresh pain. "It is very kind of you to come to see me," she said, changing the subject. "I feel it dull here all day alone."

"Why do you not come to Ashlydyat sometimes? You know we should be glad to see you."

She shook her head. "I can't go out, Thomas. And indeed I am not strong enough for it now."

"But, Maria, you should not give way to this grief; this weakness. You are young; you have no incurable complaint as I have."

"I don't know," she sighed. "At times I feel as though I should never be well again. I—I—have been so reproached, Thomas; so much blame has been cast to me by all people; it has been as if *I* had made away with their money; and you know that I was as innocent as they were. And there have been other things. If—if——"

"If what?" asked Thomas, leaning over her.

She was sitting back upon the sofa, her fair young face wan and

colourless, her delicate hands clasped together, as in apathy. "If it were not for leaving Meta, I should be glad to die."

"Hush, Maria! Rather say you are glad to live for her sake. George may, by some means or other, become prosperous again, and you may once more have a happy home. You are young, I say; you must bear up against this weakness."

"If I could but pay all we owe; our personal debts!" she whispered, unconsciously giving utterance to the vain longing that was ever working in her heart. "Papa's nine thousand pounds—and Mrs. Bond's ten pounds—and the Jekyls—and the tradespeople!"

"If *I* could but have paid!" he rejoined, in a voice broken by emotion. "If I could—if I could—I should have gone easier to the grave. Maria, we have a God, remember, who sees all our pangs, all our bitter sorrow: but for Him, and my trust in Him, I should have died long ago of the pain. Things have latterly been soothed to me in a most wonderful manner. I seem to feel that I can leave all the sorrow I have caused to Him, trusting to Him to shed down the recompense. We never know until our need of it comes, what His mercy is."

Maria covered her face with her hand. Thomas rose.

"You are not going?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, for I must hasten home. This has been a morning of exertion, and I find there's no strength left in me. God bless you, Maria."

"Are we never to meet again?" she asked, as he held her thin hands in his, and she looked up at him through her blinding tears.

"I hope we shall meet again, Maria, and be together for ever and for ever. The threshold of the next world is opening to me: this is closing. Fare you well, child; fare you well."

Bexley came to him as he opened the parlour door. Thomas asked for Margery: he would have said a kind word to her. But Margery had gone out.

Maria stood at the window, and watched him with her wet eyes as he walked down the path to the fly, supported by Bexley. The old man closed the door on his master and took his seat by the driver. Thomas looked forth as they drove away, and smiled a last farewell.

A farewell in the deepest sense of the word. It was the last look, the last smile, that Maria would receive in this life from Thomas Godolphin.

LADY JANE GREY.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

THERE is a Latin epistle extant, of Roger Ascham's to Lady Jane Grey—who, by-the-by, wrote to *him* in Greek—in which, alluding to his last interview with her (that memorable one, namely, when the good Cantab found her reading Plato, in her chamber alone, while the duke and duchess, her parents, with all the household gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park), Roger declares her to be happier in her love of good books, than in her descent from kings and queens. No doubt he spoke sincerely, is Hartley Coleridge's remark; but he knew not then how truly: her studious quietude of spirit was Jane's indefeasible blessing, while her royal pedigree was like an hereditary curse, afflicting her humility with unwilling greatness, and her innocence with unmerited distress.

What that royal pedigree was, is succinctly stated in that same "gentle book with a blustering title," as Uncle Southey called the Biographia Borealis—in which the too true truism is apologetically propounded (by way of preface to the pedigree in question), that genealogical tables are not at everybody's finger's end, and are, indeed, the most troublesome part of modern history. Thus stands the Grey line of descent, then: Lady Jane was the daughter of Frances Brandon, the daughter of Mary, Queen-Dowager of France, and sister of Henry VIII., by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Her father was Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, descended from Elizabeth, queen to Edward IV., by her former marriage, through her son, Thomas Grey, who married the king's niece. The father of Lady Jane was created Duke of Suffolk, on the failure of the male line of the Brandons. He had divorced his first Lady, the daughter of Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, on the ground of barrenness, in order to marry Frances Brandon. Thus among the other conformities between the Lady Jane and Edward VI., it may be observed that both were children of divorced fathers.*

The elective as well as other affinities between Edward and Jane, might well seem to warrant and promise an auspicious conjunction of the distinguished cousins. Our Northern Biographer himself suggests—in his sympathy with, and admiration for the youthful pair (never to be paired, though,)—that when Jane Grey was surprised with Plato in her hand, a sober hope might have conjectured, that if ever there was a marriage made in Heaven, if ever earthly pair was predestined to bless each other and their country, such a couple were Jane Grey and her cousin Edward. Roger Ascham was sober enough, and, in the case of either cousin, loyally and affectionately hopeful; and well may we assume that such a "sober hope" possessed his soul in peace, when he saw the noble girl over her *Phædo* that summer day—even

> Her, most gentle, most unfortunate,
> Crown'd but to die—who in her chamber sate

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* Biographia Borealis: Roger Ascham.

Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,
And every ear and every heart was won,
And all in green were chasing down the sun!*

How stood, as Ascham's biographer states them, the relative qualifications and attractions of the gentle dual? Of one blood, and companionable age,† their studies, talents, virtues, faith the same; each seemed a "fair divided excellence," to be perfected in holy union. "He, the gentle offspring of a most ungentle sire; she the meek daughter of the haughtiest of women; both the elect exceptions of their races, as if the saintly Margaret of Lancaster, cutting off the intermediate line of Tudors, had entailed her nature on these her distant progeny.

"But it was not to be so. Their fortunes were never ordained to meet, but ever to run parallel. Each bore awhile the royal title, while others exercised the sovereign power. Both gave forced assent to deeds done in their name, which their hearts approved not. Both lived to see their kindred dragged, not guiltless, to the scaffold, though Jane was spared the agony of consenting to the execution. In fine, they both died young, but who can say that they either died untimely? Rather be it thought, that they had done *their* work; they had fitted themselves for immortality: and as for the work of the world, what God purposes, God will do, using indifferently the agencies of good and evil, as of day and night, sunshine and storm. Nor let it be supposed that He whose name is Merciful, was less merciful in calling Jane to himself by the swift stroke of an axe, than in conducting Edward homewards by the slow declivity of a consumption. This at least is certain, that she was favoured in the defeat of the party which usurped her name. For what was the death she died, what had been the life in death of an inquisitorial dungeon, to what she must have undergone, if the wicked Dudleys had deflowered her conscience? forcing her to things which, in her simplicity, she could not distinguish

Whether she suffered or she did,‡

but which would have left her, like Lucretia, impure in her own eyes, though stainless before the universal reason?"§

There is a well-known Imaginary Conversation between Ascham and Lady Jane, in which the former professes already to see perils on perils which the fair young bride does not see, "albeit wiser than her poor old master;" and in which he says that, having once persuaded her to reflect much, he would now—on the eve of her marriage—persuade her to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before her. As for the bridegroom, "Gentle is he," testifies the Mentor—"gentle and virtuous: but time will harden him: time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou,

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* Rogers, Human Life.

† "Jane Grey, eldest daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, was nearly of the same age with Edward. Edward had been precocious to a disease; the activity of his mind had been a symptom, or a cause, of the weakness of his body. Jane Grey's accomplishments were as extensive as Edward's," &c.—Froude, Hist. of England, vol. vi. p. 6.

‡ S. T. Coleridge: The Pains of Sleep.

§ Hartley Coleridge: Northern Worthies.

complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition." Jane intimates, in modest reply, that her Guilford is avowedly contented with her and with home. But, "Ah, Jane! Jane!" rejoins Master Roger, "men of high estate grow tired of contentedness." Then she relates how Guilford has told her he never likes books unless she reads them to him; so she will read them to him every evening—will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniard—will conduct him to treasures, O what treasures! on which he may sleep in innocence and peace. But Ascham would have her rather walk with her unbookish husband, and ride with him, play with him, be his faery, his page, his everything that love and poetry have invented; yet, "watch him well; sport with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheek, and if ever he meditate on power," adds Roger, proleptically, "go toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse."* In fine, the sage would have her teach Dudley to live unto God and unto her, and so discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

That *time must harden even thee, sweet Jane!* as the trustful scholar cannot but distrustfully foresee,

'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true.

But did it so harden her as to justify the almost antipathy with which some writers regard her—the stringent severity with which they pronounce sentence on her brief career as wife and queen? Even a censor so pervadingly gentle and generous as Leigh Hunt—whose general bias rather was to laxity of indulgence and over-kindness in judgment—even this mild optimist appears to have a spite against Lady Jane. In several of his miscellaneous writings he acts the iconoclast by this fair image. He is no believer either in her, or in her cousin Edward. He has no tenderness whether for the boy-king of a few years, or for the girl-queen of a few days. In his essay on the Female Sovereigns of England he remarks of "Queen Jane," that she did but reign long enough (ten or eleven days) to undo the romance of her character and quarrel with her husband. The world, he says, has been in the habit, "with an honourable credulity," of taking Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guilford Dudley for a pair of mere innocent lovers and victims. "Victims they were, but not without a weakness little amiable on one side, if not on both."† In another work the same author complains that "Even poor Lady Jane Grey's character does not improve upon inspection." The Tudor blood, he says, manifested itself in her by her sudden love of supremacy the moment she felt a crown on her head, and her preferring to squabble with her husband and his relations, "who got it her," rather than let him partake her throne. "She insisted he should be only a duke, and suspected that his family had given her poison for it. This undoes the usual romance of 'Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guilford Dudley;'—and thus it is that the possession of too much power spoils almost every human being, practical or theoretical. Lady Jane came out of the elegancies and tranquillities of the schools, and of her Greek and Latin,

* Landor, Imaginary Conversations: Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey.
† Leigh Hunt, Female Sovereigns of England.

to find her Platonisms vanish before a dream of royalty. She rediscovered them, however, when it was over, and that is something. She was brought up a slave, and therefore bred to be despotic in her turn; but habit, vanity, and good sense alike contributed to restore her to the better part of herself at the last moment."*

These *Leontine* estimates are certainly calculated to "undo the romance" of Jane's brief royalty, and disenchant her admirers in general of their particular admiration. Such a reading of her character and disposition is incompatible with the ideal one cherishes of her, as of the "emperour's doughter" in Chaucer—

> In hire is hye bewtè, withoutè pryde;
> Yowthè, withoutè grefhed or foyle;
> To alle hire werkès vertu is hire gyde;
> Humblesse hath slaine in hire tyrrannye;
> Sche is myrour of allè curtesye,
> Hir herte is verrey chambre of holynesse,
> Hir hond mynistre of fredom and almesse.†

But, as Leigh Hunt, in vivacious historical essay, so Sharon Turner and others, in heavy-paced history, with all its dignity and all its gravity, have sought to disillusionise us of our weakness for Jane. Turner, for instance, says, that, mild and modest and young, as she unquestionably was, the spirit of royalty and power had within twenty-four hours gained such an ascendancy in her studious mind, that she heard the intimation of her husband being elevated to the same dignity as herself with vexation and displeasure. "As soon as she was left alone with him, she remonstrated against this measure; and after much dispute, he agreed to wait till she herself should make him king, and by one act of parliament. But even this concession, to take this dignity as a boon from her, did not satisfy the sudden expansion of her new-born ambition."‡ And so on. For a fair and free account of these domestic differences—so far as the *rationale* of Jane's remonstrancy is concerned—we cannot do better than consult the graphic historian of England under the Tudors.

When the Marquis of Winchester came into Lady Jane's apartment, to wish her joy, he brought the crown with him, we are told, which she had not sent for, but which he desired her to put on, and see if it required any alteration. She said it would do very well as it was. He then told her, continues Mr. Froude, that, before her coronation, another crown was to be made for her husband; whereupon Lady Jane started, and the dreary suspicion seems for the first time to have crossed her mind that she was, after all, but the puppet of the ambition of the duke to raise his family to the throne. "Winchester retired, and she sate indignant§ till Guilford Dudley appeared, when she told him that, young as she was, she knew that the crown of England was not a thing to be trifled with. There was no Dudley in Edward's will, and, before he could be crowned, the consent of parliament must be first asked and obtained." Then we read how the boy-husband went whining to his mother, while Jane sent

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* The Town, vol. ii.

† The Canterbury Tales: The Man of Lawes Tale.

‡ History of the Reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. By Sharon Turner. Vol. iv. p. 219.

§ Le quale parole io senti con mio gran dispiacere.—Baoardo.

for Arundel and Pembroke, and told them that it was not for her to appoint kings: she would make her husband a duke, if he desired it; that was within her prerogative; but king she would not make him. "As she was speaking, the Duchess of Northumberland rushed in with her son, fresh from the agitation of Mary's letter.* The mother stormed, Guilford cried like a spoilt child that he would be no duke, he would be a king: and when Jane stood firm, the duchess bade him come away, and not share the bed of an ungrateful and disobedient wife.†

"The first experience of royalty had brought small pleasure with it. Dudley's kingship was set aside for the moment, and was soon forgotten in more alarming matters. To please his mother, or to pacify his vanity, he was called 'Your Grace.' He was allowed to preside in the council, so long as a council remained, and he dined alone—tinsel distinctions, for which the poor wretch had to pay dearly."‡

Jane might well be cautious, considering the hands into which she had fallen, and the means by which her present elevation had been attained. Her own title was wrongfully, and by her had been protestingly, assumed. Lord Macaulay's diatribe on the character and career of Archbishop Cranmer, comprises some bitter strictures on the movement which made him, "from whatever motive," the accomplice of the worthless Dudley. The virtuous scruples of another young and amiable mind were to be overcome. As Edward had been forced into persecution, Jane was to be seduced into treason.

"No transaction in our annals," Macaulay emphatically affirms, "is more unjustifiable than this. If a hereditary title were to be respected, Mary possessed it. If a parliamentary title were preferable, Mary possessed that also. If the interest of the parliamentary religion required a departure from the ordinary rule of succession, that interest would have been best served by raising Elizabeth to the throne. If the foreign relations of the kingdom were considered, still stronger reasons might be found for preferring Elizabeth to Jane. There was great doubt whether Jane or the Queen of Scotland had the better claim; and that doubt would, in all probability, have produced a war both with Scotland and with France, if the project of Northumberland had not been blasted in its infancy."§

Mr. Landor has concocted an Imaginary Conversation between the Princess Mary and the Princess Elizabeth (of which unsisterly pair he likes the latter lady considerably the least)—supposed to occur while Queen Jane's brief hour of sovereignty is taking its flight. In this colloquy, the vixenish younger sister, being incidentally checked in her objurgations by Mary's prudish reminder, "Sister! sister! you forget that the Lady Jane Grey (as was) is now queen of the realm," hotly replies: "Forget it indeed! The vile woman! I am minded to call her as such vile women are called out of doors." Mary remonstrates once

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* The letter, namely, of July 9, 1553, to the Lords of the Council, in which Mary claimed the crown as her right, and required them to proclaim her accession in London.

† Baoardo.

‡ Froude, History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth, vol. vi. pp. 15-6.

§ Critical Essay on Hallam's Constitutional History.

more, with a "pray abstain;" but Bess is not to be kept from pursuing her game, at her own speed, and in her own helter-skelter style. She is hardly a saint, she owns; indeed, far from it; and she is much too young for a martyr. "But that odious monster, who pretends an affection for reformation, and a reverence for learning, is counting the jewels in her crown, while you fancy she is repeating her prayers, or conning her Greek."*

It may seem to most readers that this Conversation is more Imaginary than usual, and that the characters of the interlocutors are not in keeping with individual vraisemblance and historical truth. But whether it be likely or not, possible or not, that so discreet, demure, and reticent a damosel as the youthful Elizabeth was, should have "spoken her mind" in this free-and-easy fashion, one can readily believe that, of the two sisters, she may have personally cherished the heartier grudge against Lady Jane.

Mr. Froude, indeed, virtually implies in his History of the Tudor reigns, that Mary would have suffered Jane to live, but for the outbreak of Wyatt's rebellion. In an essay of his, however, contributed some years since to the *Westminster Review*, we find a story mentioned with some degree of credit, the tendency of which is to trace Mary's unforgiveness of Jane to a personal feeling of long rankling religious resentment. The essayist, after commenting on Mary's mode of dealing with the rebels at large, proceeds to say, that she disgraced her previous clemency by the execution of her cousin—an execution which "was neither necessary nor just, and was no more than a useless piece of cruelty." Lady Jane Grey, he further observes, was not implicated in Wyatt's rebellion; nor was she to have profited by it if it had succeeded; and other motives are supposed to have influenced the queen beyond what appeared on the surface. "It is said that she never forgave a speech which Lady Jane had made a year or two before, when on a visit to her at New Hall. One of the ladies in waiting was showing her over the house, and took her, among other places, into the chapel. In passing the altar, the lady curtsied. Lady Jane asked what she meant by that. Her God was present there, the lady answered, and she curtsied to Him. Lady Jane, with a half smile, said she believed the baker had made him.

"Such a piece of profanity, doubtless, lost nothing on the way through the lady in question to Mary; and, on the mind of so thoroughly devout and real a believer, may well have made an impression which could never be effaced. It would of course be foolish to suppose that this, or any other *single* feeling, determined her upon acting as she did, but the sense that she was punishing an obstinate heretic, as well as her rival to the throne, may have softened the reluctance which we will hope that she experienced. This warrant was signed the day after the battle in the streets, in the midst of that excitement of feeling which follows the escape from serious danger."†

No such mention is made of this story by Mr. Froude in his History.

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* Imaginary Conversations, by Walter Savage Landor: Princess Mary and Princess Elizabeth.

† *Westminster Review*, New Series, No. V. Art. "Mary Tudor."

He there says, merely, that Jane Grey was guiltless of this last commotion —her name not having been so much as cited among the insurgents; but she was guilty of having been once called queen, and Mary, who before had been generously deaf to the Emperor's advice, and to Renard's arguments, yielded in her present humour. Philip was beckoning in the distance; and while Jane Grey lived, Philip, she was again and again assured, must remain for ever separated from her arms.*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge incidentally illustrates one phase of a perverted intellect by the policy of those "zealots for legitimate succession after the decease of our sixth Edward, who not content with having placed the rightful sovereign on the throne, would wreak their vengeance on 'the meek usurper,' who had been seated on it by a will against which she had herself been the first to remonstrate."†

The story is a sad one, for all concerned. Mr. Plumer Ward dilates, almost sentimentally, on the sympathy and anguish, "I might almost say, the agony of mind," with which one views the "unmerited suffering of the meek, humble, and pious Jane Grey. As far from intending crime as an angel of light; in herself pure as accomplished, beautiful as young, and unpretending as beautiful, her hard, hard fortune must interest a savage; and one passes in haste over the page of her merciless execution, lest the heart grow too sick with pity."‡ How different the informing spirit of that tribute, from Leigh Hunt's chilly conclusion that Jane's best—and by implication we might well-nigh infer her only—claim to the respect of posterity must remain with her taste for literature. "She had the good sense to feel, and avow, that there was no comfort like her books in adversity. Her nature seems in other respects to have had a formal insipidity, excitable only by stimulants which did not agree with it."§ Scant measure for the height and depth of England's all but universally beloved and lamented Lady Jane.

Even her excellences as a literate person are but faintly recognised in the foregoing passage—always considering how kindly disposed, and how even eager in eulogium, the writer of it generally is. He could not, however, but pay his respects, in passing,—coldly as it is done,—to a merit of which three centuries, and two hemispheres, have been sounding the praises.

Hartley Coleridge reverently styles her "a creature whose memory should singly put to rout the vulgar prejudice against female erudition."‖ The question may be mooted and discussed, of Lady Jane's comparative scholarship, in relation to the advanced standard of a later age. But question there is none of her absolute superiority in literary culture and classical lore. Mr. Froude's account is, that she had acquired a degree of learning rare in matured men, which she could use gracefully, and could permit to be seen by others without vanity or consciousness; and that her character had developed with her talents. "At fifteen she was learning Hebrew and could write Greek; at sixteen she corresponded with Bullinger in Latin at least equal to his own; but the matter of her letters is more striking than the language, and speaks more for her than

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* Froude's History of England under the Tudors, vol. vi. ch. xxxi.
† The Friend, essay i.
‡ Tremaine, vol. iii. ch. xxxiii.
§ Men, Women, and Books, vol. i. p. 306
‖ Northern Worthies, vol. ii.

the most elaborate panegyrics of admiring courtiers. She has left a portrait of herself drawn by her own hand; a portrait of piety, purity, and free noble innocence, uncoloured, even to a fault, with the emotional weakness of humanity.* While the effects of the Reformation in England had been chiefly visible in the outward dominion of scoundrels and in the eclipse of the hereditary virtues of the national character, Lady Jane Grey had lived to show that the defect was not in the Reformed faith, but in the absence of all faith—that the graces of a St. Elizabeth could be rivalled by the pupil of Cranmer and Ridley. The Catholic saint had no excellence of which Jane Grey was without the promise; the distinction was in the freedom of the Protestant from the hysterical ambition of an unearthly nature, and in the presence, through a more intelligent creed, of a vigorous and practical understanding."†

Twenty to one—we might, without risk, increase the odds even ten or twentyfold—the reader is wholly unread in the now dim pages which delineate, in some seven or eight volumes, of some fifty Letters each, the history of Sir Charles Grandison and the Honourable Miss Byron. What Sir Charles had to say, therefore, on the erudition of Lady Jane, is old enough to be new, now-a-days, by way of quotation. Not that there is novelty in his point of view, or mode of expression; but for his now obsolete popularity's sake let us give the *chevalier sans reproche* a hearing. The age in which Shakspeare flourished Sir Charles pronounces the age of English learning, as well as of English bravery—the queen and her court, the very ladies of it, he says, being more learned than any court of our English sovereigns was before, or hath been since. "What a prodigy of learning, in the short reign of Edward the Sixth, was the Lady Jane Grey!—Greek, as well as Latin, was familiar to her, as it was to Queen Elizabeth. And can it be supposed, that the natural geniuses of those ladies were more confined or limited, for their knowledge of Latin and Greek?"‡ But we must not let even Sir Charles seduce us to hear him argue out that collateral issue.

On the subject of relative female scholarship, as of the sixteenth century *versus* the nineteenth, Macaulay thought there was so much misapprehension, that, nearly a quarter of a century ago, he devoted some energetic remarks to the refutation of what he reckoned a popular fallacy. He had often heard men speak with rapture of the English ladies of the sixteenth century, and lament that they could find no modern damsel resembling those fair pupils of Ascham and Aylmer who compared, over their embroidery, the styles of Isocrates and Lysias, and who, while the horns were sounding, and the dogs in full cry, sat in the lonely oriel, with eyes riveted to that immortal page which tells how meekly and bravely the first great martyr of intellectual liberty took the cup from his weeping gaoler. But surely, argued the Edinburgh Reviewer, these complaints have very little foundation. "We would by no means disparage the ladies of the sixteenth century or their pursuits. But we conceive that those who extol them at the expense of the women of our time forget

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* Letters of Lady Jane Grey to Bullinger: Epistolæ Tigurinæ, pp. 3-7. (Froude, VI. 6.)

† Froude's History of England, vol. vi. ch. xxx.

‡ History of Sir Charles Grandison, vol. vi. letter lv.

one very obvious and very important circumstance. In the time of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, a person who did not read Greek and Latin could read nothing, or next to nothing. The Italian was the only modern language which possessed anything that could be called a literature. All the valuable books then extant in all the vernacular dialects of Europe would hardly have filled a single shelf." England, he goes on to say, by way of proof and example, did not yet possess Shakspeare's plays and the Fairy Queen, nor France Montaigne's Essays, nor Spain Don Quixote. Then, looking in his mind's eye round a well-furnished library, how many English or French books, he asks, can we find which were extant when Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth received their education? Chaucer, Gower, Froissart, Comines, Rabelais, seem to him nearly to complete the list. "It was therefore absolutely necessary that a woman should be uneducated or classically educated. Indeed, without a knowledge of one of the ancient languages no person could then have any clear notion of what was passing in the political, the literary, or the religious world. The Latin was in the sixteenth century all and more than all that the French was in the eighteenth. . . . .

"This is no longer the case. All political and religious controversy is now conducted in the modern languages. The ancient tongues are used only in comments on the ancient writers. The great productions of Athenian and Roman genius are indeed still what they were. But though their positive value is unchanged, their relative value, when compared with the whole mass of mental wealth possessed by mankind, has been constantly falling. They were the intellectual all of our ancestors. They are but a part of our treasures. Over what tragedy could Lady Jane Grey have wept, over what comedy could she have smiled, if the ancient dramatists had not been in her library?"*

Accordingly this keenly retrospective reviewer presumes that a modern reader can make shift without Œdipus and Medea, while he possesses Othello and Hamlet; and reminds us that if he knows nothing of Pyrgopolynices and Thraso, he is familiar with Bobadil, and Bessus, and Pistol, and Parolles; that if he cannot enjoy the delicious irony of Plato, he may find some compensation in that of Pascal; and that if he is shut out from Nephelococcygia, he may take refuge in Lilliput. In fine, it is Macaulay's averment, that the stock of intellectual wealth bequeathed to us by the ancients has been so carefully improved, that the accumulated interest now exceeds the principal. He contends that the books which have been written in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, during the last two hundred and fifty years,—translations from the ancient languages, of course, included,—are of greater value than all the books which at the beginning of that period were extant in the world. And inasmuch as Englishwomen are at least as well acquainted as Englishmen with the modern languages of Europe, he professes to have no hesitation, when comparing the acquirements of Lady Jane Grey with those of an accomplished young woman of our own time, in awarding the superiority to the latter.

All this, however, leaves untouched the positive excellence of Lady Jane as an exemplary and eminent scholar, indeed of *pre*-eminent mark

* Macaulay's Critical Essays, vol. ii. Art. "Lord Bacon."

and likelihood. Still is she seen to stand out, prominent from the virgins that be her fellows, as one who—again to draw a comparison from another tale of Chaucer's—

> Whan sche had leyser and might therto entent,
> To lernè bookès was al hir likying,
> How sche in vertu might hir lyf despent.*

It is not unpleasing to see that weatherbeaten warrior and stout-hearted old cavalier, Agrippa d'Aubigné,—the energetic, restless, indomitable grandsire of Madame de Maintenon,—subdued to the melting mood, *s'attendrissant*, when recording in one of his many writings, *la mort tragique de Jeanne Gray*, who, in the words of a modern biographer of Agrippa's, united "à un savoir qui eût honoré un homme toutes les vertus de son sexe."† It moved the stalwart Gaul to think and write of her last sayings, so much "plus graves qu'on ne pouvait l'espérer de sa jeunesse,"‡ especially if that *jeunesse* had been French born and bred. But, in life and death, and the manner of them both, Jane was true English.

Wyatt's rebellion was, as we have seen, the ostensible cause of her doom, although that enterprise was one in which no selfish or personal interest, politically speaking, could have been taken by her. Here was a good opportunity, which must not be missed, the Spanish party insisted, to make a good riddance of the house of Suffolk, and sweep away that nest of pestilent traitors from the face of the earth. No time was lost in conveying to Lady Jane the message of her now inexorable fate. She was appointed to have been put to death on Friday, the 10th of February (1554), "but was stayed"—until Monday, the 13th,—"for what cause is not known," writes the Chronicler of Queen Mary. Baoardo supplies our living historian of the Tudors with the explanation. Which is, in effect, that, in killing her body, Mary yet desired to have mercy on heretic Jane's poor soul, and sent the message of death by the excellent Feckenham, afterwards Abbot of Westminster, who was to bring her, if possible, to obedience to the Catholic faith. Feckenham, whom Mr. Froude describes as a man full of gentle and tender humanity, felt to the bottom of his soul the errand on which he was despatched: he felt as a Catholic priest—but he felt also as a man. "On admission to Lady Jane's room, he told her that she was to die the next morning [Friday], and he told her, also, for what reason the queen had selected him to communicate the sentence.—She listened calmly. The time was short, she said; too short to be spent in theological discussion; which, if Feckenham would permit, she would decline.

"Believing, or imagining that he ought to believe, that, if she died unreconciled, she was lost, Feckenham hurried back to the queen to beg for delay; and the queen, moved with his entreaties, respited the execution till Monday, giving him three more days to pursue his labours. But Lady Jane, when he returned to her, scarcely appreciated the favour; she had not expected her words to be repeated, she said; she had given up all thoughts of the world, and she would take her death patiently whenever her Majesty desired.—Feckenham, however, still pressed his services,

* Canterbury Tales: The Monkes Tale. † Léon Feugère.
‡ Histoire Universelle, par Agrippa d'Aubigné.

and courtesy to a kind and anxious old man forbade her to refuse them. He remained with her to the end; and certain arguments followed on faith and justification, and the nature of sacraments. . . . . Lady Jane was wearied without being convinced."*

Not until they parted on the scaffold steps on Monday morning, had she the heart to tell the good old man how much he had bored her, for all that was over now. It was with "warm thanks" for his attentions that she took leave of him—"although, indeed," she fairly confessed, "those attentions have tried me more than death can now terrify me."† He would not be dismissed, however, but to the last acted on the adage that while there's life there's hope.‡ Her last words to him, notwithstanding that solemn leave-taking, were not yet said. Lady Jane too, like so many less innocent sufferers, had her more last words. Should she say the *Miserere?* she asked him, as he clung to her side; and the heavy-hearted old churchman approved, and listened to her soft breathing of the fifty-first psalm, verse by verse, all of them so deeply fraught with devoutest supplication and penitential passion, ere she let down her long hair, and uncovered her white neck.

Hume's less appreciative version of the Feckenham episode is, that the queen's zeal, under colour of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, induced her to send divines, who "harassed her with perpetual disputation; and even a reprieve for three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded, during that time, to pay, by a timely conversion, some regard to her eternal welfare." He admires the Lady Jane's "presence of mind," which enabled her, "in these melancholy circumstances," not only to defend her religion by all the topics then in use, but also to write a letter to her sister in the Greek language;§ in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance.‖ It was only by message, too, that she would (or perhaps could) take leave of her husband. The Council had decreed, we are told, that Lady Jane and Lord Guilford should be executed together on the same scaffold, on Tower-hill; but afterwards, "dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth," rescinded that order, and directed Jane's execution to take place within the verge of the Tower.

The morning on which they were to suffer, Guilford begged for "a last interview and a last embrace"—it being left to herself to consent or refuse. Her reply was, that, if the meeting would benefit either of their souls, she would see him with pleasure; but, in her own opinion, it would only increase their trial. They would meet soon enough in the other world. He died, therefore, without seeing her again. She saw him once

* Froude, VI. 183-5. † Baoardo. Ibid., 187.

‡ "Je ferai remarquer," says M. Dargaud, in his recent monograph, as the phrase goes, "que si Feckenham, en offrant à Jane Grey la vie pour la conversion, pouvait être de bonne foi, Marie certes tendait un piège."—Histoire de Jane Grey, par J. M. Dargaud. Paris: 1863.

But, objects one of M. Dargaud's English reviewers, neither Feckenham nor Mary made any offer of life as the reward of conversion,—at least as the story is told alike by Hume, Turner, Lingard, and Froude: Jane did not die on any point of religion at all; and Feckenham was simply sent to try to save her soul in the next world, when it was determined to destroy her in this.—See *Saturday Review*, No. 390.

§ Foxe, III. 35; Heylin, 166.

‖ Hume, History of England, ch. xxxvi.

alive, however, writes Mr. Froude, as he was led to the scaffold, and again as he returned a mutilated corpse in the death-cart.

Not that this was wilful cruelty. Only the officer in command awkwardly happened to forget that the ordinary road led past Jane's window. "But the delicate girl of seventeen was as masculine in her heart as in her intellect. When her own turn arrived, Sir John Brydges led her down to the green; her attendants were in an agony of tears, but her own eyes were dry. She prayed quietly till she reached the foot of the scaffold, when she turned to Feckenham, who still clung to her side." To that wistful, disappointed confessor she then made the frank but not ungracious confession to which reference has been made. This done, she sprang up the steps, and in a few words declared her innocence. Then ensued that repetition of the *Miserere* psalm already mentioned—and then was her hair let down, and her neck uncovered for the executioner's axe.

The end is soon told, and simply,—the more simply the better. An old chronicler will do this best. "The hangman kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw, which doing, she saw the block. Then she said, I pray you despatch me quickly. Then she kneeled down, saying, Will you take it off before I lay me down; and the hangman answered No, Madam. She tied a kercher about her eyes; then, feeling for the block, she said, What shall I do? where is it? One of the bystanders guiding her thereunto, she laid her head down upon the block, and stretched forth her body, and said, Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit. And so she ended."*

The artless directness of this simple record is more effective, and affecting, by far, than the elaborate elegiacs of old Agrippa d'Aubigné, though he, too, is genuine in his way, and commemorates the *mort tragique* of his favourite *Jeanne* with still more emphasis in his most ambitious poem, than he had done in his History. The fourth book of his "Tragiques," which he entitles *les Feux*, is a sort of Protestant martyrology, and proposes to rescue from oblivion the names and fair fames of not only a John Huss, a Jerome of Prague, a Cranmer, a Norris, &c., but also a galaxy of suffering women, perfected through suffering, and triumphant through and for the truth. Among these he assigns a foremost place to English Jane—and thus he describes the closing scene which vindicates her right to that place:

> Les mains qui la paraient la parerent encore;
> Sa grace et son honneur, quand la mort la dévore,
> N'abandonnent son front; elle prend le bandeau;
> Par la main on la mène embrasser le poteau;
> Elle demeure seule, en agneau dépouillée.
> La lame du bourreau de son sang fut mouillée;
> L'âme s'enrole en haut: les anges gracieux
> Dans le sein d'Abraham la ravirent aux cieux.†

Nevertheless, with all possible respect for the respectable but rather trite machinery (that now creaks a little in the working) of gracious angels and Abraham's bosom, we prefer the unvarnished finis of the old chronicler, And so she ended.

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* Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary (Camden Society, 1850).

† Les Tragiques, l. iv.

LORD HATHERTON.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

THE generations of man, with all his advances in civilisation, pass away as in the beginning of things. Even those who are marked by qualifications or virtues of a superior class still fall into the same obliviousness. Thus the social state is continually assuming a new aspect. Fresh actors come upon the stage, and the more remarkable are passed by for ever in the course of a few years, whether benefactors to their species or the reverse. The multitude has no time to spare for the nurture of its gratitude or the outpourings of its censures, before it participates in the same sentence. Indeed, if the many had the power and use of reflection, which they never yet exhibited, the quality would be idle. Memory is short-lived, and monuments soon fall to pieces,* and only one thing is immortal, co-existent, in fact, with humanity, the imperishable record upon the most perishable of materials—the fragility of the paper on which the type of the printer is impressed—there alone can names run a race with time. Those who were the contemporaries of the departed walk by their last sojourn unregarded. Friends and enemies pass away together without the slightest emotion on the part of the living, who are not reminded of their own fate by that of others, however honoured, still acting upon the sentiment of the poet: "All men think all men mortal but themselves."

Perhaps it is the frequency of death that renders us so regardless of its effects. We must be struck with that which is sudden and rare. Familiarity subjugates fear, and the dreaded evil no more occupies the thoughts. Some, indeed, upon whose minds it presses, get rid of it by the notable resolve that as it is inevitable, it is time enough to trouble themselves about it when the evil comes.

So much for the masses that exist and pass away unheeded, like summer flies; but Death equally makes his prey of those who have stood out conspicuously from among them. Their benefactors die as well as their enemies; those who have enlightened them by their talents, toiled, perhaps thanklessly, for their welfare, ruled them judiciously and justly, or by latent and indirect means unostentatiously contributed to their good, as well as to that of the whole social body—men who may not have dazzled their fellows by any astonishing qualities, so as to conceal failings of equal magnitude, but who have supported throughout life a high character, perhaps on the whole preferable, and fully as beneficial to the community, as those who flashed like meteors upon the vision, but left on the horizon no beneficial traces of their light after they had passed.

These reflections are suggested by the death of a nobleman whose course through life was marked by that unostentatious utility which in a country like England is one of the most valuable any individual subject can possess. We allude to the late Lord Hatherton, who expired, after a long declining state of health, at his seat of Teddesley, in Staffordshire, of which fine county he was lord-lieutenant. His lordship had, indeed,

* Nec solidis prodest sua machinâ terris.

exceeded the prophetic age of man a year or two, but his customary habits and appearance led to the promise of a longer term of existence. It was early last year that he began to exhibit symptoms of a change in his usual health, which, if not immediately of much moment, was the commencement of a long and serious indisposition, to which he finally succumbed. His usual kindness of temper towards others did not forsake him during his long illness. In truth, urbanity of disposition, and exceeding good will towards others, were prominent traits in his character. Perhaps few public men had a larger circle of friends, a fact which speaks for itself the reputation of the individual. No one in public life ever passed through it with a more amiable temperament, a clearer mind, or more active and unflagging habits in public business. Without being a man of genius, he possessed qualities fully, perhaps more valuable to the community in the sphere within which he was called upon to act by his distinguished place in society. The duties he exercised were most assiduously and correctly fulfilled up to the last moment he was able to perform them, indeed, too long exercised for the increasing advance of that insidious attack, which took from the community one of its most valued members. Lord Hatherton was one whom society could least spare, on many accounts, for not only were his public legislative and magisterial labours valuable, as already stated, but in his capacity as a scholar, an agriculturist, and a hospitable country gentleman, no one will be more missed in the county in which he resided—a county the residence of some of the oldest English families, of which his own was not one of the least noted.

The family of Luttleton, in the reign of Henry III., were settled in Worcestershire. The fifth in descent from that reign was Thomas Luttleton, of Frankley, who was bred to the law, and was the first who wrote his name Lyttleton, about 1464. He had three sons, William, whence the Lords Lyttleton, Richard, and Thomas. His eldest son, William, succeeded him. The second, Richard, spelled the name Littleton, and his descendants resided at Pillaton Hall, Staffordshire. The last of this branch, Sir Edward Littleton, dying in 1812, the baronetcy became extinct, and the estates passed to Edward John Littleton, of Teddesley, then M.P. for Staffordshire.

Lord Hatherton, from his first taking his seat in parliament, had always been an independent country gentleman in the fullest sense of the term. He was one of the small old stock of liberal landholders who voted as they saw fit, according to what they deemed the true bearing of a question, unawed by the ministry of the day—the fag-end of the Pitt and Addington administration, united under Lord Liverpool. There were few better men of business in parliament at that time than Mr. Littleton, and it is extremely probable that the independent party, to which he belonged, saved the country from those permanent encroachments upon popular freedom, which the unscrupulous disregard of every form of the constitution which stood in his way made Lord Castlereagh be regarded with such just suspicion during his whole career. When efforts of this nature were made, Mr. Littleton, and those who took the same views of the different questions brought forward by that minister, at once threw themselves into the breach, and, if not successful in resisting the efforts made, and supported by flagrant corruption, they acted as a restraining power. He originated many important and useful measures

in parliament connected with trade, manufactures, and the working classes, all which he thoroughly understood. He was seated in one of the most remarkable districts of England for the magnitude of its iron trade, while a little way to the north lay the singular space of ground, comprising several large towns, called the Potteries, almost unknown a few years ago to the rest of the country. Lord Hatherton had the sagacity to perceive how remarkably the extension of manufactures and the value of land and its produce acted upon one another. The conveyances of agricultural produce to large manufacturing places was easy and rapid in Staffordshire by canals, even before railways were brought into use. Teddesley, extra parochial, in the parish of Penkridge, or adjoining it, was thus, as it were, invited to improve itself, and its noble-minded owner did not want sagacity to perceive, what neither his own example nor that of others could be brought to credit, that free trade in all commodities was the spur to the increase of the value of landed property, and greatly for the benefit of the nation at large. In vain had the Honourable Charles Villiers for a long season stood almost alone in the House of Commons in bringing this principle before parliament, and supporting it out of doors and in the district of which we are speaking more particularly.* This was at a time, too, when Sir Robert Peel could see no benefit from it, although his father had seen it long years before. Lord Hatherton, however, not only saw the great advantage of it, but acted upon the principle as far as possible. He began to restrict his game preserves, and to improve his land. He reflected what markets he had near him, and how facile were the conveyances. With a complete dismissal of all those prejudices embraced in that caricature of sound reason, used upon such occasions, "the wisdom of our ancestors," uppermost in too many stolid heads in those times, his lordship set his shoulder to the wheel, and was amply gratified by the result.

It was at this time, or about twenty-five years ago, that we had first the honour of his lordship's acquaintance, having gone down for the purpose of aiding in the good work, under the support of another nobleman of the same county. Lord Hatherton was at that time exceedingly active in behalf of the free-trade question. Lord Wrottesley, then Sir John, was another powerful supporter, together with Lord Lichfield and the Ansons. It was singular, however, that some men of note in the county of liberal principles in other respects, and who would not openly support Sir Robert Peel in his opposition, remained neuter upon the point of free trade. Not so Lord Hatherton, who, when the battle raged fiercely, comported himself with that calm moderation which is exhibited by those clear-sighted individuals who are conscious of their own strength of argument, and foresee the certainty of an ultimate conclusion to their satisfaction.

Before and while the question was pending, Lord Hatherton not only farmed highly and largely, but he "rolled away in his wheelbarrow," as old Earl Stanhope would have said, a number of petty, injurious, and vexatious legislative measures, which had grown up out of the trading and manufacturing superstitions of the past, for we may not inappropriately denominate them such. He had great weight in committees of

* Mr. Cobden did not make his appearance as another powerful advocate of free trade until long subsequently to Mr. Villiers.

the House of Commons, for he was well read in parliamentary proceedings, and his judgment was excellent. He saw at a glance, before free trade became so heavy a question, what a number of small and vexatious enactments and regulations crippled not only the master manufacturer, but the smaller workmen. He brought in a bill for a change in the old pernicious truck system. He declared that the masters made fifteen per cent. by that abuse. "I know some masters who employ five or six thousand men," he observed, "who were about to leave off paying in money." A great sensation, Lord Hatherton observed, "had been raised by that injurious practice, and it was necessary to relieve the workmen from its baneful and demoralising influence." His lordship affirmed that the riots at Nottingham, and those of the Luddites in 1812, had their source in the same system.

It was singular that Hume opposed a measure clearly necessary to protect the workmen from injustice, and that Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Sadler, and Mr. C. P. Thompson supported Mr. Littleton. Mr. Hume divided the House against it, but lost his motion. It was upon this bill that Mr. Littleton and O'Connell had a difference. It appeared that some reflections of O'Connell regarding the truck bill were erroneous. The member for Waterford told O'Connell that Mr. Littleton slighted Ireland, or had made use of words to that effect. Mr. Littleton replied that he deemed it a duty, as a public man, to expose such a misrepresentation. It appeared that the member for Waterford, Sir John Newport, if we recollect rightly, had addressed Mr. Littleton, and concluded by asking him if he had any objection to leave Ireland out of the bill; on which Mr. Littleton replied in a negligent way: "Well, I do not care about Ireland;" meaning, he did not think the measure essential for that country. This was construed by the hot blood of Irishmen at a public meeting into the sense that nobody cared about Ireland in this country. Mr. Littleton replied that he had a right to allude to such a misrepresentation.

"Have I not a right to complain, that, having done all I could to advance the interests of the Catholics, after the manner in which I have always advanced the interests of Ireland for the last eighteen years, it should now be necessary to defend myself from the charge of caring nothing about Ireland, and of being insensible to the interests of the Irish people. I did not believe that any man could have given utterance to a charge so unjust, so utterly unfounded, and so injurious to my character."

O'Connell made an apology, expressing his regret that he should have misunderstood the honourable member, though it had at the time the effect upon his mind which he had ascribed to it. We do not call to remembrance any other instance in which Mr. Littleton's equable temper was ever tried in the House of Commons. He was of all men the most self-sustained and amiable, punctual in everything, and, with his quiet, firm line of conduct, little calculated to excite political animosity, except on the part of antagonists the most exceptionable.

The manufacturers of Staffordshire must long retain a grateful memory of his lordship, if it were only for his success in putting down extents-in-aid. He had in his operations here to combat one of the most obstinate and wrong-headed of officials, in days when men of common sense, seeing such men in public posts, exclaimed, as of the fly in amber,

> The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,
> But wonder how the devil it got there!

It was a proof not only of Mr. Littleton's sense of justice, but of his patient perseverance, at last successful by the aid of a strong party of friends pertinaciously keeping their object in view. In local undertakings throughout the county in which he resided, it need not be recorded that he was active and energetic. In canals, railroads, and all that could promote the general interests of the people of all classes, his lordship was foremost. Chairman of some of the most important undertakings, he considered as well all that was submitted to him by those who were inventors or projectors of anything conducive to the public benefit. He reformed the local currency by his influence, which at one time was little more than tradesmen's tokens under a certain value, and, in short, brought his own clear intellect to bear upon questions, the benefit or the reverse of which involved no light responsibility. He was before his earlier friends generally in his view of political measures, particularly those who seemed only to feel their way and go onward more upon the prompting of instinct than reason.

Mr. Littleton had been one of the more strenuous advocates of parliamentary reform. He saw quite enough under the existing system to convince him of the necessity of a measure which caused the most flagrant abuses. He advocated religious freedom, and ardently supported Catholic emancipation. He was, in fact, a sincere reformer at a time when the clamour was heard on every side of constitutional ruin, on the part of those who did not really understand, or would not do so, in what the constitution consisted. To this he was uniform in giving his support. There is something noble in that consistency which, seeing almost insurmountable obstacles in its way, when compelled to pull up the reins, will not retrograde; that has the conviction it will conquer* in the end, and therefore seldom fails to do so; that can face a reverse with an unshaken spirit, and renew the contest with more than Anteau freshness.

That the subject of these observations should have rejoiced at the accession of Mr. Canning to office can hardly be doubted. He saw in that accession the destruction of the hopes of a party whose measures had been as much opposed to the spirit of the age as to the dictates of reason. Whether Mr. Littleton was aware that, at the moment, the tocsin had sounded the knell of extreme Toryism, it is not for us to say. That he supported the measures for the relief of Ireland, whether brought in by his own party or the Tories, was a matter of no question under that quiet, determined spirit of patriotism which marked all his public conduct, shone throughout his whole career, and put to shame, by its own unpretending nature, the waverers and time-servers that were continually crossing his path. There is no higher source of honest exultation for mortal man, than when standing on the verge of life, and casting a retrospective glance towards conduct and action fast fading in the distance, he can say to himself, "I have acted strictly in accordance with both feeling and honour in my passage thus far. I have endeavoured to do my best with the talent that my master entrusted to me. I can only charge myself with those failings inseparable from the nature of man, but in my public duties I have a clear breast." How few statesmen can make such a declaration. Lord Hatherton was one of the few by whom we do not

* Possunt quia posse videntur.

hesitate to express a belief that declaration might have been honestly made.

There was no moral cowardice in his character about that reform from which men of more renown would have shrunk. How Burke would have discharged a more than volcanic fury of anathemas upon such a sweeping measure, and Windham have again invoked the bull-baiters and cock-fighters of the "good old times," to perform a Hockley Hole lustration for the introduction of such an innovation upon the good old constitution. Mr. Littleton, who knew his countrymen well, and was not for denying them the right which belonged to them, upon the clearest grounds of usage and the constitution, had no fear upon the subject of the restoration contemplated by Lord Grey, even had it gone to the full extent which that noble reformer originally contemplated. In the part he took more immediately as the chief in the laborious portion of designating the limits of the places represented, he performed his task, in conjunction with his coadjutors, with his usual assiduity. He was, indeed, one of the leading reformers of the time, invaluable to the ministry from his fidelity to his party, the enlightened character of his views, his close attention to business, and his knowledge of the different phases of feeling and usage in the agricultural and manufacturing districts.

Lord Hatherton was not only an invaluable public man in a political sense, an earnest liberal, but a thorough adept in all that concerned the agricultural and manufacturing interests of his native land. He farmed largely, and was in a continued interchange of discoveries and improvements with the more noted agriculturists of his time. He was a good scholar, and possessed an excellent library at Teddesley, where he usually kept up his general and Christmas hospitality in particular, in the true style of an English country gentleman, a position in life of which, if all so circumstanced were duly sensible (O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint Agricolas!), they would thank God for their lot.

Mr. Littleton was chief secretary for Ireland under the lord-lieutenancy of the Marquis Wellesley, whose daughter was his first wife, and by whom he left a son, Edward Richard Littleton, his successor in his title and estates. Never was there a more difficult time for the fulfilment of both offices than that of his Irish appointment. The agitation for the repeal of the Union was at its height. The lord-lieutenant and secretary were alone in agreement. There were differences in the cabinet, O'Connell wielding all his weapons of annoyance, not without effect. The ruling powers on the spot saw no need of that apprehensive policy which they feared could only tend to exacerbate, and remonstrated unsuccessfully against renewing the coercion bill. The ministry itself was by no means a compact body in agreement, even upon main points. During this emergency, Lord Stanley and other members of the cabinet retired; among them was Sir James Graham. Lord Stanley, since the Earl of Derby, it was said, gave way to the old cry of "the Church in danger," among other reasons, real or affected, for his desertion of his old principles and friends. In the end, the obnoxious act was introduced, and the consequences foreseen ensued.

It was during these perplexities of the cabinet that Mr. Littleton was accused of making known to O'Connell, in an indiscreet way, at a personal meeting, the disunited state of the cabinet. O'Connell turned

the result to his own advantage. Mr. Littleton had been too open in dealing with a crafty politician, the whole breed of which, in all lands and times, have rarely indeed hesitated to sacrifice a confiding disposition if a profit could be made of it. There was about Lord Hatherton exactly that principle of honour and kind confiding disposition, of which a fully ripe diplomatist or minister, not, like Moloch, unversed in wiles, might sooner make a victim, than of one of his own wary and circumventing temper. It was not possible for Mr. Littleton to do otherwise than give up his post, and the retirement of the ministry followed.

He held no office under Lord Melbourne's administration, though he sat for South Staffordshire. He soon after received the peerage, and certainly no one who had a value for such an honour more deservedly merited it for his public services. It was in 1835 that he was created Baron Hatherton. He was subsequently appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Staffordshire, the duties of which office he performed for between eight and nine years, with his customary assiduity.

Lord Hatherton married a second time, in 1852, Mrs. Davenport, the relict of Edward Davies Davenport, Esq., of Caperthorne, a lady well meriting his lordship's choice, by rendering to him and partaking in return those consolations and comforts which sweeten the later period of human existence, when the days come upon our humanity in which it proclaims it has comparatively so little pleasure.

We know not the exact nature of the complaint which deprived a host of friends and well-wishers, if it were only from the kindliness of his nature, of his lordship's presence. A knowledge of twenty-five years gives us some ground to form an estimate of human character, and we can only look back upon that term with a saddened feeling, and deeply regret his country should have been deprived of him at a time when human life, it has pleased God, has become more protracted than in the days of our fathers. If the manners and feelings of an open-hearted nobleman, one who honoured the peerage much more than the peerage could honour him; if candour, incapacity of craft, generous emotions, a high sense of duty, and strict performance of it; if urbanity of manner, joined with great aptitude for public business, and a sound judgment, a spirit incapable of guile, and a clear understanding of the true interests of the country, were united in any individual character to so great a degree as in Lord Hatherton, the example must be rare, and the magnitude of such a loss be indeed largely felt. We have never encountered—we own it—a second example in any walk of life that can be styled his lordship's parallel in those points by which he was most generally known and best estimated.

THE ENGLISH NOBILITY.

THE names of celebrated families form a portion of the national glory, and justly occupy the first place in the pages of history. Honour, above all, is due to the son who worthily represents the title which his ancestors obtained by their services to the country, or the prince, the representative of that country. Respect for ancestors strengthens the feeling of self-respect, and in this sense the motto *noblesse obligé* is to be understood.

When we follow in history the career of national celebrities, or regard the varied origin and peculiar fortunes of noble families, we cannot refrain from reflecting on the political, social, and moral influence of the nobility. Is the magic of noble birth increasing or decreasing? Is it a benefit or a misfortune for humanity? Should it be supported in old states or destroyed in new ones? Is it a material component of a constitutional monarchy? Is it adverse to republican liberty? How have hereditary distinctions and old birth benefited civilisation, science, literature, and the arts? When we allow—and it would be difficult to deny it—that the privileged classes have done the state eminent service at certain times, must we, on the other side, declare that their career, like that of the mediæval monastic orders, is worn out, or that it is an impediment to the progress of enlightenment, since we have possessed representative assemblies and liberty of the press? Finally, when was pride in ancestry carried to the highest pitch, and what was its most substantial basis?

At the present day the histories of families are traced more zealously than ever, and not alone in the Old World: the search after genealogical trees has now become fashionable also in the United States. It would be an idle task to defend genealogical studies against conventional accusations. These studies, which are stated to be dry and sterile, are rooted in feelings, inclinations, or prejudices inseparable from human nature. We will not be too eager to trace in this a mental weakness: we remember that Lord Byron was prouder of his birth than of his poems, and that the author of "Waverley" spent his entire fortune in order to found a line of Scotch feudal lords. And yet how chimerical is such a hope? How often is this ambition deluded? The contemporaries of Byron saw Newstead change owners twice, and the Scotts of Waverley have, in the feudal sense of the term, ceased to exist. If we run over the celebrated names of England, we are astonished to see how few of them are represented by male descendants. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Raleigh, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Hampden, Blake, Marlborough, Nelson, Clarendon, Hume, Goldsmith, Burke, Pitt, and Fox belong to the list, and we could lengthen it *ad infinitim*. The majority of these prominent men have left no descendants.

In our opinion the nobility, based on a social agreement, ceases to exist if it is not confined to very narrow bounds. Otherwise, it resembles the circles produced by throwing a stone into the water, which disappear as they become wider spread. This occurs when the nobility goes on in the female line. In order to judge with what speed the most renowned blood is extended by marriage and female descent, it is sufficient to refer to the great number of persons who indubitably have in their veins a few drops

of the royal blood of England: they are reckoned by tens of thousands. Sir Bernard Burke says, that among the descendants of Edmond of Woodstock, Earl of Kent and sixth son of Edward I., who only left daughters on his demise, were a Mr. Joseph Smart, butcher at the village of Hales Green, and a Mr. Wilmot, turnpike-keeper near Dudley. Jacob Penny, a sexton at St. George's Church, in London, is descended from the female line of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward, and he gave his eldest son, when christened, the name of Plantagenet. Through a single misalliance the ruin of a family is rapidly entailed. In 1637, a son of the great grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of the Duke of Clarence, was a soap-boiler at Newport. If this descendant of kings had married and left children, he could have stocked England with ragged or barefooted little Plantagenets. Duke Bernard of Norfolk one day had the notion of inviting all the descendants of the Norfolk, who was the friend of Richard III., to dinner, but gave it up again on seeing, from an imperfect list, that their number exceeded six hundred. All the true Howards have the right of quartering the royal arms, through their descent from Margaret Mowbray, who married the head of their family. In 1854, a genealogical list was drawn up of all the persons quartering the arms of the various dynasties that have reigned in England: the most ignorant amateur in English heraldry is aware how easy it is to prove a descent in the female line from Edward I., Edward III., or Henry III. American genealogists declare that Washington was also descended from English kings. In Corsica, a saint of the name of Napoleon has been found in the calendar for the Bonaparte family, and in the Italian archives a race of Bonapartes, who go back beyond the twelfth century. So much is certain, that every man who can reckon back to the sixteenth member has 65,536 paternal and maternal ancestors, and that in this number there will be the most respected as well as the most unworthy persons.

The Dukes of Northumberland carry their heads as high as if they were descended in the direct male line from the northern Percys. Still that line of the English branch of the family was extinct so far back as Henry I., when Agnes Percy, daughter of the third lord of that name, married the son of the Duke de Brabant, Jocelin of Louvain, who assumed the name and arms of the Percys. No other feudal family has played a more important part, or been more mixed up in the troubles which harassed England. Possessing, as the family did, such large estates and widely extending influence, it was impossible for them to avoid taking part in the political or religious disputes, and they would have required more luck than sense if they wished to be always on the conquering side; but it must be allowed that the Percys had a special vocation for rushing into conspiracies and revolts. At one moment they took part in insurrections, when these came in their way; at others they were the actual originators of them; and among them a natural death in bed was rather an exception than the rule.

The first Earl of Northumberland was killed at Braham Moor, his brother was beheaded, and his son Hotspur killed in the battle of Shrewsbury: the second fell at St. Alban's, the third at Towton, and the fourth murdered in a rebellion: the fifth, it is true, died in his bed, but, to make up for that, his second son was executed at Tyburn, and his eldest died

of grief and misery. After him the fortunes of the family seemed to pale: his estates and titles were given to a Dudley, but when the latter in his turn was condemned to lose them, they were returned to the Earl of Northumberland as legal heir. He had, however, learned nothing from his misfortunes, but took part in an insurrection against Queen Elizabeth, and lost his life on the scaffold. The eighth earl was imprisoned in the Tower for acting on behalf of Mary Stuart, where he either committed suicide or was murdered. The ninth, as a partner in the gunpowder plot, was condemned to pay a fine of 30,000*l.*, and imprisonment for life. The eleventh and last representative of the English male line left only a daughter, whose life career was as strange and adventurous as that of her father. At the age of sixteen she had been twice a widow, and married for the third time. At the age of thirteen she was affianced to the young Duke of Newcastle, who died a few months later. The second husband selected for her was Thynne of Longleat, but this marriage was not consummated, because the notorious Count Königsmarck, who was after the rich heiress, had her betrothed killed. Still the heiress escaped him, for she married the proud Duke of Somerset, who at a later date, when his second wife, a Miss Finch, tapped him on the shoulder, or, according to others, sat down in his lap, said, angrily, "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, but she would have never taken such a liberty."

The first Duchess of Somerset is best known by the circumstances that she persuaded Queen Anne not to give Swift a bishopric. In this way she avenged herself on Swift, who had ridiculed her red hair, and accused her of having been an accomplice in the murder of Thynne, her betrothed. "It is not known," says Walter Scott, "whether she was most infuriated at the ridicule or at the other accusation, which was only founded on Swift's malice." The estates and title of Northumberland then passed through the sole heiress to Hugh Smithson, a baronet of good family in Yorkshire. His son, who was dissatisfied at not having the Garter in addition to all his other honours, complained bitterly about it to George III., remarking that he was the first Duke of Northumberland to whom the order had been refused. "Certainly," the king replied; "but you are also the first Smithson who ever asked for it." This is the only joke of which George III. was ever guilty.

The story of the Nevilles shows us the most remarkable changes of fortune, if we compare the position of the great Earl of Warwick, the king-maker, with that of his descendant, Charles Neville, the sixth Earl of Westmoreland, in 1572. The last of the barons (as Sir Lytton Bulwer calls the king-maker) enjoyed an income of 300,000*l.*, and kept an open table in his castles for thirty thousand persons daily. His descendant lived in the Netherlands on a small pension which the King of Spain granted him, and Lord Seton speaks in a letter to Mary Stuart of his extreme poverty. He died in misery, and without male descent, in 1601.

Misfortune seems also to have dogged the Dukes of Buckingham. The first who bore this title, Humphrey de Stafford, fell with his eldest son in the wars of the Roses. His second son and successor was the friend and victim of Richard III. Shakspeare has preserved for us the sad fate of the third duke. He had foolishly defied Wolsey, who contrived to bring a charge of high treason against him, and he was be-

headed on Tower Hill. Villiers, to whom the title was given, fell by Felton's knife: a sad ending for a man who had dared to declare his love to a queen of France. Pope makes a sneering comment on the death of another Duke of Buckingham, in lines familiar to our readers. But his was a poetic licence, for the duke really died in the best bedroom of his steward's house. The literary productions of Sheffield, who was made Duke of Buckingham in 1703, cast a lustre over his ducal crown. His family expired in the person of his son, who died at Rome of a chest complaint.

The Cromwells furnish an example of the greatest elevation and deepest fall. Dugdale says that Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who bore the sobriquet of the "Hammer of Monasteries," was the son of a blacksmith at Putney, and served under the Constable de Bourbon at the siege of Rome. As he had no children, he adopted a nephew of the name of Richard Williams, who assumed his name, and became head and founder of the family. There are five representatives between him and Oliver Cromwell, whose story we may pass over. The sudden fall and utter disappearance of this family is a most remarkable circumstance. The Lord Protector had four sons and four daughters; two of these sons survived him: Richard, who followed him in the protectorship; and Henry, who was governor of Ireland. Richard, whose government only lasted eight months, passed twenty years in exile, and it is believed that, on his return to England, he lived in seclusion under the name of Clarke. According to an anecdote told by Miss Hawkins, Richard Cromwell, in 1705, had a trial in the Court of Chancery, and as the counsel for the opposite party alluded in no complimentary terms to the name of Cromwell, Lord Chancellor Cowper asked whether Mr. Cromwell were in court; on receiving an answer in the affirmative, the chancellor invited him to take a seat by his side, through which step the counsel was induced to check his anti-republican eloquence. He died in 1712, and left only two daughters. Henry, the ex-governor of Ireland, lived, till his death in 1673, at his estate, Spinney Abbey, and left five sons and three daughters. All his sons died childless with the exception of one, who, after he had squandered all his property, wrote to his aunt Lady Fauconberg: "Our family has sunk deep, and there are people who assert that it is just; still, I know that we belong to a race which is older than many others." His son became a grocer on Snow-hill, and died in 1748, leaving only one son, christened Oliver, who was a simple clerk in the offices of St. Thomas's Hospital. This Oliver Cromwell died in 1821, and had one daughter, who married Mr. Russell, of Cheshunt Park. Among Cromwell's descendants in the female line, we may mention a basket-maker at Cork, one married to a shoemaker, another to the son of a butcher, with whom she was in service in the same house.

It has recently been publicly stated that a descendant of Simon de Montfort is a saddler in Tooley-street, and that the heir of Earl of Mar —an earl whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity—has been discovered in the garb of a collier. A bricklayer's labourer might have asserted a claim to the earldom of Crawford. Hugh Miller, who was also a bricklayer in early life, often heard the following words addressed to Crawford: "Heh, John Earl of Crawford, bring the hod here! hand me the trowel!" The father of the last Earl of Glengall was a baker's apprentice when he heard what honours awaited him.

The Drummond family is remarkable among those which, though subjected to hard trials, ever retained sufficient strength to rise again: fortunately it found a chronicler, whose sympathy and talent befitted him, more than any other, to write its annals. The genealogy of the Drummonds begins with a scion of the royal house of Hungary (probably a descendant of Attila) of the name of Maurice, who was captain of the ship in which Edgar Atheling and his sisters sailed across the sea to Hungary. One of the ladies, Margaret Atheling, married Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, who gave Maurice the estates of Drymen and Drummond in the county of Dumbarton. Whatever truth there may be in this origin, the rank which the family attained certainly agrees with it. Without referring to its direct and indirect connexions with the Bourbons, Bruces, Stuarts, and other royal or princely houses, it gave Scotland a queen, and figures in all the grades of the peerage. The partial decay of the family fortunes dates from the Revolution of 1688, when the head of the Drummonds clung to the fallen dynasty, without taking the usual precaution in Scotland of letting an influential member of the family join the opposite side. This led to the banishment of the Drummonds; their peerage was legally extinguished, and they received but a poor compensation for it in the dignities which the exiled king granted them at St. Germain. After the Union, Andrew Drummond settled in London. He was a clever man of business, and had a well-earned reputation for honesty; and hence most of the Jacobites placed their money affairs in his hands. This was the origin of the celebrated banking firm. The founder of the house, be it remarked, however, in his later years, always drew a marked distinction between a banker and a gentleman compelled by circumstances to take part in banking operations. Just in the same way the father of the bourgeois gentilhomme was not a cloth-dealer, but merely kept in his house a stock of cloth which he exchanged for gold, solely to oblige his friends.

The position of the Drummonds leads us to the question, how far any one dishonours his nobility by entering into trade. In Germany and Spain it is generally assumed that such employment is degrading, but such was not the case with the patricians of Venice and Genoa. In France, a noble who went into trade was obliged to lay aside his sword, and could only resume it when he retired from business. In England, even Pitt, who always remained Mr. Pitt, made it a condition, on raising the head of the banking firm of Smith and Co. to the peerage, as Lord Carrington, that he should retire from business. This was the express desire of George III., who had German prejudices as regards rank and titles. Lords Ashburnham and Overstone gave up business when they entered the Upper House, although no condition to that effect was made. Still, the name of a banker or man of business is always most honourable in England.

It would be wrong to believe that at the head of every genealogy in England we must find a nobleman dating back to the Norman conquest. If we may follow Augustine Thierry and the authorities he quotes, the army of William the Conqueror was mainly composed of low-born adventurers, whom he collected around him by the prospect of loot: suttlers and camp-followers may have clothed themselves in the spoils of the enemy, presented themselves as cavaliers, and in that quality obtained fiefs.

"The neatherds of Normandy, and the Flanders weavers," writes Thierry, "could, with a little courage and good luck, become brilliant barons in England, and their names, which on one side of the Channel were common and unknown, became noble and glorious on the other. Would you like to know, says an old French chronicler, what were the names of the great arrivals under the conqueror William? Here follow the names as they were written, but without the christian names, which are often missing, or altered: Mandeville and Dandeville, Omfreville and Domfreville, Bouteville and Estouteville, Mohun and Bohun, Biset and Baset, Malin and Malvoisin. . . . In one of these lists the names are given in groups of three: Bastard, Brassard, Braynard; Bigot, Bagot, Talbot; Toret, Trivet, Bonet; Lucy, Lacy, Percy. . . . Another list of the conquerors of England, which was long preserved at Battle Abbey, contains names of a low and equivocal nature, such as Bonvilain and Boutevilain, Trousselot and Troussebout, L'Engaine and Longue Epée, Oeil de Bœuf and Front de Bœuf."

Five or six generations are certainly sufficient to satisfy the ambition of any man, and so long an interval is not even necessary to acquire universal respect for names, which are connected in the history of the country with instances of courage, genius, or patriotism. The celebrated family of the Russells does not require to bring down its genealogy from the Lords of Rozel, and it is sufficient to assume that it is descended from John Russell, Constable of the Castle of Curfew in 1221. Shakspeare, by bringing the names of the Talbots, Stanleys, Cliffords, Nevilles, Greys, Blounts, and Vernons on the stage, did more for them than the whole College of Heralds. Gibbon is of opinion that the Spenser family should regard the Faërie Queene as the finest part of their arms, and says that the romance of Tom Jones will survive the imperial eagle of the house of Hapsburg, of which the Fieldings declared themselves a branch. No one in France would now deny that the Book of Maxims is the finest pearl in the ducal crown of the Rochefoucaulds, and the Memoirs of St. Simon have imparted greater lustre to his name than his presidency in parliament or in the chapel of Versailles.

Heroic deeds, adventures, misfortunes, and perhaps unusual crimes, generally do more than peaceful virtues to render a family remarkable, and distinguish it from the great mass. Many lords and baronets have gained a title of honour through sentences passed on their ancestors, or by plundering monasteries, in which the Pophams, Horners, and Thynnes played so great a part. If we find the Burdetts holding knightly rank since the reign of Edward IV., it comes from the fact that Sir Robert Burdett was condemned to death for conspiring against the life of that prince. If the Fulfords are denied any share in the Crusades, they can at least display the written capitulation by virtue of which they surrendered their castle to Fairfax after a gallant defence. The crest of the Stanleys consists of an eagle feeding a child. Tradition tells us that a child of the Latham family, who surrendered their seat of Knowsley to the Stanleys, was exposed on a mountain, and owed its life to this strange nurse.

The motto of the Leslies, "Grip fast," was given them by Margaret, consort of King Malcolm Canmore, because, when crossing a swollen ford she fell from her horse, and was on the point of drowning, when

Bartholomew Leslie seized her by the girdle, and brought her ashore. Richard de Percival followed Cœur de Lion to Palestine, and sat his horse even after he had lost a leg in action; another scimitar-cut lopped off an arm, but for all that he kept his seat, and held his bridle between the teeth. For this reason this family has as device an armed man with only one leg. This emblem may be seen emblazoned on the windows of their seat at Weston. If this story be true, we cannot doubt the one told by Lamartine, that General Lesourd, at the battle of Waterloo, after receiving six sabre-cuts, got off his horse, had his arm amputated, mounted his horse once more, and attacked afresh at the head of his troops.

Many bourgeois and even peasant families can trace their genealogy back far into antiquity. We are told of a pastrycook in Brighton, that he has a farm in Sussex, which has been in his family since the reign of Henry I. The direct descendant of the woodcutter who helped to carry William II., when shot, into a neighbouring hut, is still living in the vicinity of Southampton.

In very many cases traditions must not be absolutely rejected, for they are often the sole and best testimony to facts which could not be established in any other way; but when family pride speculates on the credulity of people, it is surely permissible to doubt. We are not bound to believe everything that the bards and minstrels have sung in praise of their masters, whose genealogists they have eventually become. As they were paid to glorify their patrons and keep them in good humour, they did not hesitate to adorn the truth. If we were to believe these poetical chroniclers, nearly all the chiefs of Scottish clans were descended from kings, and their ancestors were contemporaries of those monarchs whose portraits or caricatures decorate the walls of Holy Rood; for instance, Fergus, who is said to have ascended the Scottish throne exactly six years after the death of Alexander the Great. Among the Scotch genealogies that of the Stuarts is most amusing, for they are proved to descend in a direct line from Cecrops, King of Athens. Unluckily, these genealogies of the bards constantly contradict one another, and some clans—for instance, the M'Ivors—are divided between two rivals, both of whom claim the supremacy. A Glengarry wrote to the second Lord Macdonald to demand the dignity of head of the clan, but received the following laconic answer: "Until you can prove to me that you are my chief, I remain yours, MACDONALD."

The succession in the male line rendered it highly desirable for every Scot to settle all his degrees of relationship, even the most remote, for a number of accidents might unexpectedly render him heir to rich estates. In spite of this law and custom, however, many large fiefs have been lost by the male line of their former holders. The royal branch of the Bruces is extinct, but the present Bruces, the Earl of Elgin and the Marquis of Aylesbury, are descended from Robert Bruce, to whom King David II. gave the castle and estate of Clackmannan, as his loving and faithful cousin. The name of the Grahams, who have become Dukes of Montrose, appears for the first time in William de Graham, who is produced as a witness in a deed of the year 1128. He was doubtless a respected person: at any rate, a title seven or eight generations old is an inheritance with which the descendants of the great Montrose may surely be satisfied.

Very curious is the origin of the emblems which the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn bear in their coat—namely, a bloody dagger, with the motto, "I mak sicker." The story of its origin is as follows: Roger Kirkpatrick met Robert Bruce just coming out of the church in which he had stabbed Comyn. "I believe I have killed him," said Bruce. "You only believe it," Kirkpatrick replied, "but I will mak sicker." And, entering the church, he dealt Comyn the death-blow on the steps of the altar.

All Europe knows at present that the Countess of Montijo, mother of the Empress of France, is a Kirkpatrick. When the former lady was about to be married to the son of a Spanish grandee, she was requested to produce her genealogy, and Charles Kirkpatrick procured it for her, duly attested by the Scotch heralds. When the document was laid before King Ferdinand VII., he exclaimed, "Of course we permit young Montijo to marry the daughter of Fingal."

If we were asked what country has seen the most marked changes in the fortunes of its nobility, we should unhesitatingly say Ireland. That unhappy island has been subjected to confiscations unexampled in history, and every fresh proscription entailed the downfal or disappearance of families, which had up to that time been powerful and celebrated by the native bards. A proof of the systematic misfortune that has weighed down the Irish families is found in the list of Irish peers, which only contains four old Irish names: O'Neil, O'Brien, O'Grady, and O'Callaghan. Still Ulster believes that, with the exception of the O'Laughlins, the five or six royal families that divided the island between them have all representatives. The last of the Maguires, Princes of Fermanagh, was killed in 1660 in a battle with the English troops. A few years ago a legacy was left to his direct heirs, and so many Maguires came forward that the payment of the legacy was declared to be impossible.

The great Norman families that took part in the conquest of Ireland have been preserved better in proportion to their number than those which conquered England. The present De Burghs, the St. Lawrences, the Butlers, Westmeaths, Talbots of Malahide, Brabazons, Fitzgeralds, and Fitzmaurices, are descended in a direct line from brave barons, who founded their family in the twelfth century. John Constantine de Courcy, Lord Kinsale, premier baron of Ireland, is descended from Sir John de Courcy, who was made Earl of Ulster in 1181. When this John de Courcy was attacked by twenty armed men in the churchyard of Downpatrick, he tore up a heavy oak cross, and, with this improvised club, killed twelve of his opponents. He also displayed his courage and enormous strength in fighting for King John, who, in return, gave him the hereditary privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign. When Almeric, the twenty-third baron, on the arrival of William III., made use of his privilege, the monarch inquired what such free and easy conduct meant; and when he received the explanation, he remarked, ratherly bitterly, "Your lordship can keep on your hat in my presence, if you think it becoming, but I hope you will take it off to the queen." When Louis XIV., after the battle of Fontenoy, came up to the spot where the captured English officers were standing, the latter all raised their hats, with the exception of Lord Courcy. After the king had heard the cause of this strange behaviour, he said, with his studied politeness, "My lord, will you dine with me?" "I am not hungry." "I do

not ask whether you are hungry, but whether you will dine with me," Louis XIV. replied, and turned his back on the ill-bred nobleman.

The most powerful of the Anglo-Normans who settled in Ireland were the Fitzgeralds and the Butlers. There was a time when the Butlers held eight peerages in the various branches of their house, and the Fitzgeralds, who were settled in the centre and south of the island, compared themselves to a tree whose branches overshadowed it. The Marquis of Kildare published, in 1858, a history of his family. Would that any equally skilful pen would write the annals of the Earls of Desmond, which are so rich in romantic episodes. Changes of fortune are exceedingly numerous in this family. The sixth earl was disinherited by his uncle for marrying a girl of low birth: the great Earl of Desmond exclaimed, as he was being borne from the field on the shoulders of Ormond's soldiers, "I am in my right place, on the neck of the Butlers." Eventually the last earl, who had an income of 40,000*l.* from his estates, staked everything on an insurrection, and perished miserably through the treachery of a renegade.

The Irish gentleman who received the title of the great Earl of Cork himself tells us that he came to Dublin in 1558 with his entire fortune, consisting of 27*l.* in his pocket, a diamond ring, a gold bracelet, a pair of black velvet trunk hose, two cloaks, the necessary changes of linen, and a sword. Two years before his death, in 1641, he was the owner of castles, domains, parks, and other landed property, which produced him an income of 50*l.* a day. Though he was greatly aided by fortune, his cleverness did him equally good service. Over the door of one of his castles may be seen his coat-of-arms, with the motto, "The providence of God is my inheritance." He might also have used the motto, "Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera."

The splendid estates of the Powerscourts were given to their ancestor by Queen Elizabeth, who robbed the O'Tooles of them. He had the flattering audacity to ask this queen, who combined the greatest feminine vanity with masculine strength, for the scarf she was wearing, which he considered more precious than all the dignities and estates she had just given him. He is represented in an old portrait wearing this scarf as a sword-belt. The scarf itself was hung up under the portrait until the aunt of the last Viscount Powerscourt cut it up to cover footstools with. The old lady could never be brought to understand what wrong she had done by such treatment of this historic relic.

To complete our remarks about the Irish nobility, we must refer to the gentlemen who left their country in consequence of the political persecutions after the dethronement of James, and spread over many continental states. In 1692, fifteen or twenty thousand Irish, who had been raised for James II., passed into the service of Louis XIV. Their officers were Catholic gentlemen, and these troops constantly distinguished themselves. When Marshal Villeroi was surprised and made prisoner at Cremona, the Irish, under the command of an O'Mahony, retrieved the fortunes of the day, and drove the battalions of Prince Eugène out of the city. In the list of the knights of St. Louis we find Irish names on every page. At the present day there is a marshal of Irish origin in France, MacMahon, one in Austria, Nugent, and one in Spain, O'Donnell.

The exaggerated pretensions of the gentry of Wales as to the age of their families are based on no solid foundation, and the want of written

documents, and even of at all credible traditions, has led their genealogists into the most improbable fables when they attempt to go beyond the sixteenth century. The family tree of the Mostyns of Mostyn, which has been preserved in their archives for three centuries, is written on parchment decorated with drawings, and is more than seventy feet long, and one foot in width. It begins with the patriarch Noah (why not with Adam?), passes with but few exceptions through all the princely houses mentioned in the Bible, divides into sundry imperial and royal branches, and at length comes to the Edwards, Kings of England, where it stops. Sir Bernard Burke has performed an equally useless labour by following the Tudors through the mists of the first period of Welsh history, in order to adorn the family tree of an orator and author, who in no way needed such glorification. From the moment when an ancestor of Sir Bulwer Lytton married a real Tudor, we can dispense with her deriving her descent from persons who ruled in Wales in the sixth century, and who had names which it is utterly impossible to pronounce.

Bentham and his scholars asserted that the lords and gentry of the three kingdoms were mushrooms when compared with the continental nobility, and add, that if a people is to be oppressed and plundered by a noble caste, the latter should at least be the real sort. These strong-minded gentlemen have no great cause of complaint, for Great Britain in this respect does not stand far behind other countries.

The asserted superiority of the continental nobility disappears when it is subjected to the same investigation as the British nobility. However far back a family may go, we must come at last to some plebeian who founded its renown and power; furthermore, Gibbon remarks that it is almost impossible to prove a pedigree by names, arms, and authentic documents much beyond the tenth century of the Christian era. It is said that the Dukes of Lewis, in France, boasted of being descended from the princes of the House of Judah, and that they showed an old painting, on which one of these ancestors stands with up-raised hat before the Virgin, who says to him: "Cover yourself, cousin." The Dukes of Croy have a worthy counterpart to this picture in a representation of the Deluge, where a drowning man is shouting to Noah, who is on the point of entering the ark, "Save the archives of the House of Croy." Nothing, however, surpasses the pedigree of the Valdez in Spain; it begins thus: "First was Valdez I.; his successor was Valdez II.; then came Valdez III.; about this period God created the world." A French bishop, notorious for his vanity, is said to have replied to the serious exhortations of his confessor: "Nonsense, God will never have the courage to condemn a Clermont Tonnerre!"

The pretensions of the Montmorencys are tolerably well known. Their nobility does not require to be surrounded by a feigned halo in order to heighten it. One of their ancestors married the widow of a King of France; they gave their country several connétables: one of the marshals of their name was no more and no less than that Duke of Luxembourg, whom the people christened the Upholsterer of Notre-Dame, because his victories had covered the walls of that church with so many flags. There is, however, no certain confirmation that a Montmorency existed before the middle of the tenth century, and their title of first Christian baron cannot be supported or understood, if it be asserted that their ancestor was the first Christian raised to the rank of baron, or the first baron who

became a Christian. The title of first baron of France could be better explained if we understood by France the province of Ile de France, in which the old seigneury of Montmorency is situated. The pride of a French nobleman chiefly consists in the fact of being descended from one of the counts, dukes, or princes who occupied the great territorial domains under monarchy. The Dukes de Gramont retained their sovereignty over Bidache up to the year 1781. The pretensions raised at the present time in France consist in having had an ancestor at the Crusades, and we find in the Annuaire de la Noblesse a number of names claiming this honour; but it cannot be decided with certainty, except in the case of families whose arms are visible in the Hall of the Crusades at Versailles.

The oldest and most illustrious of all great families, says Gibbon, is indubitably the French royal house: it has sat on the throne for above a thousand years, and has a direct descent from male to male since the middle of the ninth century. Bonaparte, in 1808, created a new nobility in France, and distributed the titles of dukes, counts, and barons, but not those of marquis and viscount—several old marquises were forced to content themselves with the title of count, or even of baron. The hereditary peerage was destroyed in 1831, and all titles were abolished in 1848. The new Empire restored them, and the present laws regard names and arms as a property standing under their protection.

Could the modern Roman nobility prove they were really descended from the Patricians of ancient Rome, they would be the oldest nobility in the world, but Gibbon and Muratori unhesitatingly deny the fact. Petrarch, who addresses the Romans in his celebrated letter to Rienzi, says: "Your lords are foreign adventurers. Inquire into their origin. They came from the valley of Spoleto, from the valleys of the Rhine and the Rhône, and from the remotest and darkest corners of the earth." In truth, the Ursinis came from Spoleto in the twelfth century. The Colonnas, who turn up for the first time in 1100, themselves confess that they came from the banks of the Rhine; but their flatterers, for all that, gave them a Roman origin, by asserting that their ancestor was a cousin of Nero, who fled from Rome and founded Mayence. The claims of the Massimi, to be descended from Fabius Maximus, are only based on the resemblance of name. If this substantiate a claim, the Annibali are exceedingly modest for not giving themselves out to be descendants of the Carthaginian hero, and the Cossés in France could then claim the inheritance of Cocceius Nerva.

The nobles of Venice, who are inscribed in the celebrated golden book, formed four classes of very unequal rank; the last consisted of the descendants of those who had acquired nobility by purchase; the first, or most illustrious, comprised the descendants of the twelve persons who, in 697, undertook the election of the first doge, and to them were added the families of four other Venetians, who signed the acts for the foundation of the Church of San Georgio Maggiore, in 800. The families of the Ponti (bridges) quarrelled with the Canali (canals), and asserted that the Ponti stood above the Canali; but their rivals objected that the canals must have existed before the bridges. The Council of Ten, which heard their arguments, put an end to the discussion by stating that it could not only pull down the bridges, but fill up the canals.

The two most renowned Florentine houses are the Medici and the

Strozzi. A branch of the Medicis lives in Naples, and not long ago two Strozzis were in the Austrian service. A Medici was, in the year 1295, elected gonfalonier of the Florentine republic, at a time when the nobles were excluded from this office, which appears to justify their "medical" origin, ascribed to them on account of their name, and the celebrated *palle* in their arms. The Strozzi, who are said to be descended from a Roman pro-consul, first made themselves known in the thirteenth century; that is something; and more than this, they played a brilliant part in the French armies during the reign of Henri II. The Alighieris became extinct in 1558. The immortal Dante Alighieri was convinced that he was the descendant of an old Roman family, which fled to Florence upon the overthrow of the empire. The noble race of the Ariostos at Bologna has equally ceased to exist.

In Spain, excepting in the mountains, the asylum of Pelagus and the first Christians, it is difficult to find any blood never commingled with Moorish, African, Mexican, or even Jewish. A peculiar privilege here separated the noble from the bourgeois class, of which the following is an instance: The relations of a highwayman, who was condemned to death with three other bandits, claimed for him the privilege of his birth, and offered to pay all the expenses incurred. Hence, while his accomplices were hung on ordinary gallows, he was garroted on a scaffold hung with black cloth, after which a protocol was drawn up and handed to his family as a title-deed of nobility. The Spanish grandees of the first class have, it is well known, the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign, and as one and the same person can hold several grandeeships—for both male and female line can succeed—people say that he has several hats, in order to express that he has more than one claim to remain covered before the king or queen. The Duke of Ossuna has many hats, and a quire of paper is needed to record all his titles.

The "Almanach de Gotha" is the best authority for the present condition of the highest nobility on the Continent, and especially for the branches of the mediatised German princely houses.

The true test of a nobleman is to know whether his arms have been transmitted to him through several generations, or whether the Heralds' College has found them for him. The difference between the English peers and the other citizens is only a political distinction, which has no influence on the privileges which a person may have a right to claim through his birth in other countries. A Howard of Corby cannot officially use the title of esquire, unless he is a member of parliament or a magistrate, but for all that he stands on a level, and rightly so, with the princes of Russia or Sicily, the dukes of Naples or Rome, the grandees of Spain, the counts of France, and the barons of Vienna or Berlin.

Formerly, the heralds made visitations through all the counties, and held meetings for the verification of titles, which the nobility were invited to attend. The corrected genealogies were then formally registered, and at the end of each list may generally be found the names of persons who give up the right of bearing arms. The last of these visitations took place in 1687. In 1737 an attempt was made to establish a noble court, but it failed. Still, it is reported that when the actor O'Keeffe amused himself by driving through the streets of Dublin in a carriage on

which the arms of the kings of Ireland were emblazoned, the heralds stopped the carriage in the street and ordered the arms to be removed.

People have grown accustomed to the idea that our age is, above all, one of movement and transition, that property changes hands more quickly than ever, and, hence, that the old territorial nobility of England will disappear before the children of trade and speculation, like the red-skins of America before the white population. If we examine into this more closely, however, we shall probably arrive at a very different opinion. In former times there were more sudden and frequent changes of proprietorship than we see in our days. The civil wars, which entailed the impoverishment and destruction of so many families, will never again, let us trust, break out in England. The time when a favoured minister was able to secure a princely revenue, and found earldoms and marquisates, is gone never to return. Under the Plantagenets, the disorder was so great that persons who felt a desire for a rich estate needed only to take it by force. When the Earl of Warren was ordered by Edward I. to produce his title-deeds, he fetched an old sword, and said, "That is the document in power of which I hold my estates, and with whose help I will defend them." Under Henry VIII., the confiscation and plundering of the abbeys afforded the king the means to enrich favoured families, without laying any sacrifice on the crown. Under Elizabeth, Burleigh certainly fished in troubled waters without attracting great attention, but, for all that, he left his heirs a colossal fortune, though at the beginning of his career he had only been a briefless barrister. The Revolution of 1688 so little interfered with the custom of making presents at the cost of the crown lands, that the parliament was compelled to interfere in order to set limits to it; and when William III. wished to add to his immense presents to his friend Bentinck another large territory, the murmurs of the parliament and the people compelled him to desist. Eventually the crown lands were declared inalienable; but up to the middle of the eighteenth century, pensions and offices gave the favourites no cause for complaint. Thus, when Montagu was nominated Duke of Manchester and peer of the realm, with a revenue of 12,000*l.*, his enemies amused themselves by asking him whether he remembered the time when he found great difficulty in earning 50*l.* a year. In his notes to Bishop Burnet, Lord Dartmouth calculates that the salaries of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, together, amounted to 90,000*l.* a year. Robert Walpole also amassed a stupendous fortune, and it is nothing to the purpose to say that a portion of it was acquired by his speculations in the South Sea Company.

It must also be taken into consideration that the development of trade and commerce improves the position of the landed gentry by raising the value of their estates. The increased revenue of Lords Bedford, Portland, Grosvenor, Portman, and Berkeley, in London and its vicinity, gives us an example of the change produced when the population and wealth of a city are increased. The proprietors of mines also find their revenues augmented.

The present age, therefore, appears to us to be much less favourable than olden times to those persons who are called, whether justly or unjustly, parvenus, and we believe, on the contrary, that the advantage is now on the side of the historically established nobility, whose position and proprietorship have attained the strength of a *fait accompli.*

THE FEDERAL SPY.

It was at the beginning of the present American civil war, whose first battles were fought in Western Missouri, no great distance from the Indian border; all the young Germans in St. Louis who could carry a musket and were not bound to remain in the town had enlisted in the volunteer regiments, in order to oppose the desire of the governor to sever the state from the Union and make it join the Confederation. The adherence of Missouri to the North was for the German element in the state not only a political but a vital question; the Germans had ever been the sharpest opponents of slavery in that state, and under the rule of the Southern barons they would have become utter pariahs. In addition, business was at such a stand-still, there was such a lack of money and work, that many took to soldiering, in order at least to make certain of a livelihood. Still the entire force with which the commander-in-chief, General Lyons, undertook his first expedition into the interior of the state, hardly exceeded seven thousand men, of whom only the officers wore uniforms, but the exercise had been learned wonderfully quick under the pressure of circumstances. I had the good fortune to be elected lieutenant, and confirmed by government, but soon after the general took me on his staff, principally because I was a ready writer.

It was an oppressively warm evening, and the main corps of our small army was encamped in front of a wooded hill, waiting for Colonel Sigel to join us with a still smaller corps. We had but very undecided news about the enemy: we knew that Governor Jackson had summoned the entire male population in these parts under arms, and led them to join the force of the rebels under General Price; but how far off this force might be, or what its strength was, were questions which we had been unable to answer, in spite of all the information we had collected. The entire district in which we now were was attached to the Confederation. Usually, when we approached a farm, we did not see a single white face, but merely grinning negroes, who stared at us with amazement; but whenever we got hold of an American or a farmer's wife, we had found nothing but an ostensibly entire ignorance about our opponents: for a long time past no one had seen or heard anything of them, and even the blacks, who were at length induced to speak, seemed to have a thorough understanding with their masters.

I was lying in front of the general's tent on the grass, enjoying the light cool breeze which blew on us from the mountains, and listening to the songs which echoed from amid the encamped troops. We had entire singing clubs among us, who, in spite of the fatigue of the march, allowed no evening to pass without singing splendid quartets. There was one song to a march tune, written expressly for the Missouri Volunteers, which specially attracted me, and which deserved to become the Marseillaise of the Germans in the commencing struggle. At least I thought so then, while I was still surrounded by all the enthusiasm for our cause, the romance and poetry of the first beginning of our "holy war"—to-day, when we have been so bitterly deluded, when the Germans

have perished by thousands through the treachery of the commissariat and the ignorance of the so-called generals, the said song sounds like a living mockery.

When the last sounds of this song died out on this evening, I was, as usual, so excited by it that I should have liked to risk my life in some heroic deed, careless of the danger. At this moment the entrance of the tent was opened, and the general stepped out, with a sharp glance around him. I was on my feet in a second, and he gave a pleased nod on noticing me. "Let us step on one side for a moment, Reuter," he said to me, and pushed back his grey bushy hair—a movement I had constantly noticed when any grave thoughts occupied him; "I should like to speak a couple of words with you." He walked in front of me out of the camp, until we stood half way between it and our pickets, looked sharply around the landscape, which was brightly illumined by the moon, and then began, in a cautiously suppressed voice:

"I have received some vague information about the present position of General Price, but am still utterly in the dark as to the strength and nature of his force. The terrain is growing difficult, demands the utmost caution, and, if we have to fight a superior force, which has been, besides, recruited from the best strength of the counties, our young fellows, in spite of their bravery, may suffer a defeat, which must have a most deleterious effect on the whole state at the present moment. Everything depends on my obtaining an accurate report of the strength and position of the Confederates. Do you know any one among our people who will expose himself to the risk, but, at the same time, speaks English so fluently, and is so well acquainted with the state of affairs, that he can pass as a settler of many years' standing in these parts?"

He uttered the last sentence more slowly, but his flashing eye was fixed so inquiringly on me, that I at once knew what he intended by his question, though I did not for a moment hesitate to satisfy his expectations:

"If you consider it necessary that I should go, general, you have only to give the order," I replied.

My explanation seemed to be almost too quick for him, for he looked at me as if undecided, and passed his hand through his hair.

"I confess that I certainly thought of you," he at last said, slowly. "It is an enterprise, on the success of which the fate of all of us probably depends; still, Reuter, I must say one thing to you, if you are detected, you will not be treated as a prisoner of war, or shot, but be dishonourably hanged."

I may possibly have turned pale on hearing this, for he turned away with a painful frown.

"I am aware that few would undertake this duty," he muttered. "The strictest secresy is the first requirement, and I dare not confide in many——"

"I will go, general," I interrupted him. I had quickly overcome the sudden attack of moral weakness which had taken possession of me. "If I am hanged, I know why I have sacrificed myself, and you will defend my honour. However, I have to be caught first. Give me your instructions, general."

He looked at me, as if wishing to test my seriousness; then he offered me his hand, and pressed mine heartily.

"Come into my tent," he said, shortly, and walked back ahead of me.

Half an hour later, dressed like a true farmer's boy, and escorted through our lines by the general himself, I was proceeding towards the narrow road that ran into the wooded hills. Over my shoulder hung a canvas bag, containing two live hens and a dozen eggs. To the present day I do not know whence the clothes I wore were obtained: they lay waiting for me in the tent; but the hens and eggs were stock laboriously collected by the general's German servant to improve his scanty dinners, and I shall not easily forget the look poor Fred gave when he was ordered by the general to place his *spolia opima* in my sack. When the special history of the present war comes to be written, a memorial is certain for this German lad. When, a few weeks later, General Lyons fell in the field as a glorious example for his troops, he sank, with the cry, "Fred, I am going up!" into the arms of this faithful fellow, who never left his side, and drew his last breath on his bosom.

I turned into the path that led into the hills, as I said, and thought over the part which was allotted to me. I must give myself out as an enthusiastic Secessionist, who was making a long journey in order to offer the rebel general a little fresh fare. That I, as a young and powerful man, would not be let go again, but forced to enlist, was natural: hence it would be best for me to announce myself at once as a volunteer, and try to escape again during the night.

Although darkness had already set in, it could not be more than eight o'clock, and if the news the general had received was trustworthy, I must reach the enemy's camping-ground long before ten o'clock. The farther I went the clearer the night became. The wood often fell back on both sides for a long distance, and left space for cultivation. Here and there a farm-house emerged from the gloom, fireflies glistened all around me, but the warm air produced such an enfeebling effect on my nerves that I should have certainly fallen into a half-waking dream had not the consciousness of my dangerous enterprise aroused me with a jerk.

According to my watch I had been walking for a good hour: the country was more open, and now the path turned into a high road, on whose side the grass had been trodden down for many yards wide and trampled. Now I knew that I was on the right track. Cavalry had passed here, an arm of which our small army was almost ignorant, and it was only the thought of our artillery, which was served by veteran gunners, that removed the unpleasant feeling produced in me by this superiority on the part of the foe. I went on as if anxious only to reach my journey's end, for I might meet some one at any moment, in which case my external demeanour would be of great consequence. In a few minutes the wood entirely retired, and a brick house, surrounded by densely foliaged fruit-trees, a garden with a neat paling and a wide extent of enclosed fields, became visible. A wooden piazza seemed to run round the house, and an open window could be distinguished between the broad-leaved creepers which had clambered up the gable end. In the midst of the verdure and silence it looked like an image of peace, so that I almost began to doubt the vicinity of the Secessionists, tales about

whose cruelty were current in our camp. I had involuntarily halted: at the same moment, however, a voice shouted to me no great distance off:

"Stop, my fine fellow; I should like to know whither you are bound."

At the same moment one of those powerful men, who may be so often met in the interior of the land, leaped over the fence, with a rifle on his shoulder. I saw that the time had arrived to begin playing my part.

"Have you any business in camp?" he at length asked, with a look full of mistrust. "We hear that the Germans are only six miles from here."

"I know it, sir," I nodded, as calmly as possible. "I even saw their outposts, but got out of their way, so as not to be examined."

"It seems to me, though, in spite of your fluent English, as if you were a German yourself," he replied, with a sharp glance.

"There may be something of the sort about my accent," I replied, long prepared for the remark. "My grand-parents were German, and my mother could be recognised for German up to her death. But all that has nothing to do with the matter. I was born in Laclede county, when a boy was a good democrat, and now wish that all the republicans, Germans, Irish, or Americans, may go to the devil—that is all."

"And probably you now wish to join the governor's troops?" he asked, with a cunning smile.

"That is the fact, sir," I replied, with decision, "if there is a gun left for me. I have brought with me all that was left on the farm—two fowls and a dozen eggs—for the governor or general; others may have done more, but I have nothing better to offer."

He still looked at me dubiously. "Well, sir, the descendants of Germans have generally the least talent for lying," he at length said, slowly. "There are many of them hereabout who are true friends of the South, and so I will believe you. In any case we are going the same road, and as I have examined you here, it will save you much talking on our arrival."

He threw his rifle over his shoulder, signed to me to follow, and then walked on by my side. I, however, regarded this meeting as a lucky omen for the execution of my design. Half legitimatised by this man, any special suspicion could hardly fall on me, and if I managed matters with decent cleverness, my retreat during the course of the night would not be very difficult.

"The governor seems to have plenty of cavalry with him," I commenced, after a short spell of silent marching, as if to begin a conversation, and pointed to the trampled grass.

"Perhaps you will like to know how many?" he said, with so peculiar an intonation that I turned round quickly and found myself once again face to face with my man.

"Why not, if you can tell me?" I replied, calmly. "Is the question not allowed?"

"You seem to me to wear too fine shirts for a farmer's lad from Laclede," he replied, pointing with a sharp, distrustful laugh to my left sleeve, under which my shirt-cuff was visible, and it required all my self-possession for the moment not to display any embarrassment. Still the

consciousness with which I had set out, that I could only gain my object by a bold course of lying, soon restored my coolness.

"Do you know," I said to him, as I pulled up my coat-sleeve and quietly turned back my shirt-cuff, "that I was disposed through your recent expressions to take you for a German-American too? I was mistaken, I see, for otherwise you must have known that most of the old German immigrants into the state were members of the respectable classes, and gave their children and grandchildren the best education in their power. I myself attended the college of St. Louis, and if I happen to be wearing a good shirt now, it is because I am used to it. My clothes are bad, but I did not wish to run the risk of having better ones torn off my back. However, I have nothing to do with you, but only with the general or the governor, to whom I am carrying my fowls and eggs."

I turned away with an angry movement and walked on, and my companion followed in silence.

"Well, sir," he said, after a while, "you may be right. I am myself of German origin."

"You say so, and that is sufficient," I replied, without checking my pace, "but I noticed nothing of it in your conduct to me."

From this moment we did not exchange another syllable, till at the expiration of about a quarter of an hour we reached a wide, treeless plateau, and saw the flashing of several fires at a short distance wonderfully blended with the moonlight. Fifty paces farther and a sturdy voice challenged us. "All right," my companion replied; and, with a sign to me to halt, walked up to the sentry, who had emerged from behind a bush. The couple only exchanged a few words, then I was summoned, and under the searching glance of the contender for Southern rights, who, in his ragged exterior, fully confirmed my previous notions, I followed by guide, who was rapidly advancing towards the fires. So soon as we were near enough to distinguish anything, all my senses passed into my eyes. I was able to survey the whole camp, and strove to form an idea of the probable strength of the foe; for, once inside the lines, I should probably find no opportunity of making an estimate, through fear of asking dangerous questions.

On my left I could plainly see between the camp-fires the lines of horses, whose neighing reached our ears, and all the arrangements taught me that the chief command was in thoroughly practised hands. The camp was considerably larger than ours, and a wild buzzing rose from it. I also noticed heavy guns flashing in the firelight—two pieces, however, were all I could discover, in spite of the most careful search, and in the anxiety to obtain a certainty as to the strength of this arm, I turned to my companion:

"A couple more of those grumblers, sir, would do no harm."

He quickly turned towards me with a frown. "Such remarks may injure you, sir; you have a remarkably sharp eye for a peaceable farmer."

A loud "Hilloh, Charley, whom have we here?" at our rear, stopped my replying, and the next moment we were surrounded by five or six armed men, probably returning from a patrol; their leader, however—one of those vagabonds who are at home at the Mississippi landing in St. Louis, and who was only distinguished from the rest by having a firelock—laid his

broad, bony hand on my shoulder. I felt an irresistible impulse to loose his grasp, but overcame the feeling in time.

"I am not quite clear myself," my hitherto companion replied, while his face, however, displayed a slight dissatisfaction at the familiarity of the other fellow. "He says he comes from Laclede county, and has fowls and eggs for the governor, or general, in his sack."

"Hilloh, hilloh, eggs and fowls!" the patrol leader suddenly laughed, in the coarse fashion of his breed, while his hand clutched my shoulder more tightly. "I say, Charley, this child is suspicious, otherwise he must know that the faithful Missourians let their governor and general suffer no want of such dainties, while the army, it is true, must eat rusty bacon and rotten salt pork. I propose that we examine him thoroughly here; give him what he deserves, and take what he has about him to pay the costs of the court-martial."

"I think otherwise, sir, and must request you to be good enough to set the man at liberty," my companion said to the patrol leader with a flushed face. "He has come voluntarily to our camp, trusted to my protection, wishes to enter our ranks, and no one shall say that any improper violence has been done him among us. General Price shall himself settle about the man."

An ugly scowl played round the mouth of the first speaker.

"Oh! you have just come from a good supper at your own house," he said; "but if I consider the man suspicious, I trust that you will have nothing to say against it. I think I have seen his face somewhere, and not in Laclede county. Take care that you do not draw suspicion on yourself, Mr. Werner."

The speaker laid so marked a stress on the German name, that it was at once clear to me that this was sufficient to weaken perfect confidence among the Secessionists; at the same time, however, I also knew that the bearer of this name belonged to the house which had so struck me by the cleanliness and order of its belongings.

"Well, sir," I said with decision, preventing the answer of my companion, "I will find my way to the general, even though you may stop me here and plunder me; but then we shall know what those have to expect who come into camp with the best will. I am of German descent too, sir. My name is Reuter, and if you want to know anything more, I have a couple of strong fists which can defend their owner. I suppose all present do not wish to play the thief with me."

At the same moment, by a strong jerk, I liberated myself from his grasp, and stood opposite to him with clenched fists. I knew that people of this stamp must be addressed in their own language if you wish to get anything from them, and that giving way only heightens their cowardly brutality; but in this instance I appeared to have made a mistake.

"Who do you call thief?" the man yelled, as he raised his musket to his cheek. At the same moment, however, my companion struck up the gun, while two men of the patrol sprang between us.

"Stay, Stevens, stay; he seems to be a worthy fellow. The general might have a crow to pluck with us, as it is, about the fowls," I heard several fellows mutter. And Stevens lowered his firelock with a poisonous glance.

"Very well, he can come with us into the camp," he said, after a short visible struggle with himself; "but I'll be hanged if I do not know the face, and the Lord have mercy on him if all is not right with him."

He gave his men a sharp order to take me between them, and we started for camp at quick march. Within scarce five minutes the groups round the nearest camp-fire were clearly perceptible, and I honestly confess that my heart began to beat more impetuously at the earnestness of the danger, which now rose distinctly before me. Wherever I looked, I could only discover ruffians of the same stamp as my guardians—men who would display the same contempt for death in action, as they did in every street row for knives and revolvers, but who had hardly any other feeling than that of rough brutality, and had taken part in the war solely in order to punish the detested Dutchmen; for in Missouri the war from the outset had degenerated into a struggle between the German and American nationalities. Card-playing and swearing, with here and there a funny fellow who imitated a nigger, seemed to offer the sole amusement, and it was not till we reached the centre of the camp that the noise began to lull. Here I saw the uniform of several regular militia companies from St. Louis, to which only full-blooded Americans belonged; then came a wide open space, in the middle of which a camp-fire blazed, and twenty yards from it a halt was commanded, while the leader of the patrol and my first guide walked towards the fire.

I had perfect time to arrange my ideas. We were certainly in the vicinity of one of the general officers, and my difficulties were really about to begin; but how, even if I remained unsuspected, I was to escape unnoticed from the mob, appeared to me for the moment inexplicable, while it would be utterly impossible, should I become an object of suspicion, to which Stevens seemed much inclined. Still, I had not much time allowed me for useless reflections. Stevens returned, and ordered me to follow him, with a sulky look. An officer in handsome attire, with several aides, was now standing before the fire; behind it orderlies of the St. Louis militia were walking about—but the gentleman awaiting my arrival was not General Price.

My examiner was a thorough Southerner, with pale face, dark hair and beard, and black flashing eyes, which were fixed on me as I approached as if they wished to penetrate to my very soul.

"What has brought you into camp, sir?" he asked, sharply.

"The same thing that may have brought others, sir," I replied, giving my voice all possible firmness. "I took the last fowls and eggs from our farm to bring them to the general, and to ask whether there is a musket to spare for me."

"You say that you come from Laclede county?" was the second query.

"Yes, sir, not far from Oakland."

"And what have you to say to the contrary?" the examiner turned to Stevens; "the affair seems to me quite simple."

"I have only to say, colonel," Stevens replied, while a hateful smile played round his lips, "that a man can easily give himself out for what he pleases; but I know his face from St. Louis, though I do not remember exactly who he is; that the man is a German, and that I, there-

fore, suspect he does not come from Laclede county, but from General Lyons, confound his soul."

A quick, dark glance was darted at me by the officer.

"You have heard, sir?"

Though I felt most uncomfortable in my mind, I mustered up enough courage to shrug my shoulders contemptuously.

"I think, sir, I know this man's face, or, at least, some very like it, belonging to the fellows called Levée Rats at St. Louis—I was at college there—and that I am not mistaken is proved by the fact that this man proposed to his patrol to plunder me of all I had before entering the camp, and get rid of me in some way or other."

"I can confirm the last statement, colonel, although I am not disposed to be answerable for this person in any way," my first companion now said, who had been standing in the shade aside from the fire; and, after a quick glance at the speaker, the officer looked at my accuser with a peculiar expression of disgust. I saw how he despised the wretched fellows employed to regain the so-called Southern rights, and, at the same time, saw that my cause was gained for the moment.

"Have you any answer to make to this charge?" he asked shortly, as if he repelled every superfluous word; and when Stevens only replied with a furious glance at me, he turned to the nearest officer:

"I see no reason for undue suspicion. Let the man deliver what he has for the general, and then place him in the reserve with the new recruits." Then he gave me a hasty nod. "If your sentiments are really what you describe them, I thank you for your patriotism; if not, you may be assured that you will have a bullet in your back at the first wrong step."

He walked to the other side of the fire: I gave my fowls and eggs up, and then, to my great relief, was led to the extreme end of the camp, where, it is true, the fires burned as brightly as elsewhere, but the idle way in which the soldiers lay about revealed novices in the art of war. I fancied I had quite escaped any danger, when suddenly a voice shouted my name, and a young man leaped up from the nearest fire:

"Reuter, old fellow, what has brought the sheep among the goats—and what, by Jingo, is the meaning of the masquerade? Has the lieutenant secretly bolted from his countrymen to enlist under the right flag?"

At the first words my heart felt as if it were standing still, but when I heard Stevens's voice a short distance behind me, a perfect horror seized upon me. In the last year I had been engaged in one of the large mercantile firms of St. Louis, where Stevens, who, like most of his sort, probably gained a livelihood as porter on the quay, had often seen me. The young man, though, who had addressed me, had been clerk to a neighbouring firm, knew me well, and had, like myself, on the cessation of all trade, taken up a musket, though I was on the side of the Germans, and he, as an American, on that of his countrymen. My deception must now be revealed, and the former friend had, although involuntarily, handed me over to the rope. I saw his features assume an expression of surprise on noticing my face, which must have turned ashen white, and also heard the officer accompanying me say, in so peculiar a tone that it pierced my heart, "Oh, Jim, so you know the gentleman." But I had only one

thought, that behind the nearest fires was freedom, and that scarce two hundred paces from us a sharp forest spur jutted into the plain. At the same time I knew that I must not hesitate a moment in acting, for if I hoped to save myself, it must be effected by surprise, and I should have a run for life. If I were shot down I should still escape the rope. Hence the officer had hardly finished his sentence ere I bounded out of the throng, and ran between the squatting soldiers straight out into the plain.

I flew like a startled deer towards the forest, and for two seconds everything remained quiet behind me. Then, however, they shouted all the more wildly, "A spy! stop the spy!" I distinctly recognised the rough hoarse voice of Stevens. "Stop the spy!" twenty voices repeated after him. At this moment a man suddenly rose before me: it was one of the chain of pickets, but I ran him down ere he could understand the matter: a bullet pinged behind me, a second and a third followed it, but I felt myself unwounded, and fled onward. Had not there been only raw recruits behind me, and mostly unarmed, a worse lot would assuredly have befallen me. Still I felt that the whole camp was alarmed, saw Stevens dogging my heels like a bloodhound, and knew that even the wood would not save me from my pursuers, unless some fortunate accident intervened in my favour. In this way, without daring to take a single back glance, I reached the trees, which at least secured me against further shots, but a sudden disappointment relaxed all my muscles. What I had taken in the moonshine for a wooded spur was only a clump of bushes of small circumference, and I could see the open, bare plateau when I had forced my way through the copse and reached the last trees. A short distance behind me I heard loud yells: every moment's delay must hand me over to my pursuers, but in the midst of all the confusion I thought with marvellous clearness, and I soon made up my mind while continuing my flight at the top of my speed. On the right lay the road along which I had come, and which I must reach again, if I did not wish to get into an utterly unknown country. The bushes must for a while conceal the altered direction of my flight, and even should it be discovered, I had at any rate equally swift feet and just as enduring lungs as any of my enemies. I had not gone a hundred yards, however, when loud shouts behind me announced that I was discovered on the bare, moonlit plain. My road might have been cut off here from the camp, and I took a hurried, timid glance in the direction, but as no trace of new pursuers was visible here, I prepared myself for the long race which must now infallibly ensue, and the possibility which rose before me of being able to escape after all poured perfectly fresh life into my veins.

From this moment I only know that I reached my former road, and followed it as if held by magnetic force, at a pace which soon made me feel as if my chest were bursting; common sense should have urged me to gain the wood lying on the side, but an irresistible impulse drove me onwards towards the camp of my German comrades; at the same time I fancied that I could not be at all far from the point at which the wood rejoined the road, and would offer me a covering without the necessity of a flank movement, but I already began to feel that I must stop to draw fresh breath, and my eyes, over which a thick mist was beginning to

settle, could nowhere discover the bushes. Just as I was thinking of taking a compulsory short rest, the breeze bore a sound down to my ear which aroused a feeling of desperation in me—the sound of galloping horsemen. My pursuers had given up following me on foot, but knew only too well that with horses they must catch me up in the open. Perhaps I should still have been able to reach the wood had my strength been fresh; but I was utterly exhausted, and for a moment asked myself whether it would not be best to let myself be trampled under foot by the approaching horses, and thus escape all the torture which would await me from the moment of capture up to that of hanging.

At this moment something gleamed in the distance ahead of me; my eye turned in the direction mechanically, but soon became fixed on a well-known object—some two hundred yards from me stood the house with its enclosures, which had attracted my attention on my outward journey—the house of my countryman Werner, who was now probably one of my most eager pursuers, but for all that my sole hope, if I would not surrender unresistingly to the foes whose approach became with each minute more audible. The orchard was densely foliaged, but it must be the first place searched, so soon as I disappeared from the sight of my pursuers, hence I rejected the choice of this hiding-place. All at once I noticed the open window, almost concealed by creepers, which seemed to me like a sanctuary. According to appearance, it opened from a passage or some unused room; the piazza, on which it looked out, could be easily scaled, and in the house itself they were least likely to seek me.

So soon as I reached the first fence I clambered over it in order to conceal myself as far as possible. I reached the house, slipped between the fruit-trees, and a glance told me that the window was still open. At the same time, however, the loud shout of one of my pursuers sounded so close to me in the road that I scarce hoped to have time to climb up the piazza, but an answer from a distance showed me that my pursuers were in doubt as to the road they should follow. Once again a little strength returned to my muscles, which enabled me to reach one of the short columns of the piazza, but when I had forced my way through the narrow orifice offered by the window, I felt that my senses were leaving me, and, unable to keep up, I fell on my knees.

But a clear, powerful, girlish voice suddenly aroused me from my semi-insensibility.

"Who's there?" I heard; "answer quickly, or I fire."

Now I saw for the first time by the moonbeams that I had entered a room in the background of which a white form was sitting up in bed, and pointing a revolver at me with the utmost determination.

"For Heaven's sake, miss, if you do not wish to let a man be murdered in cold blood, silence," I exclaimed; at this moment only thinking of my own pressing danger. "I have fallen among the Secessionists; they take me for a spy, and if you give me up I shall be a dead man in half an hour."

Her weapon sank before my breathless speech and worn appearance, and I saw, though as through a veil, her large eyes sharply fixed on me. "Who are you? But tell the truth at all hazards," she said, in a suppressed voice, which, however, lost none of its peculiar inflection.

I had no reason for concealing anything that was already known in the rebel camp; but I revelled in the thought of surrendering unconditionally to this girl, who, under the pressure of circumstances, did not seem to notice her peculiar situation with a young man.

"I am a Federal officer," I replied, without any hesitation. "I know that an inhabitant of this house has joined General Lyons; but if there be human blood in your veins, as I conjecture, I know that you will not surrender a worn-out German fugitive to his foes and a disgraceful death."

I had uttered the last words hurriedly, for I heard hasty footsteps cracking the dry branches in the orchard I had just left. I had scarce ended, when a man began speaking outside, and I recognised Stevens's peculiar organ.

"Either the earth has swallowed him up, or he has climbed through that window—there is no hole here to hide him."

"We shall soon know how matters are," another voice said; "two men here to watch the window and back part of the house, two to keep the door, and we will fetch the fox out of his earth, if he is in it."

Two minutes later heavy blows were dealt the house door, and the girl raised her arm with a gentle movement. "In there, sir," she cried, pointing to a small side door; "lie down on the ground, cover yourself with anything you may find, and do not stir till I myself fetch you out of your hiding-place."

I did not wait for the order to be repeated; certain that she had the best wish to save me, I opened the door of the closet, which seemed to be the lady's wardrobe. I stumbled against a large chest, behind which the sloping roof formed a cavity: into this I crept, and might consider myself safe if no search was made in my hiding-place. But I was hardly on the ground, ere I heard my pursuers on the ground floor eagerly talking with a man, who had evidently opened the house door to them, and soon after the heavy footsteps of several persons were audible on the stairs. They stopped before the door of the girl's bedroom, and there was a deep silence. Then came a cautious tapping, and some one said, "Maggy, Maggy!"

"What is it, father—what means the noise in the house?" the girl asked, in perfect calmness.

"Maggy, you must open the door for a few minutes; a German spy is said to have sought shelter in your room, and the gentlemen, who are following him, insist on searching."

"Father, I am in bed, but for the last hour awake, and know there is no one in my room except myself. Tell them that, and they will not think of extending their search to a young lady's bedroom."

A loud murmuring reached my ears, and then the father said, more decidedly than before:

"It is of no use, Maggy; we are living in war times; throw something over you quickly, and be assured that all possible gentleness will be shown you."

"A minute's patience, then, if it must be," cried Maggy; and I heard her foot gently touch the floor. Soon after, the door-bolt was drawn back, but at the same time she cried, "Two seconds and then you can enter."

She hurried to my hiding-place, leaving the door of it wide open, and a sked, in a whisper, "Where are you?"

"Here," I replied. And the next instant she was seated on the chest, completely concealing the hole where I lay with her petticoats; at the same time, however, the room door was burst open, and I could notice a bright jet of light.

"Maggy?" exclaimed the father, who was probably looking round for her in vain.

"I am here, father, but cannot show myself in this state, and expect he gentle treatment promised me; indeed, this appears to me a mode of behaviour quite unusual with gentlemen."

There was no reply to this, and I could only conjecture, from the sounds and oaths that reached my ear, that my pursuers were seeking me. My position had now become so fearfully uncomfortable that I often felt a cramp run through all my limbs, and yet the narrow space allowed of no change. While the attention of the searchers was confined to the bedroom, I was just going to attempt a half turn, when the rough voice of Stevens was audible close to the door of the closet, and almost robbed me of breath.

"Here is another room, and the lady must consent to a search. The fellow was good-looking enough to produce all sorts of thoughts."

"Stop, sir," Maggy cried, in a peculiarly changed voice, and at the same time I heard the cock of a revolver twang. "I granted, gentlemen, admission to my bedroom, and any one who comes too near me here, where there is scarce room enough for myself, I will shoot down as a ruffian. If my father cannot defend his daughter's honour from insult, I will try to do so myself."

"Maggy, no one will do you any harm," was the old man's answer; "but it is war now, and I will not have it said that I offered any obstacle to my house being searched."

"Very well, father. Now ask yourself whether it is possible for any one to be hidden here. I said that I could not let myself be seen in this state; and Americans who forget the most common respect for their own ladies, deserve no other treatment than loafers."

"Enough of this. After all, our suspicions are too superficial to torture this brave girl any longer," said the same voice which had before ordered the guard in the house. "You believe, on your honour, sir, that this man's supposition is based on a mistake?"

"I was convinced of it from the beginning, for I know my daughter," the old man replied; "still, in the present times, I did not like to offer the slightest opposition."

"And have you no idea of a hiding-place in the vicinity where the fugitive may be?"

"I do not see, sir, why he may not have laid himself in the shadow of a fence, or in the tall grass on the skirt of the forest. If he altered his course here, anything is more likely than that he should have entered a house where he does not know a soul."

A short pause ensued, in which I heard my own heart beat.

"It certainly seems that we have delayed here unnecessarily," the first voice said. "Pardon us, miss, but circumstances compel us to many an unusual step."

A short, half-loud conversation then began, and then I heard the door open and the men going down stairs.

"Go to bed again, Maggy. I trust you will not be disturbed again," the old man said. And the door was closed.

I drew a deep breath of relief, but waited in vain for a movement on the part of my protectress. When the sound of retiring hoofs became audible outside she rose slowly and feebly, walked towards the entrance, and then clung with both hands to the door-post. Had not the painful feeling in all my limbs urged me to leave my hiding-place, my desire to help the girl, and my deep gratitude, would have made me do so. I rose to my feet as quietly as I could, the sinking moon shone right into the room, and lit up a pale, sweetly-modelled face with half-closed eyes, which could scarce be distinguished from the white night-dress carelessly folded round her limbs. She seemed to be contending against a faintness; but when, in obedience to my warm feelings, I said, half aloud, "For Heaven's sake, miss, can I do nothing for you?" my words seemed to restore her a portion of her strength. "Nothing, sir, nothing," she replied, drawing herself up with a slight shudder. "Go back and close the door." She went firmly out into her bedroom, and I heard her bolt the door of it; but honouring her feelings, which I fully understood, I had already closed the small closet door and seated myself on the chest, waiting till she would release me.

I waited so long that I fell fast asleep, without having an idea of it, and it was not till I felt a gentle shake that I started up. It was perfectly dark around me, but the half loud melodious voice which now sounded in my ear restored me my perfect consciousness.

"The moon has gone down, sir, but in an hour day will break," I heard; "get ready to leave at once."

"I am ready," I said, noiselessly rising.

"Then give me your hand and follow me gently. Take the same road through the window, and then go through the orchard to the fence, where you will wait for me. Not a word, sir," she added, as I tried to give vent to my feelings in a few hurried sentences.

I took her small soft hand, in which nothing revealed the farmer's daughter, in mine, but I did not even dare a pressure of thanks. She led me to the open window, and I effected my retreat almost noiselessly. Below me it was so dark that it took me a minute or two to make sure of my direction; and I had not been at the fence an instant, when a gentle rustling revealed Maggy's presence.

"Follow now close after me," she said. "You must not return by the direct road to the German camp, for they will be watching for you there. But, before all, not a word."

She had cautiously opened a gate in the fence, and now walked on with light, quick steps. She went straight along a furrow in the ploughed fields. Two or three fences, which lay in our way, she climbed over with the lightness of habit, so that I could only find her again by the light of the waning stars. Then I noticed we had entered a path which ran across the plain between tall bushes, and we at length reached the skirt of the wood, which completely concealed us. The girl walked ahead of me with the same speed and certainty. I would gladly have addressed

her, but I believed that I thanked her best by punctually executing her orders, and held my tongue. In about half an hour day began to break; but now our path ran right into the wood.

"Remain close behind me, not to lose your way," she now spoke, for the first time. "We shall soon reach a spot where you cannot miss your road."

I had a feeling in my heart as if a lovely fairy had appeared to me in my trouble, and, after saving me, would disappear and leave me pining for her. But the root-covered track soon brought me back to reality. I needed all my caution to escape a fall in following my guide, who walked along, forgetful of my ignorance of the locality; and it was not till the red light of dawn began to pierce through the foliage that we entered a broad highway. There she stopped, with her face still averted from me, as if reflecting on the right direction, or desirous of regaining her strength. When she at length turned to me, she was standing in the full rosy dawn in a grey summer dress, fitting tightly to her form, with her broad-brimmed straw hat thrown on her back, and gazing at me with a half shy glance from her large eyes. So maidenly, so graceful in her simplicity, I had never imagined her after the occurrences of the night.

"This is your road, sir," she said, slightly turning her head away as if wishing to escape my glance. "In less than half an hour you can rejoin your comrades."

"And now, miss, tell me," I cried, under the excitement of my feelings, "how can I ever thank you for what you have done for a perfect stranger this night."

She slowly turned her head: her face had again become as serious and pale as I had seen it in the moonlight.

"You have nothing to thank me for, sir," she calmly replied. "I hate this revolt against legal order, which has brought the dregs of the American population into our peaceful neighbourhood, and love the Germans and their fidelity to the Union, as I loved my own grand-parents. What I may have done for you, I did for my own satisfaction, and so let us part without further compliments."

"And you give me no hope, Miss Werner," I said, after a short pause, in which her eye rested calmly on my excited face, "of ever seeing you again?"

A melancholy smile played round her lips. "Do you know, sir, whether either of us will be alive to-morrow?" she replied; then added, in greater excitement, pointing in the direction of the rebel camp, "These men care neither for age nor sex when they fancy they have discovered an enemy of their senseless enterprise, and you will probably go into action this day. Do you think that, under other circumstances, I should have acted with so little self-respect?" A bright flush suffused her cheeks at the last words, wondrously enhancing her beauty, and I seized her hand, which she granted me after a slight struggle.

"Very good, Miss Maggy; but if ever circumstances permit us to meet again, may I then address you and remind you of this night, and the gratitude of a heart whch has never before felt as it has done during the last few hours?"

She quickly withdrew her hand and turned away, that I might not see

the vivid blush which spread over her face. "Go, sir, go! Heaven protect you!" she added, hurriedly, while making a movement to return to the wood.

"And may I not even tell you my name?" I asked, with a feeling which was strangely divided between the sorrow of parting and a happiness I suddenly felt.

She stopped, turned slowly back, and a beaming glance, with which, however, a peculiar melancholy was blended, met me. "I know it already, sir," she said, with a smile that looked like a sunbeam forcing its way through clouds. "Your enemies told it my father when they entered the house. God protect you, Mr. Reuter," she added, and offered me her hand. But I had scarce seized it with a firm pressure when I felt her fingers slip from my grasp again, and the girl walked slowly towards the forest without once looking back.

In less than half an hour I was in camp, and had made my report to my general. Four hours after we were standing face to face with the enemy, who, thanks to our excellent guns, soon broke and allowed us to advance.

In the battle of Springfield, fought soon after, I was wounded, and transported with other patients first to Jefferson City and then to St. Louis. I had received a bullet in the left shoulder, which missile placed me hors de combat for a long time; still, thanks to the intercession of my friends, I had procured a situation in the post-office, which would keep me comfortably for several years. One day business took me to the railway depôt, just at the moment when a train arrived with fugitives from the interior of the state, and I suddenly saw a face which had never left my memory for a day. I looked into two dark sparkling eyes, in which a heaven seemed to open before me, and the next second—how it happened I never knew—I had both Maggy's hands in mine. "Yes, it must be that we were to meet again," she replied to an involuntary exclamation of surprise on my part, and then turned to an old farmer, who was evidently astounded by the whole scene. "It is Mr. Reuter, father, you know."

I will be short in my conclusion. When we drove the rebels from the neighbourhood of Werner's farm, without it being possible for me to visit the memorable house again, the old man had openly displayed his sympathy with the Federals, while his son, valuing his American citizenship more than his German origin, fled with the Secessionists; and Maggy did not hesitate to narrate her share in my flight. But both fared badly for their openness. The German forces were compelled to go to every threatened point of the State, and soon after Southern guerilla bands appeared, plundering and burning everything that belonged to the Unionists. Old Werner, who was warned betimes, did not wait for the worst, but saved his money and anything else he could, and fled with his daughter to St. Louis. It was high time to do so, for he learned on the road, from other fugitives who followed after him, that on their departure nothing remained of his house but smoking ruins.

Three months passed, in which I constantly visited the pair, who were temporarily living in a boarding-house, and my feelings for Maggy had

ripened into love. Still I noticed that old Werner was excessively reserved towards me, and evaded any opportunity of having an explanation with me. At length he recognised among the rebel prisoners brought in a young man from his neighbourhood, and learned from him that his son had fallen in one of the repeated skirmishes. When I called on him that evening, I found that a remarkable change had taken place both in him and Maggy. The girl, who tried in vain to hide her tear-swollen eyes, begged me not to ask any questions, and stay but a little while; but when I returned next day, the old man told me with perfect calmness what had happened, and added, "He behaved wrong to his parents and grand-parents; but still it could never have been a match between you and Maggy if he had come home again, for he would have taken to the farm. Now, though, if you like to be my son, after we have got over our heavy loss, and, so soon as the times become quieter again, go into the country with us, I have nothing to say against it; but I cannot part entirely from my last child, and wish to die at the spot where I planted nearly every tree, and which has been my home till now."

Maggy is now my darling wife, in whom I discover fresh treasures every day; but we are still waiting for the time the old man is longing for, and which will render me a prosperous farmer. Unfortunate Missouri is still rent by civil war, and when we offer thanks to Heaven, it is, before all, because we are in a safe asylum, and have a more endurable lot than the many thousands whose welfare has been utterly and eternally ruined in this hapless war.

A MODERN FRENCH DUEL.

Our way lay in the direction of the Porte Maillot, in the Bois de Boulogne (Jules Janin is the narrator; if Dumas père can best describe the more stirring aspects of a French duel in the olden time, the veteran feuilletonist is unsurpassed in his own account of this same proceeding, as enacted in our own days). I was going to fight my best friend Bernard; he had asked me to make amends for something I had done to offend him, and the offence was so grievous that I really do not remember what it was. Each went his own way, as the autumnal leaves cracked under our feet. Bernard walked on one side of the road, with his hands behind his back. Bernard walked sedately; he had made up his mind to kill me. As to me, I went along without troubling myself with reflections; I really did not care to kill Bernard, although it was I who had given him offence.

Our witnesses—good fellows enough—kept at a respectful distance, and followed in silence; they liked us both, and anticipated only with feelings of deep concern the fatal moment when one of us should be tumbled on the ground with a ball in his body. They thought of our old parents, whom we ourselves had forgotten; of our gay autumnal evenings, never to come back again; and they thought even of the grief of Augustine and

Elise. Still we kept on, and was not the road long! I have always despised those who go to fight in a carriage; the least shake gives them a shudder. To walk to a combat is quite another thing; the blood circulates; there is a positive pleasure in contemplating, probably for the last time, the sunshine and the vast firmament. It is a pleasure to trip by the side of a cataract, which there are but faint hopes of getting across.

Once at the Porte Maillot, we pretended to separate.

"We are going to seek for a good place," said Captain Reynaud.

"That is it; a good place," said Bernard.

And there we were, trying to get into gloomy alleys, whilst the central avenues were furrowed in every direction by English horses, carriages full of ladies, and light tilburys, favourable for a little flirtation in public. Capital invention! You are alone by the side of her, close to her, you see her, feel her, love her, and she, trembling, lets her veil and hair float against your face. The horse knows how happy you are, and goes all the quicker.

I had got to the extremity of the shady pathway that opens upon La Muette, and, totally forgetting what had brought me to the wood, was peering out from beneath the overhanging tapestry of leaves, when I saw some one go by. Oh, what luck! She was alone in her berline—La Julietta. I rather guessed her than saw her. I guessed her by her scarf, by the black muzzle of her little dog peering over the doorway, leaning on the scarf, and watching autumn go by.

I had entered the lists without having any real interest in the matter, and now I only thought of my love, and seeing her so near me—the beautiful artiste—"Stop!" I shouted; "stop a moment, Julietta!" And I was going to run after the carriage, but Bernard took hold of me with his great hand, and with his grave look he said:

"It is not there that you have to go, but there!" And he pointed with his finger to an obscure and repulsive part of the forest.

"Oh yes, I know it all," I said; "but wait a moment, Bernard. I will kill you presently or you may kill me, no matter which, but let me say to her for the last time what I said to her yesterday, my Julietta! She sang Don Juan to me; you know her; you supped with her at my house only a fortnight ago; you accompanied her on the piano when she sang; you spoke to her in Italian and in Spanish; you whispered to her as long as you liked; now let me go and bid farewell to the fascinating creature."

At this very moment Julietta's carriage had turned round, and, coming back, drew up before us. She put the dog on one side with her hand, and advancing her beautiful face:

"Good morning, Bernard; good morning, Gabriel," she said to me; "always friends, chers seigneurs, always inseparable. Whither are you going, then?" At the same time she held out her hand to me with her charming Neapolitan smile, browned by the sun. She was holding out her hand to me, but it was Bernard who took it and kissed it.

"Signorina," he said to her, with a familiarity that surprised me not a little, "if you would only take a turn or two in the woods, I and Gabriel have a little business matter to settle here, after which we shall be at your service, and, if you like, we will sing together this evening the duo of 'Matilda di Sabran.'"

Zerlina-Julietta consented like a good princess to prolong her drive a little; she bade me farewell, but with her eyes on Bernard. Then I suddenly remembered that I had come out to fight, and I said to Bernard, "Marchons!"

We turned off at once to the left, and, looking round, I saw that Bernard was still looking after the carriage. I saw something also at the window that was looking at Bernard; but I was not sure if it were the spaniel or Julietta.

We had got to the middle of the alley, and everything was ready, calm, and silent. French promenaders have that in them that is good; they are discreet; they always respect a duel as they do a rendezvous. Our witnesses were not men to be trifled with, the pistols were loaded, the paces measured off, and each of us took his place.

Bernard said from a distance (we were separated by twenty-five paces), "Fire first!"

I said to Bernard, "Let us fire together!"

Captain Reynaud interrupted our conversation, carried on with pointed pistols, by giving the signal with his big hands: One! two! three! I expected that Bernard would have fired. One! two! three! Nothing! Bernard did not fire, neither did I. "You are a wretched humbug," said Bernard to me. Without looking at Bernard, I said to Captain Reynaud:

"Captain, I shall never fire at Bernard."

"Well, then," said Bernard, "here's at you, Gabriel."

He pulled the trigger, and caused a great hole in my hat: the ball made the circuit of my skull-cap. I must have been born under a lucky star.

"You are not dead?" said Bernard to me.

"No," said I.

"Well, that is lucky. Let us embrace one another." And, so saying, he came up to me with open arms, and embraced me till I was nearly suffocated.

Then seeing that my hat was burnt, and had a great hole in it just over my forehead:

"Come," he exclaimed, "I took a good aim, didn't I?"

"Yes," I replied; "but luckily it is my old hat that I put on this morning, and so it is not so annoying as if it had been my new one."

"Well," said Bernard, "take mine, it is quite new, and give me yours; I will keep it in remembrance of our eternal friendship."

The witnesses applauded this sublime act of self-negation on the part of Bernard. I, who knew that Bernard was not so well off in the world as I was, was abashed at the idea of exchanging my old hat for his new one, but he said with so much insistance, "Give me your old hat!" that I handed it over to him. He at once put it on his head, and bidding us all good-by, went away as proud, and with a neck as stiff, as if he had won the battle of Austerlitz.

We waited for him a quarter of an hour at the border of the wood, not knowing what had become of him. But the quarter had only just expired when we saw Julietta's carriage pass by, and in it and by her side sat Bernard; upon Bernard's knees was the young artiste's poodle, and

on the knees of the lady, O Heaven! what did I see, the hat with the hole in it that Bernard had carried off as a prize. The carriage passed so quickly that I had barely time to take off Bernard's new hat to Julietta.

The witnesses could not fathom the meaning of what they saw; but I felt happy in being able to divine the generous conduct of Bernard. "He is talking of me," I said to myself; "he is relating to *my* dear Julietta the danger that I have escaped, and she is shedding sweet tears over my hat with a hole in it. Worthy Bernard! I was so delighted with the disinterestedness of his conduct that I almost regretted he had not shot me through the heart.

We all took our way towards town, expatiating eloquently in praise of Bernard. We were in high spirits for a variety of reasons: our witnesses had seen no blood shed, I was reconciled with Bernard, and Bernard, he was pleading my cause with Julietta. The witnesses, however, excited by the affair of the morning, could hold converse concerning nothing but singular combats, duels to the death, and offences washed away in blood. They had each their story, and some many to relate, in which pistols, swords, sabres, and daggers played their sanguinary part.

"All these duels that you have spoken about," interrupted Captain Gaudeffroi, "were affairs on land, and bear no affinity to a duel to death in the good ship *La Belle Normande*, which I, one among a hundred, witnessed when I was a middy. It is now a long time ago, and the duel took place between the captain of the ship and a young English gentleman. The captain, who was not a strict disciplinarian, had made an appointment at a certain point in the ocean, and the Englishman had been waiting for him there for a month. But the history is rather long to relate," added Captain Gaudeffroi, "and if you do not consent to sit down a few minutes in front of the estaminet of the 'Deux Amis,' I shall never have strength to relate you the whole of it."

We accordingly adjourned to the dusty estaminet of the "Deux Amis," and taking our seats beneath the shadow of a tall young poplar, which already rose up one half higher than the house, the captain continued his story in nearly the following terms:

They had passed the night in the same hammock; the same roll of the ship had rocked them in their bed, as an attentive mother rocks her children to sleep. To see these two men thus brought together and so united, no one would have said that the next day one of them was to perish by the hand of the other; and yet such was their destiny. Scarcely had the fresh breeze of the morning and the shouts of the watch announced Aurora, than they both hastened up ready to combat to death in the most dignified manner possible.

One of these men was no less than the captain, in the full vigour of manhood; it was to be seen in the looks of that man that his enemy was dead. A smile as of contempt lingered upon his lips; his eye ran over the minutest details of his ship, and he went, according to custom, to see the compass, interrogate the pilot, and walk the deck. There was not a sailor that escaped his watchful glance, and not a sail or a sheet that he did not scan if in its proper place; he was, indeed, an active, reflective, and imperious man, who, before an hour was over, was going to play the game of life and death.

His adversary was a simple "gentleman"—his black coat and neat necktie betokened a young Londoner or Parisian, more accustomed to the every-day life of a great city, than to the imposing sight of a ship in the trough of the ocean. This young man had a countenance in which care was depicted, but it was simply ennui that gave him that expression; he sat on the deck watching with what might be his last look, the foggy sky breaking up before the rising sun into fleecy clouds —floods of greenish white, through which the sun was just breaking forth, and the busy yet silent movements of an army of marines, shut up within the flanks of a ship, and who had only one instinct, that of obeying the orders of a single man. Thus it was on each side that the moment of strife was awaited.

When the captain had given his last order, he stepped on to the quarter-deck towards his adversary, who got up on seeing him approach, and though he was of less stature than his enemy, is was easy to see that he was not wanting in courage.

At that very moment a dead calm had suspended the ship's course; the first rays of the rising sun had chained the winds down; the sails hung upon the masts; and the whole ship's crew were thus left at liberty to watch the progress of the hostile proceedings. The veteran sailors—real children of the salt—had taken up their stations in front, the younger men were behind, the staff surrounded the person of the captain, like a group of witnesses upon so solemn an occasion, and if you had lifted your head you would have seen the young middies perched in the rigging, from whence they contemplated the imposing spectacle that was presented below.

The young man alone stood by himself. He had neither friend nor witness; he had not even a sigh in his favour, not even the benefit of a moment's doubt as to what was going to happen to his person, so perfectly was every one of that ship's crew persuaded that it was an act of madness to engage the captain on his quarter-deck—a madness for which only one result could atone!

The young man himself, too, seemed to feel that when the swords were drawn he did not stand upon firm land: the roll of the ship made him swerve, and he would have been a dead man had not the captain, seeing him at so great a disadvantage, cast his sword into the sea, and called for pistols. Lots had no sooner been drawn as to who should fire first, than a short, sharp sound was heard, so slight that it was lost in a moment in the murmur of the waves. Yet had that slight report been enough to kill the captain; he had fallen down and died as if it was an every-day occurrence, scolding one of those who stood mournfully over him, because he had a hole in his coat-sleeve.

As to his murderer, what became of his murderer? When you are under the smiling shadows of the Bois de Boulogne, in the midst of the shrubs of the Barrière d'Enfer, once your enemy is on the ground, and your honour is revenged, you are dragged away from the scene of slaughter, and you leave to the victim's seconds the task of lifting up his corpse; but on board ship, when all is sky and sea around, you must remain to confront your victim, and when your feelings of revenge are gratified, and they are succeeded by remorse for the deed done, you must

be present at the funeral, you must hold a corner of the flag that does duty as a shroud, and you must even lend an unwilling hand in casting the body of your victim into the sea.

What must have been the agony of that young man when he saw the flood open to receive the still warm body that was thus thrown to it, when he heard the booming of the great guns, and the mournful shouts of the crew bidding it an eternal farewell, when he saw the vessel resume its course across the wide expanse, and he found himself alone amidst the stern silence and the general mourning!

Thus spoke Captain Gaudeffroi; his narrative seemed to make a deep impression upon all the witnesses of our miserable duel on firm land, and I alone felt that the captain was prolix. I thought of nothing but of Bernard and of Julietta.

At last evening came on, and each took his way home. I set off on the traces of Julietta and Bernard; but it was in vain that I ransacked Paris. I went to the Bouffes, to Julie's, to Cyprien's—everywhere. Neither he nor she had been heard of. At last I went home myself, and slept till morning.

Next morning, who should come in but Bernard himself.

"Where were you?" said I. "I was seeking you everywhere last night."

"Why," he said, "I was at the Théâtre-Français, seeing 'Mithridates' played, with Julietta."

"And what did she say, Bernard, about the hole in your hat?"

"She declared you were a nice fellow to take aim with such desperate intentions upon your friend, and she vowed she would never speak to you again, for she detests a 'buveur de sang' like you."

And so it really happened; ever since that horrible affair she would not speak to me, she forgot altogether that it was I who had introduced Bernard to her; she kept the hat with the hole in it as a trophy, and for more than a month suspended it in her boudoir. And thus it was, that by this unfortunate duel I won a new hat, lost the good graces of the lady I loved, and was superseded by Bernard.

It is true, however, that I had Captain Gaudeffroi's story into the bargain.

ALBERT DÜRER.

WITH SOMETHING OF EARLY PRINTING AND ENGRAVING.

At the time when Dürer lived (at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century), the newly-discovered arts of printing and engraving occupied men's minds in a remarkable degree. As he was one who made great advances in engraving, it may not be out of place to attempt to give some idea of the state of those arts before his age, and of the difficulties which attended, or rather prevented, the diffusion of written information in more distant times.

Among the calamities which followed the raid of the Goths and Vandals into Italy in the fifth century A.D., there was one which, two centuries afterwards, exercised a dark and dreary influence over the civilisation of the Western World. The Saracens about the year 635 invaded Egypt. After besieging Jerusalem, they took the magnificent city of Alexandria. We don't here refer to their having destroyed the celebrated library there, nor pause to express surprise that part of it should have previously perished by the orders of so enlightened a person as Julius Cæsar. These facts may be mentioned by the way, and credit may also be given to Cleopatra that she, with the aid of Marc Antony, was the foundress of a second library there. The latter, with what remained of the former collection of books, were used by the Saracens as fuel for their baths!

But what is now more especially referred to, as the result of the Saracenic invasion of Egypt, was the cutting off of the communication which had previously existed between that country and the people then settled in Italy and other parts of Europe. In consequence of this, a substance which was made from a reed which grew on the banks of many rivers in the East could not be obtained in Europe, or was scantily supplied there.

This reed was the papyrus, and the substance that was manufactured from it was used in common with wood, ivory, waxen tablets, and the skins of animals, for inscribing on its surface the books and writings of the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians.

It was the paper of that age.

There was a manufactory of it at Memphis three hundred years before the time of Alexander the Great, and, after the Romans had conquered Egypt, it was made at Alexandria for a like period before the time of our Saviour.

Such was the importance of the manufacture, that on a dispute arising between one of the Egyptian Ptolemies and Eumenes II., King of Pergamus, a city of Asia Minor,* and when Eumenes wished to augment a library there in imitation of the Alexandrian Library, Ptolemy prohibited the export of the papyrus. This caused Eumenes to see what he could do with the skins of animals as a substitute for the Memphian paper, and he was therefore considered as the inventor of "Charta pergamenea," or *parchment*, as the word "pergamenea" was corrupted into. This was 159 A.D.

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* Mentioned in the 2nd chapter of Revelations, and the birthplace of Galen the physician.

The papyrus rush is supposed to have been alluded to by Isaiah in chap. xix. ver. 6 and 7, who says: "They shall turn the rivers far away; and the brooks shall be emptied and dried up: the reeds and flags shall wither, *the paper reeds* by the brooks, and everything sown by the brooks shall wither, be driven way, and be no more seen."

Without assuming this as being prophetical, we may say that the supply of papyrus, or paper, was cut off from the Western World. And for how long a period?

For no less than four centuries.

During this time it may be truly said, that "Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people."

The few who might be able to withdraw themselves from the struggle for existence, and from the fashionable pursuit of the time—war—so as to write books or treatises, as the spirit might move them, would find that there were greater difficulties in their way than the paper duty of more modern days, which some people were lately anxious to retain.

He who might be aminded to put down his own thoughts or those of others in a lasting form would first have to catch his hare (or perhaps his sheep), in a supply of parchment (which was neither abundant nor cheap), and then perhaps to get it dressed, to receive the pen or reed of the person who could put letters upon it; in other words, who could write.

By reason of this and other obstacles few books were penned, and those that had been penned or reeded became of great value. The scarcity of materials for writing was such that Robertson,* the historian, tells us: "There still remain MSS. of the eighth, ninth, and following centuries written on parchment, from which some former writing had been erased in order to substitute a new composition in its place. In this manner it is probable that several works of the ancients perished. A book of Livy or Tacitus† might be erased to make room for the legendary tale of a saint or the superstitious prayers of a missal."

About 796, Charlemagne granted an unlimited right of hunting to the abbot and monks of Jethin, that they might make of the skins of the slain deer girdles and covers for their books.‡

A light at length broke upon the world. This was the art of making paper in the manner since become universal. Gibbon tells us, in the ninth volume of the "Decline and Fall," that "the inestimable art of transforming linen into paper was diffused over the Western World from the manufactures of Samarcand in the twelfth century."§

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* Charles V., vol. i. p. 227, in notes.

† The preservation of Tacitus is said to be owing to the accidental preservation of a *single copy*. Those that had been placed in the Roman libraries, according to government rule, had been lost when those libraries were destroyed.

‡ In St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, he says: "The cloak I left at Troas bring with thee, and the books, and *especially the parchments*."

Coming from a leaf, we get the word folio, from folium, a leaf; volume, from volumen—the writing which was rolled up; liber, a book, from liber, the inner bark of a tree which was used for writing on; and the Bible—*par excellence* The Book—is said to have been named from Byblos, a city of Syria, but which word originally signified the bark of a tree.

§ It was called by Montfauçon, the archæologist, "Charta bombycine," or cotton paper, and Samarcand was the great city of "Timour the Tartar," from whence we should hardly expect much that was civilising; but Gibbon shows, in a note, that paper was first imported there from China.

When paper did come into use, there was still a lack of intelligence as to the means of using it. The art of book-making remained with the clergy, or "clerks," as they were then and are still styled in formal writings, and who are supposed by Dr. Dibdin, the bibliographer, to be the relics of the Jewish scribes. They were the Chapman and Halls and Longmans of that day.

In every large abbey there was a scriptorium, where the "clerici" were employed in transcribing books and illuminating initial letters, and for the support of which estates were specially left.

In 1330, books were so scarce that they were not sold but by special contract, like land, and were the subject of transfer by deed.

In 1360, the royal library at Paris did not exceed twenty volumes.

Further light was not thrown on the subject until two centuries after the introduction of paper, so slowly did knowledge progress in those days. This was in the year 1381, when playing-cards were invented—or, perhaps, imitated from something of the sort imported from the East—for the diversion of Charles VI. of France, whose brain had been disordered by a coup de soleil. This was in the reign of our Henry V., and about the time when Wycliffe had been otherwise employed in translating the whole Bible into English.

Wooden blocks of a rude form were used for making cards, and, in 1390, the first paper-mill in Germany was erected near the city of Nuremberg—more of which hereafter.

In the last-mentioned year there is the following entry in the accounts of the treasurer of Charles VI.: "Paid fifty-six shillings of Paris to Jacquemenin Griengonneur, the painter, for three packs of cards, gilded with gold and painted with divers colours and several devices, to be carried to the king for his amusement."

Cards soon after became the amusement of the noble and wealthy, and, not long after, of the artisans and lower classes; thence they became articles of manufacture in Germany, and at Augsburg a street is mentioned where the "karten mäacher" lived, and where the business is still followed. From hence they were exported in small casks, packed like herrings.

To counteract the effect produced by cards, the monks stamped rude figures of saints with wooden blocks, and distributed them among the people. From hence larger sacred subjects came to be transferred to paper by means of wooden blocks, and one of St. Christopher,* carrying the infant Saviour across the sea, according to a curious legend, was in the possession of the late Earl Spencer, bearing the date of 1423.

In 1433, writing-quills were so scarce at Venice that men of letters could scarcely procure them. Ambrosius Traversarius, a monk of Camelalde, sent from Venice to his brother a bunch of quills, with a letter, in which he said: "They are not the best, but such as I received as a present; show the whole bunch to our friend Nicholas, that he may select *a quill*, for these articles are, indeed, scarcer in this city than at

* From Christum fero. A giant of Canaan, who wished to serve the mightiest of sovereigns. He found there was *one* greater than Satan. To try his faith, he was told to fetch a staff, and save all who struggled in crossing a river. At length a child called for help; in carrying it over the child got so heavy that his strength nearly failed him; but, with a courageous heart, and his trusty staff, he got over. The child was *Our Lord*, and the giant became St. Christopher.

Florence." Ambrosius also complains, at the same time, that he had scarcely any more ink, and requests that a small vessel filled with it might be sent to him.*

Soon after this the art of cutting a page of writing upon a wooden block, and obtaining an impression from it, was introduced. In this way a sort of catechism of the Bible, called "Biblia Pauperum," appeared in 1430.

Lawrence Coster, of Haarlem, is maintained by many to have been the first inventor of printing. It is related of him that, while walking in the wood near the city (as citizens were wont to do in the afternoon), he began to pick out letters on the bark of the beech. With these he stamped marks upon paper in the manner of a seal, and at length formed sentences for the amusement of the children of his brother-in-law. Being a man of inventive genius, he afterwards discovered a glutinous kind of ink, and arrived at better things.

To John Guttenberg, of Mentz, and afterwards of Strasburg, is generally ascribed the honour of this great discovery, A.D. 1440. Dr. Dibdin faintly hints that the knowledge of block-printing came from the Chinese, and was adopted there long ere it was known in Europe. Be this as it may, it is now generally admitted that—

1. John Guttenberg† was the father of printing;
2. Peter Schœffer‡ the father of type founding; and
3. John Faust§ the generous patron by whose means the art was brought rapidly to perfection.

After the groundwork of the art had been laid, the rise towards perfection is understood to have been more rapid than any other art or science of those times. Little more than thirty years elapsed from the time of printing the "Biblia Pauperum," in 1430, from wooden blocks, to the time when Guttenberg and Schœffer, with Faust's aid,‖ had perfected their cast-metal types.

The art of engraving on copper is said to have been invented about 1460, by a goldsmith of Florence, named Thomas Finiguerra.

The earliest copper-plate engraving is of this time, and the following circumstance is said to have led to the discovery. Finiguerra chanced to let fall a piece of copper, engraved and filled with ink, into melted sulphur, and observing that the exact impression of his work was left on the sulphur, he repeated the experiment on moistened paper, rolling it gently with a roller.

Another version is, that a washerwoman left some linen upon a dish on which Finiguerra had been engraving, and that an impression of the subject came off, however imperfect, upon the linen, occasioned by its weight and moisture.

The Germans contend that it was practised in their country previously; that Francis Behold invented it, and his immediate followers were Israel de Mechaniel and Martin Stock, or Schon (?) (erroneously stated to have been one of the preceptors of Albert Dürer), and John Muller, called Regiomontanus.

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* Beckman's History of Inventions.

† Anglicè, good hill. ‡ The shepherd. § A hand.

‖ i.e., John Faust lent a *hand* to Peter the *Shepherd* and John of the *Good Hill*, and thus the trio attained great *eminence*.

In 1471, William Caxton, the London mercer,* introduced the art of printing into England.

In the same auspicious year the celebrated person of whom we have now to speak first saw the light.

This was at the city of Nuremberg, in Germany, now part of the kingdom of Bavaria, and about ninety-six miles north-west of Munich.

It was then a city of the first importance. The great stream of commerce flowed through that part of Germany. It was before Vasco de Gama had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and opened a way for the rich productions of India by that passage. Nuremberg, from soon after the time of the Crusades, had grown to be a principal depôt for Indian merchandise, which came by the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, and so from Venice and Genoa. The central position of Nuremberg on the map of Europe enabled its traders to diffuse such merchandise by the Rhine and the Danube to the north and west of Europe, and along with it to dispose of what have long been called Nuremberg wares. Watches, called "Nuremberg eggs," were very early made there by Peter Hele. The citizens had a saying:

Nüruberg hand
Gecht durch alle land.

Nüruberg's hand
Goes thro' every land.

And we find that the first German railway was made there as early as 1836, to Furth, four and a half miles, and that gun-carriages, among other things, were first made there.

It was a free city, and furnished the Emperors of Germany with a contingent of six thousand soldiers. At the present time it is famous for its numerous and well-conducted public institutions, for a variety of schools —among the latter, for fifteen at which children are supplied with books, clothing, and bread gratis. It is also famous for workings in iron and other metals, and for being an emporium—a great emporium—for cheap toys, which are made by the country people in the wooded tract between Franconia and Thuringia. It is a perfect ark of Noah's arks, &c.

The birth of Albert Dürer took place on the 20th May, 1471.

His father, as is well known, was a goldsmith, as was his grandfather. The father came from Cola, in Hungary, and after spending some time at Bruges, where he would have ample opportunities of perfecting himself in his trade, he settled at Nuremberg, and married the daughter of his master, Jerome Haller.

The entry of his birth in the father's diary is in the following terms: "*Item.* In the year 1471 after the birth of Christ, on the day of St. Prudentius, at the sixth hour of the day, on a Friday in the Holy Week, my wife Barbara bore me my second son, to whom Anthony Kobürgher was godfather, and he was called Albert, after me."

Now from this Anthony Kobürgher we learn that the city of Nuremberg received the art of typography in 1472, and that he was a person conspicuously eminent for his learning, as well as for his elegance and cor-

* Mercers used to import bijouterie along with silk and cloths from the Netherlands, also cards and pictures.

rectness in printing. He was styled "the prince of printers," and was, therefore, a fitting sponsor to one who was afterwards called "the Homer of artists," in a city which has been called "the Athens of Germany."*

The good goldsmith, we are told, had no fewer than eighteen children. Most of them died in youth, and only two outlived Albert: his brother Andreas, who ultimately inherited his stores of art, and his brother Hans, who became court printer to the King of Poland.

His father must have been a good man, for Dürer in his journal says: "My dear father took great pains with his children to teach them how to honour God in all things, for his chiefest desire was that he might bring them up under such wholesome discipline that they might be pleasant both to God and man; therefore his daily speech to us was, that we should abound in love to God, and act faithfully towards our neighbour."

When a child, he chose drawing as his recreation, and drew sportively different parts of the human body, and even whole figures, with so true a hand that they were considered perfectly symmetrical. For the purpose of his trade, he had instructions in drawing from Martin Hapse.

Before he was sixteen, Albert, who was a handsome, intellectual youth, had attained such proficiency in the art of a goldsmith, that we are told he executed a fine piece of chased silver, representing the "Seven Falls of our Saviour." This was from a tradition in the Roman Catholic Church, that our Saviour fell seven times while bearing his cross up Mount Calvary.

The intention of his father was that he should follow his own trade of a goldsmith (no doubt to help to keep the family, which was becoming a serious charge). The son's genius took a nobler flight. His instinct was to become a painter. His father yielded to his desire, and placed him with Michael Wohlgemuth, the artist, to whom he was apprenticed, in 1486, for three years, to learn the art and mystery of a limner.†

Having so far surrendered his own judgment to his son, the father seems to have done all he could to further the latter's views. When out of his time, called his "lehre jahre," the father complied with the artist custom of the age, and which prevails to this day, and sent him abroad for improvement, on his "wander jahre," as it was, and is still, called.

This was in 1490, when he was nineteen.

He went from town to town, painting for his living whomsoever he could get to sit to him, and found a ready welcome among all who cultivated art.

Before this time Savonarola had exposed the corruption of the Romish Church, and the light of the Reformation was spreading over Europe. —The curtain had been fairly lifted upon the great theatre of the world;—the dark ages had passed away, and a multiplied intelligence was shedding its influence abroad;—poetry had begun to flourish in Germany;—the

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* If it be desired to fix the date of Dürer's birth, it was fourteen days after the battle of Tewkesbury had replaced the Yorkist Edward IV. on the throne of England.

† He was intended to be placed with Martin Schon, of Colmar, but the latter's death prevented this.

study of the Greek language had been introduced in England;—arts and commerce were in the ascendant;—the brilliant reign of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain was graced by the discoveries of Columbus;—and "the last sigh of the Moor" had been breathed by King Boabdil on quitting his palace of the Alhambra.—The mighty Luther had also come upon the stage!

It was during this stirring time that our young artist was upon his travels, and became acquainted with some of the leading spirits of the age. Nor was he long in espousing the principles of the Reformation, along with his friend Wilibald Pirkheimer.

His pencil, however, was not idle. He then laid the foundation of a great reputation as a painter.

Having abode four years in foreign parts, during which time he went over Germany, the Netherlands, and the Venetian States, "my father," he says, "called me back to himself at Whitsuntide, 1494."

The next step was one that had a material influence on his future life. It was his marriage. From gratitude, probably, to his father, for having allowed him to become a painter, he seems to have yielded to his father's views on this most important matter. Hans Frey (a mechanist of some note), he says, "bargained with my father while I was abroad to give me his daughter to wife, a young maiden, by name Agnes, and with her two hundred florins."*

The marriage was in 1494, when Albert was twenty-three years of age.

Three years after (1497) he exhibited a painting for the first time in public. It was "the Three Graces," holding a globe over their heads. It was usual at that time for students to exhibit one of their best works, and we learn that the diploma of Master of Painting was gained by Dürer with more than ordinary honour.

His father, soon after, fell sick, "in such sort," he says, "that no one was able to cure him; and when he saw death plainly before his eyes he gave himself up willingly thereto with great patience, commending my mother to my care, and charging us to live godly."

The "bargaining" which he had mentioned, seems to have bartered away the happiness of the young artist.

The good Albert had married a shrew.

Whether from this cause or not we won't stop to say, but we find he was soon afoot for foreign parts, and that he was not slow in proceeding to Venice, where he stayed nearly all the following year.†

Albert's letters to his friend Pirkheimer are preserved at Nuremberg. He writes: "I wish you were here; there are so many pleasant companions among the Italians, who are the longer the more friendly with me." He also says: "I have given the painters a good rubbing down; who said that I was good only at engraving, but knew not how to touch colours. Now they say they have never seen finer colours." He here met with the painter Bellini, then about eighty, the father of the Venetian school, which afterwards produced Giorgoni and Titian. One

* A florin, or guilder, was worth about 9s. = 90*l.*

† This was in 1505, a year when shillings were first coined in England, and four years before gardening was introduced there from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables had thitherto been imported.

of Bellini's pictures, a "Virgin and Child," produced 4000*l.* in 1819, at Lebrun's sale in Paris. Another, a "Madonna," which had been carried off from thence by Napoleon to the Louvre, was, after the peace of 1815, restored to the church of St. Zacharias, where it is valued at 8000*l.*

Bellini desired to have one of Dürer's works, and praised him highly. He also asked, as a keepsake, for one of the pencils with which he drew fine lines. Dürer held out a handful, telling him to choose one, "for he could do it with them all."

While at Venice he painted a full length of "Adam and Eve" for a German church, and the "Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew" for St. Mark's. The latter rose so high in public favour that the Emperor Rudolph II. sent orders that it should be bought for him at any price, and be borne on poles by strong men on foot (instead of the ordinary mode of carriage) from Venice to Prague, where it is still to be seen.

As respects the "Adam and Eve," an admirer of Dürer, Gaspar Velius, said (perhaps rather profanely), "That when an angel saw it he considered that there must have been some mistake, as he did not think he had driven two such good-looking persons out of Paradise."*

While at Venice, at the age of thirty-five, he began to learn to dance, that he might keep up with the customs of the place—viz. to dance, fence, and sing; but "after two lessons, which cost a ducat," he adds, "he could make nothing of it."

His letters from Venice are written with great cheerfulness, except when he touches upon his return. There appears no mention of any letters from his wife; but both she and his mother seem to have been especially cared for by himself.

He went to Bologna "to learn some secrets in perspective," and there met Raffaelle, with whom he had already corresponded, and who esteemed him highly. They exchanged portraits, and subsequently prints and drawings. While here he was invited to Mantua by Andrea Montegna, who from a shepherd's boy had become a great painter and engraver, but who died before Dürer arrived.

From Bologna he writes: "I will come by the first convoy. Oh, how I shall freeze when away from the sun. Here I am my own master. At home I am a 'schamaroyer;'" literally a parasite, but probably a slave.

He returned in 1507, with the reputation of being the best painter of his country.

Vasari, in his "Lives of Painters" (published in Florence in 1538), says: "If this diligent, industrious, and *universal* man had been a native of Tuscany, and if he could have studied at Rome, he would have been the best painter of our country, as he was the most celebrated that Germany had then produced."

From 1507 to 1520 there are scanty records of his life; but in 1511 he painted what is said to have been his masterpiece, "The Adoration of the Trinity," which is in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna.

His letters to his friend Heller, of Frankfort, are preserved. In one of these he speaks of his wife Agnes as "our mistress of arithmetic." He mentions also the pains he had taken with a picture, "The Ascension of

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* "Angelus hos cernens miratus dixit, ab horto
Non ità formosos vos ego depuleram."

the Virgin," having gone over it five or six times with good ultramarine; and "after it was quite finished, he had painted it over yet again twice that it might keep long." He believes, with care and being kept without holy water being cast upon it, it would keep five hundred years. The holy water was mixed with salt, which was corrosive.

In the Manchester Exhibition there were three of his paintings—one, a portrait of his father (painted in 1497, when he was twenty-six, shortly before his father's death), was lent by her Majesty. It had more freshness of colouring than many a modern picture.

In 1520—the year in which Raffaelle died, as well as that of the celebrated meeting between Henry VIII. and Francis I., in Flanders, called the Field of the Cloth of Gold—Dürer again set out on his travels. This time he was accompanied by his wife and her maid, or humble friend, Susanna.

They visited Frankfort, Mentz, Audernach, Bonn, and Cologne (at the latter place he gave his cousin Nicholas his black-lined coat bordered with velvet), and thence to Antwerp. The latter city was then in such a state of prosperity, that more business is said to have been done there in a month than at Venice in the height of her prosperity in two years. The Scheldt was pretty much what the Thames, comparatively speaking, is now, and Antwerp was at once a Manchester and Liverpool combined.*

"On St. Oswald's day," he says, "the painters invited me to their hall with my wife and her maid, and they had everything in silver vessels, with other costly adornments, and a still more costly dinner. Their wives also were all there; and as I was led to dinner, there stood the people on both sides as if they were leading in some great lord. . . . . As I sat there, a messenger from the council of the city, with two servingmen, came and presented me, in the name of the burgomasters of Antwerp, with four jars of wine, and desired therewith to express to me their great respect and good will. I expressed to the same my humble thanks, and made offer of my hearty service. Thereafter came Master Peter, the carpenter of the city, and presented more wine. Then, seeing that we remained long and pleasantly together, even until late in the night, they accompanied me home in high honour with torches."†

Dürer speaks of having been in the house of Master Quintines—meaning Quentin Matsys‡—the blacksmith painter, then above sixty years of age, and probably at the height of his fame, with whom he also corresponded.

He saw here a triumphal arch which the painters were then making for the coronation of the Emperor Charles V., which Dürer afterwards witnessed at Aix-la-Chapelle.

He also speaks of a great procession to the Church of our Lady, the cathedral at Antwerp, which lasted two days, and is minutely described in his journal. He adds: "They spare no cost on such things, for they have money enough."

Being on a short journey through Zealand, he was nearly lost by a storm arising when about to land from a boat off the island of Wal-

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* *Quarterly Review*, vol. cxii. 410.

† This would probably exceed the banquet given to M. Gallait, "the artist of Belgium," by the artists of England, during "the Exhibition" last year.

‡ "Quem Amor de mulcibre fecit Apellem."

cheren—the rope broke, and they were carried out to sea. He spoke to the master that "he should keep a good heart and trust in God." Help coming, they got safely ashore.

On Shrove Tuesday, 1521, the goldsmiths gave him and his wife a grand entertainment, and they received from one of the chief magistrates a banquet at night.

At Bruges,* which he calls "a magnificent and beautiful city," and which Robertson, the historian, shows us was "the greatest emporium in all Europe,"† the painters, sixty in number, gave him another banquet, and the bells would doubtless sound the "carillon" of which Longfellow has sung, and who also says:

> In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry, old and brown,
> Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

A like reception and torchlight escort awaited him at Ghent,‡ where, and at several other places, his keep was paid as well as his travelling expenses from one place to another. These facts are alluded to to show the liberal spirit that commerce had diffused among those flourishing cities.

When at Antwerp he was sent for to Brussels by a celebrated lady of that time, Margaret Duchess-Dowager of Savoy, governess of the Netherlands, aunt of the Emperor Charles V., and who herself negotiated a peace with the mother of Francis I. This was after the latter had been taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, and when, as Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," tells us, Francis was "ad mortem fere melancholius," Francis wrote to his mother that "all was lost but honour," and the two kings had nearly arranged to fight a duel to settle the issue between them. The mother and aunt met at Cambray, and being lodged in adjoining houses, between which a communication was opened, they met together, says Robertson, without ceremony or observation, and held daily conferences, to which no person whatever was admitted.§ And so peace was concluded.

To the Duchess Margaret Dürer presented his engravings of the Passion and the St. Jerome, and soon after received the appointment of imperial court painter, with a continuance of the annuity of one hundred florins he had received from the Emperor Maximilian, then dead. The original grant is in the archives of Nuremberg.

While on this subject, we may mention that it is related by Philip Melancthon,‖ who knew him well, that "the Emperor Maximilian wished to sketch something for Dürer, the charcoal broke so often that he threw it impatiently away. Dürer took it up and completed the sketch. Being asked by the emperor why it broke so often with him and not with Dürer, the latter replied, 'Gracious sire, this is my kingdom; here I rule, and the charcoal is my sceptre. You have harder duties and another calling.'"

A nobleman also thought himself slighted in being asked by the emperor to hold the ladder to Dürer. Maximilian held it himself, saying,

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* "Formosis Burga puellis." † Charles V., vol. i. note 30.

‡ So extensive a city in Charles V.'s reign, that he used to say he could put Paris into his gand (glove).

§ Robertson's Charles V., vol. ii. p. 331.

‖ He was Dürer's junior by twenty-six years.

"he could make an artist a nobleman, but could not make a nobleman an artist."

The emperor, it is said, granted him a patent of nobility, but this is hardly credited. It is certain that he was a member of the higher council, and had a coat-of-arms—two open doors—a rebus on his name, signifying "doors."

When at Brussels he had much intercourse with Erasmus, whose portrait he painted twice, and who, he says, was a little man, and presented him with a Spanish mantle.

Being at Antwerp soon after this, he (like many at the time) was greatly alarmed at an incident in the life of Luther, and which is well known. It was that when returning from the Diet at Worms, he was seized on passing through a wood, and carried off by armed men to the castle of Wartburg (which he called his Patmos). The arrest was through the friendly care of the Elector Frederick of Saxony, to guard him from treacherous foes. Dürer did not know this for some time, and in his journal the capture is bewailed in the most pathetic terms. He sent an appeal to Erasmus "to ride forth as a Christian knight against this unjust tyranny; to gain the truth or attain the martyr's crown, being already an aged man." Erasmus outlived Dürer, but was more politic than belligerent in his espousal of the principles of the Reformation.

While at Antwerp, in 1521, there occurs a sad passage in his journal. He says: "I was here overcome by a strange sickness, of which I have never heard from any men, and this sickness I have yet."

It was no other than consumption, and seems to have terminated the mortal career of the steadfast and noble-minded Dürer within seven years from this time.

Notwithstanding that his bodily powers were gradually wasting away, he worked with even greater diligence than before. Besides keeping up his painting and engraving, he commenced as an author in 1525. His first work was "On Geometry and Mechanics," with directions how to use the rule and compasses, dedicated to Pirkheimer.

The second was "Some Directions for the Fortifications of Cities, Castles, and Burghs," dedicated to Ferdinand King of Hungary and Bohemia.

The third was "On the Proportions of the Human Body," in four books, a work displaying great knowledge of anatomy.

Of these works he only lived to correct and publish the first. The other three, which he left in manuscript, were afterwards published by Pirkheimer, who adds some interesting remarks, greatly lamenting his early death, and telling of works "which he had still designed to write, valuable to artists and lovers of art, had God granted him a longer life."

Of these works splendid copies are in the library of the British Museum.

In the MSS. department is the Scrap-book of Dürer, along with the materials for a work called "ὁπλα διδασκαλέα," on the use of arms, with "A Treatise on Fencing and the Broadsword," also two hundred of his original sketches (many of which were the bequest of Nollekins the sculptor), and thirty-seven of the original blocks of his engraving of "The Passion."

Dürer died at Nuremberg, April 8, 1528, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven.

The grief and lamentation were so great, that Nuremberg was a city of mourning. "The only sound that broke the general silence," says one of his biographers, "was that of the whispers which ran from mouth to mouth, telling too plainly of what all believed to have been the cause of, or at least hastening, the sad event."

Pirkheimer, writing to a friend, openly declares his own and the general belief on this subject. He says: "In Albert I have lost one of the best friends I ever had on earth; and what grieves me more than all is, that he died such a wretched death, which, under the will of God, I can ascribe to none other than his wife, who gnawed into his heart, and tormented him in such sort that he went home so much more quickly, for he was worn away to an atomy." It has been said that her sitting-room was under his studio, and that she was accustomed to give an admonitory knock against the ceiling when she suspected that "he was not getting forward with his work;" but this is supposed to apply to another artist, who had not the industry of Dürer.

Pirkheimer, in his letter, continues: "She always did as if she would come to starve, though Albert has left her the worth of near 6000 florins." And they had no children. He concludes: "But, however this may be, we must commend the cause to God, who will be gracious and merciful to the good Albert, who like as he lived a pious and upright life, so did he die a Christian and blessed death."

It is proper to give these extracts in the attached friend's own words, for he was a man of great consideration at that time. He was one of the councillors of state to the then Emperors of Germany, where his name is still held in respect as the friend of Dürer and Melancthon.

The senate of Nuremberg accorded to Dürer a public funeral.

It was the first place in Germany that had a burying-ground outside the city walls. Having been formed in 1519, it may be that Dürer had some hand in it, for he was for some time chief magistrate, and was foremost in every improvement. The city fortifications were his work on a new plan.

The inscription on his tombstone was:

M.S. AL. DU.
Quidquid Alberti Düreri
Mortale fuit
Sub hoc conditur tumulo.
Emigravit viii idus Aprilis
MDXXVIII.

To which Pirkheimer is said to have added:

A. DURER;
Artium lumen,
Sol artificum,
Pictor,
Calcographus,
Sculptor sine exemplo.
A.D. 1471 ad 1528.

Upon the stone becoming defaced by age, it was restored in 1651 by

Sandrart, a celebrated painter of that time. He founded the Academy of Arts at Nuremberg, and strove to repair the damage which art had sustained by the Thirty Years' War in Germany.

The artists now take care of the tombstone, and a yearly pilgrimage is made to it by the citizens of Nuremberg on the anniversary of his death.

During the last fifteen years a statue has been erected to his memory at Nuremberg, and no lesst han fourteen medals are said to have been struck to his honour.

He was of a free and generous nature, of great tenderness of heart and urbanity of manner, a stranger to low jealousy, and ever ready to acknowledge merit in others.

In personal appearance he had a fine brow, an aquiline nose, and his long dark-brown hair fell in graceful curls upon his shoulders. Mrs. Jameson refers particularly to the striking appearance of one of his portraits, and its resemblance to some of the ideal heads of our Saviour.

His wife was also handsome: her face appears in several of his heads of the Madonna. We must do her the justice of stating that she left a legacy for the students at Wittenberg.* This is mentioned by Melancthon, and he says he has "informed Luther and others of the good deed."

There were some celebrated men at Nuremberg in Dürer's time—viz.:

Martin Behaim, who invented the terrestrial globe, and drew the first geographical charts; his original sphere is preserved there;

Hans Sachs, the "Cobbler bard,"† who wrote six thousand poems and other works, and which are praised by Schlegel; and

Three sculptors, viz.: Veit Stoss; Peter Vischer, who made the bronze shrine in St. Sebald; and Adam Krafft, who carved an altar canopy at St. Lawrence over the Pix, where the sacred vessels are kept.

The lesson which Dürer's life conveys to us is important. He was a man of toil; that toil, well directed, gained him undying fame.

The number of his works of art is said to have been as many as twelve hundred and fifty-four, chiefly on sacred subjects. Of these, one hundred and seventeen paintings were known to exist in 1819, and more have been made out since. Nor was it in the number of his works that he was famous, but in the attention to minute detail, and the excellence and durability of his colouring.

In Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters," written about forty years ago, the author says: "Born in the infancy of the art, he carried engraving to a perfection which has since been hardly surpassed. If we merely consider his command of the graver as well as the remarkable neatness and clearness of his stroke, he will appear an artist of extraordinary merit, not only for the time in which he lived, but at any period of the art that has succeeded him. Even after the experience of three centuries, it would, perhaps, be difficult to find a more perfect specimen of executive excellence than the 'St. Jerome,' engraved in 1514." The invention of

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* The cradle of the Reformation, and the burial-place of Luther and Melancthon.

† See Longfellow's Lines on Nuremberg.

etching is conceded to him, and a method of printing from woodcuts in two colours.

He was skilled in optics and geometry, was a mechanician and an engineer, and, as a sculptor, there is a work of his in hone stone in the British Museum, bequeathed by Mr. Payne Knight, who bought it at Brussels, about fifty years ago, for 500*l.* The subject is the birth of St. John.

In the Manchester Exhibition there were many striking engravings of his, some of large size. They made a deep impression upon the writer, and caused him to look more into the artist's works than he might otherwise have done, and, perhaps, to trouble the gentle reader with these jottings.

He was the first in Germany who taught the rules of perspective, and the proportions of the human body according to mathematical and anatomical principles.

He had many pupils; and Mr. Ottley, in his work "On Engraving," says: "The numerous and flourishing school of wood-engravers, which we find spreading in Germany, and thence to Italy, in the sixteenth century, owes its excellence to Albrecht Dürer."

His prints and woodcuts, on account of their artistic principles, were purchased by the Italian painters for their improvement. So much were they sought after, that they were extensively counterfeited both at home and abroad.

A Venetian, Marc Antonio Franci, or Raimondi, who afterwards became a celebrated engraver, was so much struck with them, that Mr. Ottley says: "The example of Dürer, no doubt, contributed to render Raimondi competent, in after time, to the task of engraving the exquisite designs of Raffaelle."

This being so, we may excuse Raimondi for taking exact copies (he made fac-similes with paper soaked in olive-oil), but we can't pardon his having afterwards transferred them to plates, together with a stamp, which was taken for Dürer's well-known monogram.

Dürer, some say, went to Venice to stop this traffic; but this journey is not authenticated. He probably exercised the court influence he possessed in Germany to induce the senate of Venice to interfere in the matter, which they did, though Dürer, it is said, interceded to prevent any imprisonment being inflicted.

While this was going on abroad, there were Flemish and other artists at Nuremberg who openly sold counterfeit copies of his engravings, and a magistrate's order to prohibit this trade is preserved among the archives of Nuremberg, dated 1508.

In spite of all this, it was from his engravings that he chiefly profited. The prices obtained for his pictures were hardly remunerative, so much labour was bestowed upon them.

Engravers in general are the translators of other men's ideas, but Dürer designed and engraved his own compositions. Upon this Mr. Jackson, in his work "On Engraving," edited by Chatto, in 1838, says: "Setting aside his merits as a painter, I am of opinion that no artist of the present day has produced *from his own designs* three such engravings as Dürer's 'Adam and Eve,' 'St. Jerome,' and the subject called 'Melancolia.'"

To our eyes there may appear a singularity, and perhaps an awkwardness about his figures, and a stiffness in the costumes. There is, certainly, no crinoline. The stiffness was owing to the practice then prevalent in Germany of putting wetted paper upon the lay figure instead of cloth. When dry, the folds or creases of the paper acquired a stiff appearance, which was communicated to the picture.

No doubt he lacked the grace and tenderness which Raffaelle at that time was the means of diffusing in Italy; but even Raffaelle's pictures are hardly in accordance with our ideas or taste.

Dürer had not the advantage of Italian culture, and the climate of Germany might not be so inspiring as cloudless Italy.

Mr. Ruskin thinks there is a tone of domesticity in his works, and that scenes of daily life were more in his way than the sublime and grand.

All art critics, however, concede to him a great fertility of invention, wonderful manipulation, and decided excellence in colouring.

Considering what art was at the time he lived, and that he was really a self-made man, we may not be surprised that he should have created the epoch which is ascribed to him, and that he should have been considered almost as an originator of the art of engraving.

His friend Melancthon said "his least merit was that of his art."

His chief characteristic, we believe, was reverence to the Creator and admiration of all His works.

This deep religious feeling, and his warm espousal of the principles of the Reformation, caused him to place quotations from the Gospels and Epistles under many of his pictures, with warnings not to swerve from the written word, or listen to false prophets or perverters of the truth. When some of these pictures so inscribed were presented by the city of Nuremberg to the Roman Catholic Elector, Maximilian of Bavaria, in 1627, a singular course was adopted for preserving the pictures from the fanaticism of after times. This was to cut off these inscriptions, and to affix them to copies they had made for the city by Vischer, and which are now in the Landenaer Gallery at Nuremberg.

With such a testimony as Melancthon's, and knowing the enlightening influence which Dürer exercised upon the age in which he lived, we may well regard him as one of the pioneers of civilisation, to whose memoirs and works we may profitably recur, and about whom and his native city we cannot be surprised that the poet Longfellow should have penned the following lines:

In the valley of the Peguitz, where, amid broad meadow lands
Rise the blue Franconian Mountains, Nuremberg the ancient stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round them throng.

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time defying, centuries old;

And thy grave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand to ev'ry clime.

In the court-yard of thy castle, girt with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days,
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of art,
Fountains wrought with choicest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sabald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the twelve apostles guard from age to age their trust.*

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a Pix† of sculpture rare,
Like a foamy sheet of fountains, rising thro' the painted air.

Here, where art was still religion, with a simple reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

"Emigravit" is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies,
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

J. R.

THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

FROM A POSTHUMOUS POEM BY HEINE.

By Edgar A. Bowring, C.B.

A train was rushing along one day
With carriages, engine, and tender;
The chimney vomited forth its smoke,
Like a dashing old offender.

The train pass'd a farm-yard, and over the hedge
A grey horse, at the sound of the whistle,
Stretch'd out his head; an ass stood by
Demurely chewing a thistle.

With wondering gaze the horse long stared
At the train; then strangely quivering
In every limb, he sigh'd and said:—
"The sight has set me a-shivering!

"I'm sure that if I by nature had been
A chesnut, or black, or bay horse,
My skin would with fright its colour change,
And make me (as now) a grey horse!

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* Peter Vischer's work.
† Adam Krafft, which we referred to *ante*.

"The equine race is doom'd, beyond doubt,
To be swept away in fate's eddy;
Although I'm a grey horse, I cannot but see
A black future before me already.

"The competition of these machines
Will certainly kill us poor horses;
For riding and driving will man prefer
Iron steeds, if so great their force is.

"And if man can get on without our help
Alike for riding and driving,
Good-by to our oats, good-by to our hay!—
What chance have we of surviving?

"The heart of man is hard as a stone,
He gives away nothing gratis;
They'll drive us out of our stables, and we
Shall starve—what a cruel fate 'tis!

"We cannot borrow, and cannot steal,
Like mortals whose natures are blacker;
We cannot fawn like men and dogs,
But shall fall a prey to the knacker."

Thus grumbled the horse, and deeply sigh'd.
Meanwhile the ass hard by him
Had quietly chew'd two thistle-tops,
As if nothing could terrify him.

He presently answer'd in dainty tones,
With his tongue first licking his muzzle:—
"With what the future may have in store,
My brains I shall not puzzle.

"You horses proud are threatened, no doubt,
By a future that's far from pleasant,
But we modest asses are not afraid
Of dangers future or present.

"That grey horses, and chesnut, and piebald, and black,
May be done without, true, alas is;
But Mister Steam, with his chimney long,
Can never replace us asses.

"However clever may be the machines
Made by man with his senses besotted,
The ass as his portion will always have
Sure means of existence allotted.

"Its asses will Heaven, I'm sure, ne'er desert,
Who, moved by a calm sense of duty,
Turn the mill ev'ry day as their fathers have done—
(A sight not deficient in beauty).

"The mill-wheel clatters, the miller works hard,
The meal in the sack well shaking,
And people eat their bread and their rolls,
As soon as they've finish'd the baking.

"In Nature's old-fashion'd and jog-trot way
The world will keep spinning for ever;
And as changeless even as Nature herself
The ass will alter never."

DAWN OF THE GOSPEL IN GENEVA.

The hour of the temporal princes—of the worldly bishops of Geneva, whose only ambition it was to live in wealth, luxury, pomp, and power, without a care or a thought for their ignoble flocks—had not yet struck, even with the fearful dissolution of John—the Bastard of Savoy—and the most malignant of its prince-bishops. Peter de la Baume, the successor to John, was received with ostentation, if not with gladness, and this grandiose reception was soon followed by a notification to the effect that Charles III. wished to present his spouse, Beatrice of Portugal, to "his good friends of Geneva." He, indeed, planned that her accouchement should take place in that city. The citizens allowed themselves to be seduced by the chains which were brought to them by so renowned a beauty and so noble an alliance, for Portugal was at that time at the zenith of prosperity and renown. The reception was got up with a marvellous amount of sumptuousness. The priestly party wished especially to impress upon royalty that the good Genevese were more taken with relics and miracles than with the Gospel and independence; but Beatrice spoilt everything by her haughty and disdainful manners. "We had better have spent our money in fortifying the city," muttered the despised Huguenots. Royalty persevered, however, in its attempt to seduce the Genevese by a constant succession of balls, banquets, plays, and other pastimes and indulgences.

Another power had come into Geneva at the same epoch, but with no pomp or display of any kind. This was the Gospel. Lefevre had published a French translation of this New Testament in the preceding year (1522), and it had reached Vienna and Grenoble from Lyons. Thence it came to Geneva, where the colporteurs of the Holy Word were received with open arms by De la Maison Neuve, Vandel, and other liberals. The Gospel realised their ideas of a religious as well as a political independence. They found no masses, no indulgences, no pope, no worship of relics, no temporal priesthood in those books; but they found in them a power superior to pontiffs, prelates, and even councils. New life, new doctrine, new authority. It was as if the vivifying breath of spring had been breathed over the city, after a long, dark, and rigorous winter. The Huguenots could not, however, dispense at once with the old system of "mysteries." That of the discovery of the cross by the Empress Helena, had been played by the priests before the duke and duchess; the independents got up the less gorgeous, but more enduring, spectacle of "the discovery of the Bible by the Reformation." The duke and duchess naturally declined being present, but the spectacle was enacted, and it was another step taken towards that Reformation which has been generally supposed to have commenced at a much later epoch in the city of Calvin.

The party of Savoy resented these demonstrations. Their creatures took every occasion for insulting and even beating those whom they happened to have business relations with. The sturdy burgesses resisted those acts of tyranny, and returned the blows with interest. The duke was alarmed, and sent for six thousand men to assist at the accouchement. "Six thousand godfathers," said the Huguenots, "armed cap-à-pie."

The great event at length came off. The duchess was safely delivered of a son on the 2nd of December, and the duke in ecstasy declared that Geneva should belong to his wife. That the prince born in their city should be repelled by the Genevese never entered the imaginations of the Savoyards. The first step was to obtain that the vidame should take his oath of allegiance to the duke. This was contrary to the constitution, for the vidame was the representative of the prince-bishop and not of the duke. A vidame is "a judge of a bishop's temporal jurisdiction," according to Boyer. The duke was accordingly opposed in these pretensions by the Huguenot jurisconsult Levrier. The next step was to assume the administration of justice over the episcopal council. Here again he was opposed by the inflexible Levrier, as well as by the priesthood itself. Thus, for a moment, the Church and the liberals made common cause, a circumstance that induced royalty to advocate one of the most extreme acts of independence, the separation of Church and State. But first it was essential to strike down Levrier, who would not admit the sovereignty of the duke. The patriot was accordingly seized and carried off to the castle of Bonne, on his way out of the cathedral. The duke and duchess had previously taken themselves off to the church of Notre-Dame des Graces without the city, in case of an insurrection. To the remonstrances of the people the only answer that was vouchsafed was, "Let the Genevese admit themselves to be my subjects, and I will restore their judge to them." The people would have given up their lives for Levrier, but they would not give up their country. Levrier himself strengthened them in their decision. The fair sex appealed to Beatrice, but in vain. Levrier, after having been cruelly tortured, was decapitated by torchlight, at ten o'clock at night, in the court of the castle of Bonne. The castle is now a ruin, and the act entailed the loss of many thousands of lives to the Savoyards. The people were bursting with indignation; even the Genevese courtiers abandoned the duke, terrified at his cruelty. Charles, terrified at the position in which he had placed himself in presence of the citizens, whose country he had so long coveted, withdrew to Turin, and no sooner was he gone than the popular indignation found vent against the Mamluks who remained behind. The syndic Richardet summoned the Mamluk treasurer Boulet to render an account of the city finances. Boulet refused to gratify the syndic, because he was an Huguenot. The latter, in a moment of irritation, raised his stick and dealt the treasurer so effective a blow, that the emblem of office was broken to pieces. Boulet went to Chauberg to lay his complaint before the duke, and the Council of Geneva was summoned to appear in that city before the Council of Savoy. Many citizens were arrested at the same time, and cast into the dungeons of Gaillard. The Genevese, strange to say, appealed to the Pope. Hugues had succeeded to the place vacated by the martyred Berthelier and Levrier, and he attempted at first to oppose the pretensions of Savoy by legal means. The appeal had the effect, however, of inducing the duke to promise a cessation of vexations if it was withdrawn. But the liberals would admit of no compromise with so treacherous an assistant. The duke then advanced with his army to Geneva. The Huguenot chiefs had only time to fly out by one gate, as the ducal troops poured in by the other. Most of them reached Friburg in safety: Hugues by seizing the horse of a traitor sent to arrest him; but Chabot fell into the hands of a post established at Versoix.

There were many friends of Zwingle and of the Reformation in Friburg, and Berne and Soleure united with its citizens in despatching an embassy to Geneva. "Remain firm," they said to the Genevese, "and fear nothing; our lords will maintain you in your rights." The duke was disconcerted by this embassy, and he had recourse, as usual, to stratagem. He requested those who had fled to return, promising to do them justice. But the Huguenots saw through the plot, and they not only declined the invitation, but they sent for their wives and children. The duke then summoned a council-general, and got himself named Protector of the city. Considering himself already prince, he next demanded that all matters of jurisdiction should be handed over to him, and that the alliance with the Swiss should be broken off. But he met with a refusal in both instances, and so much was he annoyed at these signs of opposition, that he once more took himself off, and that for the last time. Neither he nor his successors ever returned to Geneva. Charles III. had not been long away before the citizens re-established their franchises, tumbled the Mamluks, rejected the protectorate, and re-demanded alliance with Switzerland. They were seconded in this by the prince-bishop, although Zurich had already adopted the Reformation, because, although fearing the power of the duke, he had still greater dread of losing through him his temporal charges.

An alliance, without which the Reformation would never have been established in Geneva, was then effected between Berne, Friburg, and Geneva in the name of the Trinity. The excited citizens returned to their hearths. The bishop, the clergy, and the party of Savoy opposed themselves in vain to the alliance. It was their turn now to fly, and they did so with the utmost precipitation. Geneva was at the culmination of happiness. Te Deums were sung, the memory of the martyrs was honoured; festivities and rejoicings were universal.

With this epoch the scene changes. The historian suddenly emerges from the record of the troubles and trials of a small population, whose greatest heroes were obscure citizens, to consider the religious movement taking place simultaneously in an adjacent great empire, and to which Geneva itself was ultimately indebted for its Reformation. The spirit of awakening manifested itself in France at first in isolated spots—at Etaples, on the Manche; at Gap, in Dauphiny; and at Noyon, an ancient and once illustrious city of Picardy. It was this spirit that gave birth to Lefévre, to Farel, and to Calvin.

"This French people," says the historian, "who in the opinion of many interest themselves only in war and diplomacy; this country, of a philosophy often sceptical and sometimes ironically incredulous; this nation, which proclaimed itself, and still proclaims itself, to be the eldest daughter of Rome, gave to the world the Reformation of Calvin, of Geneva, the great Reformation, that which constitutes the strength of the most influential peoples, and which has extended itself to the utmost limits of the earth. It is the best title of France to glory; do not let us forget that. No doubt it will not always disdain it, and, after having enriched others, she will enrich herself. It will be a great epoch for its future development that, when its dearest children shall plunge into the vivifying waters which issued forth from her bosom in the sixteenth century, or, rather, into that eternal source of the Word of God, whose waters are healing to all nations."

The human conscience began to awake with Luther; to Zwingle appertains more particularly the work of intelligence; Calvin accomplished the third work necessary for the Reformation—the renovation of the individual, of the human mind, and of Christianity. Truth and morality were essential to the enjoyment of liberty, and if Luther laid the foundations of the temple of God, Zwingle and others aided in raising its walls, and Calvin crowned the edifice. The history of the Reformation in France before the establishment of Calvin in Geneva presents two epochs, the first comprising the favourable epoch—not, however, unmixed with opposition and persecutions—and the second the unfavourable. Two individuals, of different sex, character, and position, laboured most in spreading the Gospel in France: one was Margaret of Angoulême, Duchess of Alençon, Queen of Navarre, and sister of Francis I.; the other was Calvin, son of the secretary to the episcopacy of Pont l'Evêque. When Berquin was imprisoned for preaching the Gospel in Artois, Margaret interfered in his favour. It was her who invited another reformer, the Count of Haute-Flamme, across the Rhine into France. Neither her zeal nor her exertions diminished upon the persecutions, tortures, and martyrdoms that sullied even the dawn of the Reformation in France. When the great question as to who should be the leader of the movement in France came to be decided—shall it be Toussaint, Lefèvre, Roussel, Farel, or Berquin?—it was Margaret who elected Calvin.

The pupil of Mathurin Cordier at the college of La Marche had a long career of trials and tribulations to run ere he was established at Geneva. The first two volumes of D'Aubigné's work do not extend to the latter epoch. A youthful student of philosophy at Montaign, the conversations of Olivetan followed upon those of Cordier to open his mind to freedom of thought and inquiry. It was in vain that his masters and his father opposed themselves to the result of that self-examination, and to the progress and development of the spirit that was within him; Calvin, convinced that liberty and order could only spring from truth, declared war early in life with the errors of Popery. Obliged, from these predilections, to abandon the career of the Church, to which his father had destined him, Calvin went to study jurisprudence at Orleans. There he was admitted into what was called "la nation picarde," and he soon became the "procurator," or head of his nation; and so earnest were his studies, so active was his zeal, that it was even as a collegian at Orleans that he began to evangelise, and labour to explain the Word of God in the houses of his friends. This first ministry of the reformer excludes, D'Aubigné remarks, the opinions generally received that Calvin was only converted at Orleans, or, later, at Bourges, or, even still later than that, at Paris.

Bourges had become under the protection of Margaret a centre of propagandism, and thither Calvin went to study under Wolmar, and it was under his guidance that he entered upon his career as an evangelist. Thence he was invited by Coiffart to Paris, where at first he dedicated himself more particularly to literary pursuits. Tumults had indeed followed upon the preachings of Roussel, and some of the reformers had been cast into prison, but their success had been considerable at the Sorbonne. Still Calvin never ceased to labour in the domiciles of his friends, in the

houses of the poor, and the palaces of the nobility. Cop, the rector of the University of Paris, had to deliver an annual discourse; Calvin wrote it for him in the sense of proclaiming the Gospel. The Sorbonne felt itself insulted, and the friendship of the Queen of Navarre alone protected the reformers from their irritation. Both Calvin and Cop were obliged, however, to leave Paris. The place of Calvin was afterwards filled by Melancthon, and Francis I. himself once advocated the cause of the Reformation with the doctors of the Sorbonne.

Events had in the mean time gone on steadily in Geneva, in the sense of that liberty and morality which paved the way for the Reformation, as much as it may also be said to spring from it. The parties of Switzerland and Savoy, Huguenots and Mamluks, were still confronted, and the prince-bishop was still there to abet the one and persecute the other. Ab Hofen, a disciple of Zwingle's, had been toiling assiduously in sowing the seeds of Reformation among the citizens. Unfortunately, an early death cut short his important labours. The prince-bishop, balanced between fear of the duke on the one side, and the apprehensions of losing his temporality on the other, made an attempt to win over the Swiss, but they rejected the discreditable alliance. He then humbled himself to being admitted as one of the body of citizens, and connived at the imprisonment of the canons of the cathedral. He substituted a lay to a clerical council, and, as a natural consequence, its members began immediately to question the prerogatives of the prince-bishop. The position of parties was now changed. The citizens were divided into those who sided with the conciliatory prince-bishop, and those who were altogether opposed to him, whatever concessions he might make. Unfortunately, just at this crisis, the prince-bishop committed so flagrant a false step as to bring utter ruin upon himself and his cause. He had the excessive imprudence to have a young female carried away from her parents, as he afterwards declared, to be given to a musician, but, according to Michel Roset, for his own selfish purposes. This scandalous rape was the last act committed by the Roman bishops in Geneva. Peter de la Baume had no alternative left but to fly before the just indignation of the citizens, and he withdrew under favour of obscurity to Saint Claude, many of his partisans, among whom were Hugues, with him.

The prince-bishop was conquered; not so the Duke of Savoy. He once more attempted to subdue the recreant citizens by various means—by Papal excommunication and by the force of arms. The bishop now joined the party of Savoy, and even Bonivard, alarmed at the progress of the Reformation, withdrew from the liberals. A knighthood, called that of "La Cuiller," was also instituted for the defence of the Roman Church. Pontverre attempted to reduce the city by treachery, but he failed ignobly, and was himself slain. Still, for a long time, Geneva presented nothing but a succession of disorders incident upon a state of anarchy. Even the Swiss cantons threatened to withdraw their alliance. The emperor also advocated the cause of the Pope against the unfortunate Genevese. Severe penalties were enacted against the Huguenots, and the prince-bishop placed himself at the head of a crusade. He was abetted in this by the knights of "La Cuiller," and by the soldiery of Savoy. The city was about to be taken by assault, when once more an auxiliary force of fifteen thousand Swiss came up and saved the place.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE TWENTY-NINTH.

I.

VALETE.

Two days after there was a fête given at Enghein, at the princely maison de plaisance of an English earl—a stout, bloated old man, lavish as the wind, and rich as a Russian, who, consequently, had all the most seductive Parisiennes to make love to him; Dalilah caring very little who her Samson be, provided she can cut off his locks to her own advantage. The fête was of unusual magnificence, and the empress of it was "the Trefusis," as we call her, "that poor fellow De Vigne's wife—a very fast lot, too," as men in general called her—"ma Reine," as the Earl of Morehampton called her, in that pleasant familiarity which the lady in question ever readily admitted to those good friends of hers, who emptied half the Palais Royal upon her in bijouterie, jewellery, and other innocent gifts of amity—a familiarity that always stopped *just* short of Sir Cresswell's court, over the water. The Trefusis reigned at Enghein, and remarkably well she looked in her sovereignty, her jewelled ivory parasol handle for her sceptre, and her handsome eyes for her droit de conquête. Only three nights before she had lain on the dank grass in the Royal Forest, where the mad agony of a man, whom she had goaded and taunted to the verge of the darkest and most hideous guilt that can stain a human soul, had flung her off, bidding her thank God, not him, he had not murdered her in that ghastly temptation; hurling her from him in delirious violence, lest in another moment of that fell struggle, crime should stain his life, and his grip should be upon her throat—her death lie at his door—her blood be red upon his hand! Only three nights before! but to-day she sat under the limes at Enghein, the very memory of that hour cast behind her for evermore, save when she remembered how she had taunted, how she had jeered, how she had triumphed—remembered in gloating glee, for her victim could not escape her snare! The Trefusis had rarely looked better—never felt more secure in her completed vengeance upon De Vigne, her omnipotent sway over Morehampton, and all her lordly claque, than now. She was beautifully rouged, the carnation tint rich and soft, and defying all detection; her black Chantilly lace swept around her superb form; a parure of amethysts glittering in her bosom, haughtily defiant, magnificent, though coarse if you will, as she drove down to the villa in the Earl's carriage, and reigned under the limes in dominance and triumph that day, as she had reigned since the day she had first looked at her own face in the mirror, and sworn by that face to rise and to revenge.

In brilliant style Morehampton had prepared to receive her, for he admired the quasi-milliner of Frestonhills more than anything else, for

the time being, to the extreme rage of La Baronne de Bréloques, Mademoiselle Celeste Papillon of the Français, and many other fair Parisiennes. There was the villa itself, luxurious as Eugène Sue's; and there were grounds with alcoves, and statues, and rosieries à ravir, as Mademoiselle Celeste phrased it; there was a "pavillon des arts," where some of the best cantatrici in Paris sang like nightingales; there was a déjeûner, with the best cookery in France—who can say more?—there were wines that would have made Rahab or Father Mathew swear, with Trimalchio, "Vita vinum est;" there were plenty of men, lions, littérateurs, and milors Anglais, who were not bored here, because they could say and do just what they pleased, with no restraint upon them whatever. And there were plenty of women (very handsome ones, too, for the Earl would never have wasted his invitations on plain faces), who smoked, and laughed at grivoises tales, and smiled at very prononcée flattery, and drank the Johannisberg and the Steinberg very freely for such dainty lips, and imitated us with their tranchant manners, their slang, and their lionneism in many things, except their toilettes, which were exclusively feminine in their brilliance and voluminous extent—among them the Trefusis, reigning like an empress, to the dire annoyance of most of them, especially to Mademoiselle Papillon, who, being a very dashing young actress, accustomed to look upon Morehampton as her own especial spoil, did not relish being eclipsed by the Englishwoman's superb person and bold black eyes.

The déjeûner was over, during which the noble Earl, as his friends in the Upper House termed him, when they were most politely damning him and his party, was exceedingly devoué to the Trefusis, and thought he had never seen anything finer than those admirably-tinted eyes and beautifully-coloured cheeks. He did not care for your nymphs of eighteen, they were generally too shy and too thin for his taste; he liked bien conservé, full blown, magnificent roses, like the ex-milliner, who certainly made herself more amiable to him than those who have only heard of her in the studio at St. Crucis and the Forest of Fontainebleau can well imagine. The déjeûner was over, at which the Trefusis had reigned with supreme contentment, laughed very loudly, and drank champagne enough for a young cornet just joined; at which old Fantyre enjoyed the pâtes de foie gras and other delicacies, like an old gourmette as she was, told dirty stories in broad Irish-French, and chuckled in herself to see gouty old Morehampton playing the gallant; and at which Mademoiselle Papillon could have fainted with spite, but not willing to give the detested Englishwoman so enormous a triumph, resisted her feelings with noble heroism.

The déjeûner was over, and the guests had broken up into groups, dispersing themselves over the villa and its grounds. The Trefusis and Morehampton took themselves to the "pavillon des arts;" but, after hearing one song from the "Traviata," "Ma Reine" was bored—she cared nothing for music—and she threw herself down on a seat under some linden-trees to take ice, listen to his private band, which was playing close by, and flatter him about his new barouche, which she knew would be offered her as soon as she had praised it. It was by such gifts as these she managed to eke out her income, and live au premier in the Champs Elysées. Morehampton flung himself on the grass at her feet, forgetful

of gout and lumbago; other men gathered round her; she was "a deuced fine woman," they thought, but, "by George! they didn't envy De Vigne." The band played valses and Béranger airs; the Earl was diverted between admiration of the black eyes above and rueful recollections of the damp turf beneath him; Mademoiselle Papillon made desperate love to Leslie Egerton, of the Queen's Bays, but never missed a word or a glance that went on under the lime-trees for all that, with that peculiar double set of optics and oral nerves with which women seem gifted. Very brilliant, and pleasant, and lively, and Watteau-like it all was; and, standing under an alcove at some little distance, mingling unnoticed with the crowd of domestics, stood Raymond, *alias* Charles Trefusis, come to claim his wife, as he had been bound by De Vigne to do on receipt of De Vigne's reward—none the less weighty a one, you may be sure, because the man had been given only a promise, and not a bond. De Vigne's honour in those matters was in exact inverse ratio to the world's.

"By Jove! sir," the fellow whispered to me—I had come with him to see he kept good faith, and did not give us the slip—"just look at her, what a dash she cuts, and what a fool she's making of that old lord! That's Lord Morehampton, ain't it, sir? I think I remember him dining once with Lord Vane in Pall-Mall. He's a regular martyr to the gout. I wonder he likes that damp grass. I suppose Lucy's bewitched him. Isn't she a wonderful woman, sir! Who'd think, to see her now, that she was ever the daughter of a beggar-woman, and a little milliner-girl at Frestonhills, making bonnets and dresses for parsons' wives!"

I looked at her as he spoke, and, though it seemed wonderful to him, it did not seem wonderful to me. Lucy Davis's rise was such a rise as Lucy Davis was certain to make, favoured by opportunity as she had been—neither more nor less of a rise than a hard-headed, unscrupulous, excessively handsome woman, determined to push her way, and able to take the best possible advantage of every turn of the wheel, was pretty sure to effect. She could not make herself a gentlewoman—she could not make herself a woman of talent or of ton. That she was not a "lady," Sabretasche's sure perception had told him long, long ago, and his daughter's delicate taste had known still more certainly later on: she was merely what she had been for the last ten years, with the aid of money, dress, and assurance—a dashing, handsome, skilful intrigante, whose magnificence of form made men forget or never notice her shortcomings in style, and whose full-blown beauty made them content with the paucity of ideas and the vulgar harshness of tone in the few words which ever passed the Trefusis's lips, which were too wise to essay often that sure touchstone of mind and education—conversation.

Raymond stood looking at her, a cunning, malicious gleam of satisfaction in his little light eyes. His wife had made a better thing of life than he had done; he detested her accordingly; he had many old grudges to pay off against her for bitter, snarling words, and money flung to him, because she feared him, with a sneer and an invective; he hated her for having lived in clover, while he had not even had a taste of luxury, save the luxuries of flunkeyism and valetdom, since they parted, and he enjoyed pulling her up in the midst of her glories with such malignant pleasure as was natural to his disposition. She had married him at two-and-

twenty; she had made him repent of it before the honeymoon was out; she had played her cards since to her own glorification and his mortification: there was plenty in all that to give him no little enjoyment in throwing her back, with a jerk, in the midst of her race. He stood looking at her with a peculiar smile on his lips. I dare say he was thinking what a fool he had been to fall in love with the black-eyed milliner of Frestonhills, and what a far greater fool still was his lordship of Morehampton to waste so much time and so much money, such wines, such jewellery, and such adoration, on this full-blown rose, whom no one ever tried to gather but, somewhere or other, they scratched themselves on her dexterously moss-hidden thorns.

At last the Trefusis, tired of ices, cancans, and Morehampton's florid compliments, which I should think must have been most profoundly tiresome (though all flattery is welcome to some women, as all bonbons to children, whether of sugar or chalk, lemon-juice or citric acid), rose to go into the house and look at some rare Du Berri vases that had belonged to Madame de Parabère, and for which the Earl had given a fabulous price, and as foolish a one as our ancestors used to give for tulip-roots. The Trefusis rose, Morehampton sprung to his feet with boyish lightness and gallant disregard of the gout, and then her husband stepped forward; and I doubt if Nemesis, though she often took a more imposing, ever assumed a deadlier guise than that of the ci-devant valet!

The Trefusis gave an irrepressible start as she saw him; the colour left her lips; her cheeks it could not leave. She began laughing and talking to Morehampton hurriedly, nervously, incoherently, but there was a wild, lurid gleam in her eye, restless and savage. Her husband touched his hat submissively, but with a queer smile still on his face.

"I beg your pardon, my lord, but may I be allowed to relieve you of the escort of my wife?"

Morehampton twisted himself round, stuck his gold glass in his eye, and stared with all his might; the men crowded closer, stroking their moustaches in curiosity and surprise; the English women, who could understand the speech, suspended the spoonfuls of ice that were en route to their lips, and broke off their conversation for a minute; the Trefusis flushed scarlet to her very brow, her eyes scintillated and glared like a tigress just stung by a shot that inflames all her savage nature into fury—ever ready with a lie, she clung to Morehampton's arm:

"My dear lord! I know this poor creature very well; he is a lunatic—a confirmed lunatic—a harmless one quite; but it is one of his hallucinations that every woman he sees and admires is his wife, who really, I believe, ran away from him, and his brain was turned with the shock of her infidelity. He is harmless, as I say—at least I have always heard so—but pray tell your servants to take him away. It is very horrible!"

It was an admirably-told falsehood—told, too, with the most natural ease, the most natural compassion imaginable—and passed muster with Morehampton, who signed to two of his lacqueys.

"Seize that fellow and turn him out of the grounds. How did he get in, Soames? Go for some gendarmes if he resist you," said the Earl, aloud; then bent his head, and added (sotto voce), "How grieved I am, dearest, that you should be so absurdly annoyed. What a shockingly stupid fellow! Brain turned, you say—and for a *wife?*"

But Raymond signed off the two footmen, who were circling gingerly

round him like two dogs round a hedgehog, not admiring their task, having a genuine horror of lunacy, and being enervated, probably, by the epicureanisms of plush-existence.

"That is a pretty story, my lord, only, unfortunately, it isn't true. Ben travato—but all a humbug! I am as sane as anybody here; much too sane to have my brain turned because my wife ran away from me. Most men would thank their stars for such a kind deliverance! I am come to claim mine, though, for a little business there is to be done, and she is on your arm now, my lord. She married me nineteen years ago, and made me repent of it before a month was out."

"Dear, dear! how absurd, and yet how shocking! Pray send him away," whispered the Trefusis, clinging to the Earl's arm, looking, it must be confessed, more like a devil than a divinity, for her lips were white and twitching savagely, and the spots of rouge glared scarlet.

"Do you hear me, fellows? Turn that impudent rascal out!" swore Morehampton.

"That fellow's wife! Why, she's De Vigne's wife. Everybody knows that!" muttered Leslie Egerton, sticking his glass in his eye. "Saw him married myself, poor wretch!"

"Mais qu'est ce que c'est donc?" asked Mademoiselle Papillon, edging herself in with a dim delicious idea that it was something detrimental to her rival.

"Kick him out!" "Turn him out!" "An escaped lunatic!" "Impertinent rascal!" "Ma foi! qu'a t-il donc!" "Mais comme c'est extraordinaire!" "Dieu! qu'est ce que cela veut dire!" resounded on all sides from Morehampton's guests and the Trefusis's adorers.

"Major de Vigne's wife?" repeated Raymond. "No she's not, gentlemen; he knows it now, too, and thanks Heaven for it. She married me, as I say, nineteen years ago; more fool I to let her! *Ten* years ago she married Major de Vigne. So you see, my lord, she is my wife, not his, and I believe what she has done is given a nasty coarse impolite term by law. What I tell you is quite true. Here's Captain Chevasney, my lord, who will tell you the same, and tell it better than I. Come, old girl, you've had a long holiday; you must come with me and work for a little while now."

He spoke with a diabolical grin, and, thus appealed to, I went forward and gave Morehampton as succinctly as I could the outlines of the story. The Trefusis's face grew grey as ashes, save where the rouge remained in two bright crimson spots fixed and unchanged, her eyes glittered in tiger-like fury, in cold, hellish wrath, and her parasol fell to the ground; its ivory handle snapped in two as her hands clenched upon it, only with a violent effort restraining herself from flying at mine or her husband's throat. For the first time in her life, the clever Greek had her own marked card turned against her; her schemes of malice, of vengeance, of ambition, were all swept away like cobwebs, never to be gathered up again. De Vigne was free, and she was caught in her own toils!

She swung round, sweeping her black Chantilly lace round her, and scattering her sandal-wood perfume on the air, laughing:

"And do you believe this cock-and-bull story, Lord Morehampton?" Her voice came out in a low, fierce hiss, like a serpent's, while her large, sensual, ruby lips curled and quivered with impotent rage. "Do you

believe this valet's tale, bribed by a man who would move heaven and earth to prove his lawful marriage false, and the corroborating story told so glibly by a gentleman who, though he calls himself a man of honour, would swear black were white to pleasure his friend?"

"Come, come there, my lady!" laughed Raymond. "Wait a bit. Don't call us bad names. You can't ride the high horse any more like that, and if you don't take care what you say we'll have you up for libel; we will, I assure you. Come, you used to be wide-awake once, and if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head it may be the worse for you."

"Lord Morehampton, will you endure this? I must appeal," began the Trefusis, turning again to that noble earl, who, with his double eye-glass in his eye, and his under lip dropped in extreme astonishment, was too much amazed, and too much annoyed, at such an unseemly and untimely interruption to his morning fête to take any part in the proceedings whatever. He was a little shy of her, indeed, and kept edging back slowly and surely. She was trembling now from head to foot with rage at her defeat, terror for the consequences of the esclandre, mad wrath and hatred that her victim had slipped from her fetters, and that De Vigne was free.

Her husband interrupted her with a coarse laugh, before she could finish.

"You appeal to your cavalier servente, madame? Oh! if my Lord Morehampton likes to keep you, *I* have no objection; it will take a good deal of trouble off my hands, and I only wish him joy of his bargain. And next time, Lucy, make sure your chickens are hatched before you count them!"

At so summary a proposition from a husband, the earl involuntarily drew back, blank dismay visible on his purple and supine features. The offer alarmed him! The Trefusis was a deuced handsome woman, but she was a deuced expensive one too, thought he, and he hardly desired to be saddled with her pour toujours. Added to his other expenses, for a permanence, she would go very near to ruin him, not to mention tears, reproaches, and scenes from many other quarters; and "she is a very vixen of a temper!" reflected the earl, wisely, as he edged a little farther back, and left her standing alone—who is not alone in defeat?

The Trefusis looked round on everybody as they hung back from her, leaving a clear space about her, with a searching, defiant glance, her fierce black eyes seeming to smite and wither all they lit on; great savage lines gathered round her mouth and down her brow, that was dark with mortification and impotent chained-up fury. She glanced around, her lips twitching like a snared animal's, her face ashy grey, save where the crimson rouge burned in two oval patches, flaring there like streaks of flame, in hideous contrast to the deathly pallor of the rest. She was defeated, outdone, humiliated; the frauds and schemes of twenty years fruitless and unavailing in the end; her victim free, her enemies triumphant! She glared upon us all till the boldest women shrank away terrified, and the men shuddered as they thought what a fiend incarnate this their "belle femme" was! Then she gathered her rich lace around her. To do her justice, she was game to the last!

"Order my carriage!"

She was beaten, but she would not show it; and to her carriage she swept, her massive Chantilly gathered round her, her silks rustling, her

perfume scenting the air, her demie traine brushing the lime-blossoms off the lawn, her step stately and measured, her head defiantly erect, leaving on the grass behind her the fragile ivory handle, symbol of her foiled vengeance and her impotent wrath—her dethroned sovereignty. There was a moment's silence as she swept across the lawn, her tall chasseur, in his dashing green and gold uniform, walking before her, her two footmen with their long white wands behind, and at her side, dogging her footsteps, with his sneer of retribution and his smile of vengeance, the valet who had claimed her as his wife. There was a moment's silence; then the tongues were loosened, and her friends, and her rivals, and her adorers spake.

"Gad!" quoth my Lord of Morehampton, "she looked quite ugly, 'pon my soul she did, with those great rouge spots on her cheeks. Curse it! how deuced shocking!"

"Mon Dieu, milor," sneered Mademoiselle Papillon, "je vous félicité sur votre nouvelle amie, peut-être vous voudriez avoir le plaiser de prendre la rôle du *troisième* mari!"

"Better go and be Queen of the Greeks—deuced sharp woman!" said Lee Philipps.

"Always said that creature was the very devil. Plucky enough, though!" remarked Leslie Egerton, with his cigarette in his teeth. "What a jolly thing for De Vigne! Prime, ain't it?"

"The biter bit!" chuckled old Fantyre. "Well, she was very useful to me, but she was always a devil, as you say, Leslie; horrid temper! She should have managed her game better. I've no patience with people who don't make sure of their cards. Dear dear! who'll read me to sleep of a night?"

And the others all crowded round me, dirty old Fantyre peering closest of all, with her little bright, cunning, inquisitive eyes.

"Come, tell us, Chevasney, is it true?"

"I say, old fellow, what's the row?"

So the world talks of us, either in our sorrows or our sins! They were full of curiosity, annoyance, amusement—as it happened to affect them individually; none of them stopped to regret the great lie, to remember the great wrong, to grieve for the debased human nature, and the bitter satire on the Holy Bond of Marriage, that stood out in such black letters in the new story which I added to their repertoire of scandâles. Cancans amuse us; we never stop to recollect the guilt, the sorrow, or the lie that must give them their foundation-stone, their colouring, and their flavour. Mademoiselle Papillon was nearest of all to the moral of the story, when she shrugged her little plump shoulders:

"Mon Dieu! Qui voudrait se marier! Dans celle loterie bizarre qui peut espérer d'éviter la chicane? En amour on est un ange—en mariage un démon. Nul homme sage ne l'essayerait!"

* * * * *

The summer sunshine that lit up the sparkling wines, and glittering toilettes, and gorgeous liveries of the fête at Enghein, shining on the Trefusis's parure of amethysts and on the rich scarlet rouge of her cheeks —that flag of defiance that flaunted there in defeat as in victory!— shone at the same hour through the dark luxuriant foliage of the chesnuts at St. Crucis, on the lilac-boughs heavy with massed blossom, on the half-opened rosebuds clinging round the woodwork of the old brown

walls, and on the swallow's nest nestled under the thatch of the eaves. A warm amber light, the light of the coming summer, lay on the earth, and in it the gnats were whirling at their play, and the early butterflies fluttering their saffron wings. The afternoon was perfectly still, no sound breaking in upon its silence except now and then the song of a bird in the branches, the lazy drone of a bee among the lilacs, or the distant chime of a church clock afar off ringing the quarters slowly and softly in the summer air. And out on the dark oaken sill of the window, drooping her head upon her hands, while the light flickered down upon her hair through the network of the leaves, leant a woman, heedless, in the depth of her own thought, of the play of the south wind or the songs of the birds, as both made music about her among the chesnut-blossoms and the lilac-leaves without. Alma had been but a few hours in England, and had come at once to her old home, endeared to her by a thousand associations. She was alone, nothing near her save the bee droning in the cup of the early rose, or the yellow butterfly that settled on her hair unnoticed. Her head was bent, resting on her hand; her face was very pale, save when now and then a deep warm flush passed over it, suddenly to fade again as quickly; her eyes were dark and dreamy, with a yearning tenderness; and on her lips was a smile, mournful yet proud, as, half unconsciously, they uttered the words of her thoughts aloud: "I will not leave thee, no, nor yet forsake thee. Where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!"

They were the words of an oath—an oath to whose keeping she would dedicate her life, even though, to so keep it, that life would be in the world's eyes condemned and sacrificed. She leant there, against the dark woodwork, alone, the silence unbroken that reigned about her, save when the wind swept through the fragrant branches above, or the rush of a bird's delicate wings cleft the air. Suddenly—in the stillness, while yet it was so distant that no other ear could have heard it—she caught a footfall while its sound was so faint that it did not break the silence, as the spaniel catches the step of his master while yet afar off; she lifted her head with the wild, eager grace that was natural to her as is its freedom to a flower, her eyes growing dark and humid in their expectancy and their great joy, her colour changing swiftly with the force of a joy so keen that it trenched on anguish, with the hot vivid flush of a love strong as the life in which it is embedded and entwined. Then, with a low, glad cry, she sprang, swift as an antelope, to meet him, and to cling to him as she would have clung to him through evil and adversity, through the scorch of shame and the throes of death, through the taunts of the world and the ghastly terrors of the grave.

For many moments De Vigne could find no words even to tell her that which she never dreamed of, that which panted on his lips; he held her in his arms, crushing her in one long, close embrace, meeting as those meet who would not spend one hour of their lives asunder. For many moments he bent over her, speechless, breathless, straining her madly to him, spending on her lips the passion that found no fitting utterance in words; then, stifled and hoarse in its very agony of joy, his voice broke out:

"You will be my wife—this day—this hour! Alma!—thank God with me—I am free!"

* * * * *

The day stole onward: faintly from the far distance swung the silvery sound of evening bells; the low south winds stirred amongst the lilac-blossoms, shaking their rich fragrance out upon the air; the bees hummed themselves to slumber in the hearts of folded roses; the mellow amber light grew deeper and clearer, while the first stars were coming out in the west, the day was passing onward, ere long to fade into twilight, ere long to sink into night. And as the rays of the western sun swept through the parted network of the leaves, and fell about his feet, shining in the eyes of the woman he loved, and bathing her hair in light where it swept across his breast, De Vigne bowed his head in thanksgiving too deep for words; not alone for the passionate joy in which his life was steeped, not alone for his freedom from that deadly curse that had been on him for so long—fruits of an early marriage—but for that hour, past yet still so near; so near that still he sickened at it, as men at the memory of some horrible death they have but by a hair's-breadth escaped. That hour when, for the first time in all his wayward, headlong, vehement manhood, he had *resisted* and flung off from him the temptation that, yielded to but for one brief fleeting instant, would, though never tracked or known by man, have made him taste fire in every kiss of the lips he loved, quail before the light of the fairest day that dawned, and start in the sweat of agony, and wake in the terror of remembered guilt from his sweetest rest, his most delicious sleep;—that hour in the forest solitude, when, goaded, taunted, reviled, maddened, he had been face to face with what he loathed, parted by her from what he loved, he had had strength to fling her from him, untouched, unharmed, unchastised—that hour which had been the crowning temptation of Granville De Vigne's life. He had had strength to cast it behind him with a firm hand, and had had strength to flee from it—*fearing himself*, as the wisest and holiest amongst us need do in those dark hours that come to all when there is but a plank between us and the fathomless abyss of some great guilt.

And while the starlit night of the early summer stole onwards towards the earth, De Vigne bowed his head over the woman who had cleaved to him through all, and would so have cleaved howsoever his life had turned, whose arms were close about him, and whose warm lips were on his; and while a deep and delicious joy steeped his present and his future in its own golden and voluptuous delight, he looked backward for one instant to his Past, and thanked God.

II.

ADIEU AU LECTEUR!

THE history is told! It is one simple enough and common enough in this world, and merely traces out the evil that accrued to two men in the same station of life and in similar circumstances, although of widely different temperaments, from an error of judgment—the most fatal error that man can make—an Early Marriage. Both my friends took advantage of this liberty, you see, to tie themselves again! I *don't* say in that respect, "Go thou and do likewise," ami lecteur, if you be similarly situated, but rather, if you are free—keep so! A wise man, they say, knows when he is well off!

In the *Times* the other day, I read among the deaths, "At Paris, in her ninety-seventh year, Sarah, Viscountess Fantyre." Gone at last, poor old woman, under the sod, where shrewdness and trickery and rouge and trump cards are of no avail to her, though she held by them to the last. She died as she had lived, I hear, sitting at her whist-table, be-wigged and be-rouged, gathering her dirty, costly lace about her, quoting George Selwyn, dealing herself two honours and six trumps, picking up the guineas with a cunning twinkle of her monkeyish eyes, when Death tapped her on the brain, and old Fantyre was carried off the scene in an apoplectic fit; while her partner, the Comte de Beaujeu, murmured over his tabatière, "Peste! Death is horridly ill bred; he should have let us played the conqueror!"

What memoirs the old woman might have left us—dirty ones, sans doute, but what memoirs of intrigues, plots, scandals, schemes—what rich glimpses behind the cards, what amusing peeps beneath the purple! A great many people, though, are glad, I dare say, that the Fantyre experiences are not down in black and white, and no publisher, perhaps, would have been courageous enough to risk their issue. They would have blackened plenty of fair reputations had their gunpowder burst; they would have offended a world which loves to prate of its morals, cackle of its purity, and double-lock its chamber-doors; they would have given us keys to many skeleton cupboards, which we should have opened to turn away from more heart-sick than before!

Her protégée, the Trefusis, has in no wise gone off the scene, nor did she consent to drop down into a valet's wife. Her exposée at Morehampton's villa had been the most bitter thing life could have brought her, for she had read enough of Rochefoucauld to think with him, "le ridicule déshonore plus que le déshonneur." She sought the friendly shadow of Notre-Dame de Lorette. Fearing her husband no longer, she bribed him no more; and if you like to see her any day, walk down the Rue Bréda, or look out in the Pre Catalan for a carriage with lapis-lazuli liveries, dashing as the Montespan's, and you will have painted to you in a moment the full-blown magnificence (now certainly coarse, and I dare say only got up at infinite trouble from Blanc de Perle and Bulli's best rouge) of the quasi-milliner of Frestonhills. She has at present, en proie, a Russian prince, and thrives, à ravir, upon roubles. Her imperial sables are the envy of the Quartier; and as women who range under the Piratical Flag don't trouble their heads with a Future, the Trefusis does not stop to think that she may end in le Maison Dieu, with a bowl of soupe maigre, when her beauty shall utterly have lost all that superb and sensual bloom that lured De Vigne in his hot youth to such deadly cost.

"A young man married is a man that's marred."

The stag with the grip of the stag-hound ever at his throat; the antelope with the fangs of the tigress ever tearing his reeking flanks; the racer yoked in the heavy galling shafts that he must drag behind him over stony roads till he faints and dies, still with his burden harnessed on him; these unions were not worse than many of those marriages that are the bitter fruit of no sin, no fault, no error, but merely of a *mistake!* —those marriages that are a bondage more cruel, more eternal, more unpitied than the captivity of Israel in Egypt!

"A young man married is a man that's marred." One wrote that

who was more deeply skilled in the intricacies of the human heart, who saw more profoundly into the manifold varieties, the wayward and conflicting instincts of human life, than any by whom the world has since let itself be led and moulded. "Marred?" How can the man fail to be so who chooses his yoke-fellow for life in all the blind haste, the crude taste of his earlier years, when taste in all things alters so utterly from youth to manhood? In what the youth of five-and-twenty thinks so wise, fair, excellent, half a score or a score years later on he sees but little beauty. In study, sport, literature, his preference changes much in the interval that parts his early from his matured years; I have heard young fellows in their college terms utterly recant in June all they swore by religiously in January, equally earnest and sincere, moreover, in their recantation and their adoration! Taste, bias, opinion, judgment, all alter as their judgment widens, their taste ripens, and their sight grows keener from longer mixing amidst the world, and longer studying its varied views. God help, then, the man who has taken to his heart and into his life a wife who, fair in his eyes in all the glamour of love, all the "purpureal light of youth," is as insufficient to him in his maturer years as are the weaker thoughts, the cruder studies, the unformed judgment, the boyish revelries of his youth. The thoughts might be well in their way, the studies beneficial, the judgment generous and just, the revels harmless, but he has *outgrown them*—gone beyond them—left them far behind him; and he can no more return to them and find them sufficient for him than he can return to the Gradus ad Parnassum of his first school-days. So the wife, too, may be good in her way: he may strive to be faithful to her and to cleave to her as he has sworn to do; he may seek with all his might to come to her side, to bring back the old feeling, to join the broken chain, to find her all he needs and all he used to think her; he may strive with all his might to do this, but it is Sysiphus-labour; she does not satisfy his manhood, the scales have fallen from his eyes, he loves her no longer! It is not his fault; she belongs to the things of his youth that pleased a crude taste, an immature judgment; he sees her now *as she is*, and she is far below him, far behind him; if he progress he must go on alone, if he fall back to her level his mind deteriorates with every day that dawns! Would he bring to the Commons no arguments riper than the crude debates that were his glory at the Union; would he condemn himself in science never to discard the unsound theories that were the delight of his early speculations; would he deny himself the right to fling aside the moonshine philosophies, the cobweb metaphysics that he wove in his youth, and forbid himself title to advance beyond them? Surely not! Yet he would chain himself through his lifelong to a yoke-fellow as unfit and insufficient to his older years as ever the theories and thoughts of his youth can be; as fatal to his peace while he is bound to her, as they, could he be bound to them, would be fatal to the mind they dwarfed, to the brain they crammed into a prison-cell!

> In youth Rosaline seems very fair,
> None else being by,
> Herself poised with herself in either eye.

A young man meets a young girl in society, or at the sea-side, or on the deck of a Rhine steamer; she has nice fresh colouring, bright blue

eyes, or black ones, as the case may be, very nice ankles, and a charming voice. She is a pretty girl to everybody; to him, thrown across her by chance, she is beautiful—divine! He thinks, over his pipe, that she is just his ideal of Œnone, or Gretchen, or airy fairy Lilian, if he be of a poetic turn, and rank with German idealism; or meditates that she's "a clipper of a girl, and, by Jupiter! what lovely scarlet lips, and what a pretty foot!" if of a material disposition. He falls in love with her, as the phrase goes; he flirts with her at water-parties, and pays her a few morning calls; he sees her trifling with a bit of fancy-work, and hears her pretty voice say a few things about the weather. A few œcillades, a few waltzes, a few têtes-à-têtes; when looking at the rosebud lips he never criticises what they utter, and he proposes—he is accepted; they are both dreadfully in love, of course, and—marry. It is a pretty dream for a few months; an easy yoke, perhaps, for a few years; then gradually the illusions drop one by one, as the leaves drop from a shaken rose, loth, yet forced to fall. He finds her mind narrowed, bigoted, ill-stored, with no single thought in it akin to his own. What could he learn of it in those few morning calls, those few ball-room têtes-à-têtes, when the glamour was on him, and he would have cared nothing though she could not have spelled his name? Or—he finds her a bad temper (when does temper ever show in society, and how could he see her without society's controlling eye upon her?), snarling at her servants, her dogs, the soup, the east winds; meeting him with petulant acerbity, revenging on him her milliner's neglect, her maid's stupidity, her migraine, or her torn Mechlin. Or—he finds her a heartless coquette, cheapening his honour, holding his name as carelessly as a child holds a mirror, forgetting, like the child, that a breath on it is a stain; turning a deaf ear to his remonstrance; flinging at him, with a sneer, some died-out folly—"before *I* knew you, sir!"—that she has ferreted out; goading him to words that he knows, for his own dignity, were best unsaid, then turning to hysteria and se posent en martyre. Or—and this, I take it, is the worst case for both—the wife is a good wife, as many (ladies say most) wives are; he knows it, he feels it, he honours her for it, but—she is a bitter disappointment to him. He comes home worn-out with the day's labour, but successful from it; he sits down to a tête-à-tête dinner; he tells her of the hard-won election, the hot-worded debate in the House, the issue of a great law case that he has brought off victorious, of his conquest over death by the bedside of a sinking patient, of the compliment to his corps from the commander-in-chief, of the one thing that is the essence of his life and the end of his ambition; she listens with a vague, amiable, absent smile, but her heart is not with him, nor her ear. "Yes, dear—indeed—how very nice! But cook has ruined that splendid haunch. Do look! it is really burnt to a cinder!" She never gives him any more than that! She cannot help it; she is a good, patient, domestic, quiet woman, who would not do wrong for the world, but her sphere is the nursery, her thoughts centre on the misdemeanours of her household, her mission is emphatically to "suckle fools and chronicle small-beer." The perpetual drop, drop, of her small worries, her puerile pleasures, is like the ceaseless dropping of water on his brain; try how he might, he could never waken this woman's mind to one pulse in unison with his in the closest relationship of human life; she is less capable of

understanding him in his defeats, his victories, his struggles, than the senseless writing-paper, which, though it cannot respond to them, at least lets him score his thoughts on its blank pages, and will bear them unobliterated! Yet this disunion in union is common enough in this world: when a man marries early it is too generally certain.

A man early married, moreover, is *prematurely aged.* While he is yet young his wife is old; while he is in the fullest vigour of his manhood, she is grey, and faded, and ageing; youth has long gone from her, while in him it is still fresh; and while away from her he is young, by her side he feels old. Married—in youth he takes upon himself burdens that should never weigh save upon middle age; in middle age he plays the part that should be reserved for age alone. I read the other day in an essay a remark of the writer's relative to the marriage of Milverton, in the last series of Friends in Council, with a girl of twenty-two, in which he said that he could well conceive what a delight it might be to a man at or past middle age, who had believed his youth lost for ever, to have it restored to him in a love which gives him the rich and subtle gladness that brings back the "greenness to the grass, and the glory to the flower." It is true; and it is this later love which can satisfy him and not fade and disappoint him; since it is in later years alone that his own character will have become no longer mutable, his own tastes have ripened, and his own judgment grown secure. Yet to the man who has married early this resurrection of his youth can never come, or, if it come, can only come in bitterness, like the bitterness of the prisoner who catches one glimpse of the fair laughing earth lying beyond in the sunlight, and knows that the bars of his cell are fixed, and that on his limbs are the weight of irons.

And, to take it in a more practical sense, scarcely the less inevitably from every point is "a young man married a man that's marred." If to men of fortune, like Sabretasche and De Vigne, with every opiate of pleasure and excitement to drown the gall and fret of uncongenial or unhappy union, early marriage blots and mars life as it does, how much more bitter still to those who are poor and struggling men, with the burden of work, hardly done and scantily paid, upon their shoulders, is its fatal error! A young man starts in life with no capital, but a good education and a profession, that, like all professions, cannot be lucrative to him till time has mellowed his reputation, and experience made him, more or less, a name in it. It brings him quite enough for his *garçon* wants; he lives comfortably enough in his chambers or his lodgings, with no weightier daily outlay than his Cavendish and his chop; study comes easy to him, with a brain that has no care gnawing on it; society is cheap, for his chums come contentedly for a pipe, and some punch, or some beer, and think none the worse of him because he does not give them turtle and Vin Mosseux. He can live for little if he like; if he want change and travel, he can take his knapsack and a walking tour; nobody is dependent on him; if he be straitened by poverty, the strain is on him alone; he is not tortured by the cry of those who look to him for daily bread, the world is before him, to choose at least where he will work in it; in a word, he is free! But, if he marries, his up-hill career is fettered by a clog that draws him backward every step he sets; his profession is inadequate to meet the expenses that crowd in on him; if he keep manfully and

honestly out of debt, economy and privation eat his very life away, as, say what romancists may, they ever must; if he live beyond his income, as too many professional men are almost driven to do in our day, there is a pressure on him like the weights they laid upon offenders in the old Newgate press-yards. He toils, he struggles, he works, as brain-workers must, feverishly and at express speed to keep in the van at all; he is old, while by right of years he should yet be young, in the constant harassing rack and strain to "keep up appearances," and *seem* well off while every shilling is of consequence; he writes for his bread with the bray of brawling children above his head; he goes to his office turning over and over in wretched arithmetic the sums he owes to the baker and the butcher; he smiles courteously upon his patients or his clients with the iron in his soul and county-court summonses hanging over his head. He goes back from his rounds or his office, or comes out of his study after a long day, jaded, fagged, worn out; comes, not to quiet, to peace, to solitude, with an Havannah and a book, to anything that would soothe the fagged nerves and ease the strain for an hour at least, but only for some miserable petty worry, some fresh small care; to hear his wife going into mortal agonies because her youngest son has the measles, or bear the leer of the servants when they say "the tax-gatherer's called again, and, please, must he go away?"

Corregio *literally* dying in the heat and burden of the day, of the weary weight, the torturing rack of home-cares, his family and his poverty dragging him downward and clogging his genius as the drenching rains upon its wings clog the flight of a bird, is but sample of the death-in-life, the age-in-youth, the self-begotten curse, the self-elected doom, that almost inevitably dog the steps of a man who has married early, be his station what it may, be his choice what it will.

> This Spring of Love resembleth
> The uncertain glory of an April day,
> Which shows now all the beauty of the sun,
> And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!

Such is love, rarely anything better, scarcely ever anything more durable. Such are all *early* loves, invariably, inevitably. God help, then, though we may count them by the myriad, those who in and for that one brief "April day," which, warm and shadowless at morning, sees the frost down long before night, pay rashly as Esau paid in the moment of eager delight, when no price was counted, and no value asked; pay, with headstrong thoughtlessness, in madman's haste, the one priceless birthright upon earth—Freedom!

"A young man married is a man that's marred!"